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3,002

SATURDAY 1 JUNE 1996

WEATHER Sunshine and showers 50p (IR 65p)



Ryan Giggs: With the football revolution, the Manchester United star stands to make an even bigger fortune

Cash cascade for English football

MATTHEW HORSMAN
and PATRICK TOOHER

Top English football clubs could earn billions from pay television which could revolutionise the game and turn the country's clubs into global champions.

According to a confidential report seen by the Independent, the digital revolution will generate £2.5bn a year for the top 20 clubs of the Premier League, 50 per cent more than the BBC takes from licence fee-payers. The windfall would allow English teams to scout the world for football's biggest talent, giving players true superstar status world-wide, and the pay cheques to prove it. From its working-class origins in the 1950s, to the wages breakthrough of the Sixties, English football can look forward to truly serious money at last.

The study, by polling firm Harris, has encouraged top teams to hold out for a far more lucrative deal when the rights to broadcast Premier League matches from 1997 are discussed at a key League meeting in Coventry late next week.

The figures suggested in the study, based on a sample of 4,000 viewers from around the country, dwarf all previous estimates of the likely revenues from pay-per-view. Respondents were asked whether they would pay, and how much, to watch top football. If all matches were transmitted at various times of the day, at a charge of £10 a viewing, then the League as a whole would receive £2.5bn

EXCLUSIVE: TV billions to turn top clubs into world leaders

to gross revenues. Even after paying broadcasting fees and other costs, the net income might top £1.9bn.

Teams would receive varying amounts, depending on their popularity and rank. Manchester United, which topped the League this past season, could earn as much as £382m in a single year. A lower-placed team, such as Wimbledon, might receive about £20m. The League as a whole only received £60m from all television deals this past season. Some clubs, including

France, Telepiu, the pay-TV broadcaster, has plans to develop the market in Italy, home to Europe's leading league. If it exploits its television rights effectively, the Italian league could become even more profitable in the age of digital, multi-channel television.

The senior executive also warned that if the English clubs do not push for a pay-per-view future, the domestic game could be eclipsed by rival European football leagues, thereby threatening not only broadcast rev-

pay-per-view is really as lucrative as the study suggests, annual revenues at the clubs will soar.

Clubs are keen to use pay-per-view to shift the cost of watching football away from the fans who actually go to games. "The armchair supporter will have to pay more," said the executive. Such a move could mean lower ticket prices and avoid the potential embarrassment of games being televised live in front of rows of empty seats with no atmosphere within the ground.

The whole question of pay-per-view is likely to dominate discussions about the renewal of the TV rights. The current deal, which runs out at the end of next season, is worth £304m over five years, and negotiations have already started on the next contract. Many clubs expect to be able to extract three times that amount from one of the two groups bidding for the rights - Rupert Murdoch's BSkyB, the current holder, and a consortium made up of Mirror Group and Carfax. Michael Green's media giant, They are being asked to outline their proposals in a "beauty parade" scheduled for next week.

The Premier League is split over the issue of pay-per-view, despite the astonishing figures being suggested. The rival bidders are aware of the split within the League, and both have assured Rick Parry, the Premier League's chief executive, that they are willing to offer a "bridging" deal until digital television becomes widely available in the United Kingdom, probably after 1997.

The ultimate Premiership XI team to break the bank

1	Peter Schmeichel (Man Utd and Denmark)	£5m
2	Michael Reusger (Ajax and Netherlands)	£4m
3	Paolo Maldini (Milan and Italy)	£3m
4	Franco Baresi (Milan and Italy)	£4m
5	Tony Adams (Arsenal and England)	£7m
6	Edgar Davids (Ajax and Netherlands)	£9m
7	Ene Ciontana (Man Utd and France)	£9m
8	Paul Gascoigne (Rangers and England)	£7m
9	Alan Shearer (Blackburn and England)	£12m
10	Alessandro Del Piero (Juventus and Italy)	£13m
11	Ryan Giggs (Man Utd and Wales)	£11m
Total cost		£90m

the study's sponsors, Manchester United, believe the huge sums could allow English teams to bid for the best players in the world. "If we don't do it, then somebody else will," said a senior executive at a top club.

Canal Plus has already launched its digital service in

countries but the lucrative world-wide marketing potential of branded merchandise.

A team of the world's best players might cost £90m a year - a wage bill affordable only by teams with access to the kinds of revenues that could be generated by digital television. If



Stanley Matthews: superstar of his era, but he could never have dreamt of the wages that today's top players command

Trimble falters as Sinn Fein surge



DAVID MCKITTERICK
Ireland Correspondent

Sinn Fein and the Rev Ian Paisley yesterday emerged as the success stories of yesterday's Northern Ireland elections, each taking votes from their more moderate rivals within nationalism and Unionism.

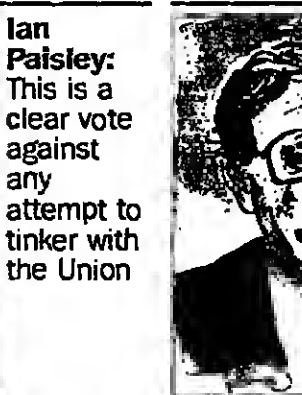
David Trimble's Ulster Unionists and the middle-of-the-road Alliance party suffered most, at the hands of the electorate, in an outcome which will bring little cheer to the Government.

Most observers believed the results appeared to reduce the chances of progress in the inter-party talks which are due to open on 10 June.

Ironically, in view of the results, the elections had been asked for by Mr Trimble, with Sinn Fein initially declaring itself "implacably opposed" to them. With around 15 per cent of the vote, this is the highest share the party has achieved in any Northern Ireland election.

The outcome represents a further erosion of the already-weak middle ground, and another success for the extremes. At the same time, republicans and other observers were not viewing Sinn Fein's success as a mandate for violence, but rather as an endorsement of the peace-process approach.

The voters gave conspicuous personal endorsements to Sinn Fein's Gerry Adams and to SDLP leader John Hume, who are regarded as the principal nationalist architects of the peace process. The most eye-catching result came in Mr Adams's home territory of west Belfast,



IAN PAISLEY

where a huge vote captured four of the five seats for his party. The two fledgling parties who have sprung from the loyalist paramilitary groups gathered a respectable number of votes on their first electoral outing. Although they failed to win a seat in the first round of voting, they amassed enough votes under the complex electoral system to win places at the negotiating table.

The system also benefited three other minor groupings who, though scoring only small numbers of votes, will none the



DAVID TRIMBLE

less be at the table, since the ten parties have been guaranteed representation. These are UK Unionist MP Robert McCartney, the women's coalition, and a Labour grouping.

The increase in the Sinn Fein vote led for calls from its leaders for the Government to recognise its increased mandate and allow it entry to the 10 June talks. Both the British and Irish governments have laid down, however, that entry is dependent on the calling of a new IRA ceasefire.

There was evidence that



JOHN HUME

some non-republicans, such as supporters of the SDLP, and some who did not usually vote, had voted tactically for Sinn Fein in the hope of encouraging another ceasefire and of expressing their support for republican inclusion in talks.

Although the election was particularly low-key, the turnout was much higher than many had predicted, reaching almost 70 per cent in some constituencies.

On the Protestant side, the large Paisley vote can only be seen as a clear statement that many Unionists do not want

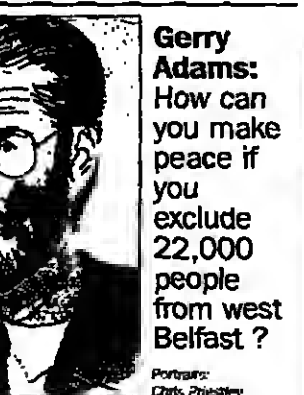


GERRY ADAMS

their leaders to sit down to negotiate with Sinn Fein. Mr Trimble's party suffered from the fact that eleven pro-union parties were in the field, leading to what was described as Unionist "vote-shredding".

Mr Trimble's party's share of the vote fell in almost all constituencies, in one striking case by 15 per cent.

In west Belfast the sitting SDLP MP Dr Joe Hendron, accused Sinn Fein of stealing votes by impersonation, saying fake voters had used forged medical cards. This was de-



JOHN HUME

nied by Sinn Fein. Last night, the Government insisted that Sinn Fein could only join the all-party talks if there was a new terrorist truce.

The Ulster Secretary Sir Patrick Mayhew and Irish Foreign Minister Dick Spring are to have talks in London on Tuesday in a bid to end the deadlock on arms decommissioning. Last night Sinn Fein insisted they must be there.

Mr Adams declared: "We've now got a negotiating mandate. The British Government cannot say they don't like the result. Either they uphold the primacy of the ballot box or they do not."

Mr Kelly, who was once involved in secret talks with the Government, said: "The people want all-party negotiations and want all parties to be represented. We have got the electoral mandate. It is not the IRA which is keeping us out. It's John Major and the Government. He should recognise that mandate."

The Prime Minister John Major said: "I am delighted by the success of yesterday's elections in Northern Ireland. The people ... turned out in large numbers to vote for peace and democracy. This is a great boost to the peace process."

Results, page 4

IRA backers' pacific message

Analysis

would be prepared to sit down with John Hume's SDLP but on current attitudes hardly anyone believes this would lead to any form of Hume-Paisley accord. Mr Trimble, in his first election as party leader, suffered a setback: his party's share of the vote dropping almost everywhere. The irony is that he asked John Major for the election, but ended up suffering the biggest setback in it.

His Ulster Unionist party is geared up for talks, but experience has shown that when Mr Paisley does well it is reluctant to take risks, and hence move towards any agreement, with such a large and menacing rival breathing down its neck. The narrow middle group, oc-

cupied chiefly by the Alliance party, became even narrower, squeezed as it was between the larger blocs. The SDLP pretty much held its own, though in the traditional cockpit of west Belfast Sinn Fein captured four seats.

Optimists will acknowledge that most of these are unpromising signs, but will focus on the deeper meaning of the overall Sinn Fein vote. A vote for Sinn Fein was certainly a vote for militant republicanism, and one cast while no IRA ceasefire is in effect. Yet pri-

vately no republican is interpreting the vote as a mandate for a return to violence.

This is not to say there will be a ceasefire before talks start on 10 June, or even that the IRA might not try to order a resumption.

But the message from their supporters is a paradoxically pacific one, and in effect an instruction to republican leaders to keep pushing for negotiation rather than contemplate return to war.

DAVID MCKITTERICK

QUICKLY

Room to breathe
Commuters are being asked to leave their cars at home for a day as part of a "Don't Choke Britain" campaign launched yesterday. Page 3

Dunblane 'plot'

Thomas Hamilton may have been planning the Dunblane school massacre for more than two years, it emerged at the Cullen inquiry. Page 4



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COLONY CLUB

ANNOUNCEMENT

Under the provisions of the 1948 Gaming Act a licence has been granted to The Colony Club to operate a Casino at 24 Hertford Street, London W1Y 7DA.

Gaming facilities will include: Roulette, Blackjack, Casino Stud Poker, Dice and Punto Banco.

From the 9th of June 1996
The Colony Club will be open daily between 12 noon and 4am, with gaming commencing at 2pm. Restaurant and bar open from 12 noon.

Application for membership must be made in person on the premises at least 48 hours prior to being allowed to take part in gaming as a member. In line with current legislation, proof of identity will also be required.

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news

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European debate: Minister admits possibility of split as efforts continue to defuse beef crisis

Waldegrave breaks ranks over leaving EU

DONALD MACINTYRE
and COLIN BROWN

William Waldegrave, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, was forced on to the defensive last night after becoming the first Cabinet minister to contemplate in public the eventual possibility of withdrawal from the EU.

Mr Waldegrave, long regarded as a solid member of the pro-European wing of the government, exposed yet another fault line within the Cabinet when he said "the jury is still out" on whether Europe would become "impossible for us".

And in terms that Labour eagerly contrasted with John Major's memorable warning last month that those advocating life outside the EU were living in "cloud cuckoo land", Mr Waldegrave asserted that it was "not madness" to say Britain should be outside Europe.

In his remarks on BBC Television's *Question Time*, the Chief Secretary mused: "The nub is whether we are now finding issues which so grate on us in terms of our independence and our sovereignty that Europe becomes impossible for us. It is not madness to say we should be outside Europe. Of course, Britain could be outside Europe if it wanted to be. It is greatly to its interests to be in the European Union if it is the right kind of European Union."

Mr Waldegrave insisted last

FUTURE OF THE UNION

night that his remarks had been "taken out of context" and that he had made it clear that while it was "legally possible" to be outside the EU it was "greatly in our interests" to be inside.

Robin Cook, shadow Foreign Secretary, said the remarks were clear evidence of a fresh split and added: "No wonder we cannot get the beef ban lifted when John Major cannot get the Cabinet to toe the line."

Mr Waldegrave had said on the programme that the Europe for which Britain had voted in the 1975 referendum - and in which the ultimate sovereignty would lie with the nation states - "can still exist". There were many in France and Germany who also thought like that. But he added: "If down the line it became clear that there was an overwhelming consensus within the other countries of the present EU that they wanted to go for full Liberal Democrat federalism, then I think Britain is going to stand aside from that because I don't think we want that."

Kenneth Clarke had earlier reinforced his own strongly pro-European position by echoing the concerns of Jacques Santer, the European Commission president, about the xenophobic attitude of the British press. Mr Santer said: "I am very concerned at the anti-European mood - the same as I am



Kenneth Clarke: attacked xenophobia of British press

about the anti-British attitude in the Continental press."

The Chancellor faces next week of having to veto EU measures to register Britain's protests at the beef ban. Some sceptics do not want the vetoing to stop until Britain has blocked progress

on a single European currency. John Redwood, the former leadership challenger, told a meeting in North Shropshire: "We do not want those who brought us the Common Fisheries Policy and the Common Agricultural Policy bringing us a Common Economic Policy."

British vetoes threaten more Brussels chaos

SARAH HELM
Brussels

The Government will escalate its disruption of European business on Monday in a desperate effort to secure a framework for the lifting of the beef ban.

A series of simultaneous European Council meetings are expected to dissolve into chaos as Britain blocks a total of 25 long-awaited measures.

New plans to cut back on fraud against the community budget and plans for Europool, a Europe-wide policing network are among the measures that Britain will block.

Britain has led the campaign for tighter measures against fraud in the European Union. Germany, in particular has pressed hard for the establishment of Europool, which it views as essential in the fight against international crime.

The European Commission's plan to make 1997 the year against racism will also be vetoed by Britain.

Douglas Hogg, the agriculture minister, the Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, the Foreign Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, the Home Secretary, Michael Howard and the employment minister, Eric Forth, will all head to Brussels and Luxembourg next week to lead the next phase of the campaign.

Mr Hogg will meet his European partners on Monday in a special session of agriculture ministers, when proposals for lifting the ban on gelatin, semen and tallow will again be discussed. Britain's hopes of securing a qualified majority in favour of lifting these elements of the ban will depend on backing from Germany and Austria.

THE BEEF WAR

Both countries have opposed easing the ban. But they are under strong pressure from the Jacques Santer, the European Commission President, to support the proposal, which has been tabled by the Commission.

Mr Santer has voiced concern that the beef crisis is escalating out of control. In Dublin on Thursday, he attacked the "anti-European and xenophobic" tone of the British press, as well as an "anti-British" stand in some European newspapers.

Should a clear decision on the three beef derivatives not be reached on Monday, the proposal to ease this section of the ban will, under EU rules, be implemented automatically by the European Commission.

However, ending the ban on the three beef derivatives will only provide brief comfort to the Prime Minister who is demanding a framework for lifting the entire ban. There was no sign yesterday that any progress will be made next week on such a framework, despite the new threats of disruption.

While Mr Hogg is meeting his partners on Monday, Mr Clarke will be meeting along the corridor with his fellow finance ministers. The Chancellor is expected to block three measures, in addition to vetoing new plans to fight fraud on the community budget. Mr Clarke will anger the Dutch by opposing plans for new VAT rules for cut flowers; to anger the Spaniards, he will oppose a decision to back increased loans from the European Investment Bank to Latin America and Asia.

In the social affairs council, Mr Forth plans to scupper the Commission's preparations for a European year against racism and plans to ensure women have equal opportunities in industry and commerce. Then, on Wednesday, Mr Howard is expected to veto up to 18 items on the agenda of the justice ministers' council, the most controversial being blocking the creation of Europool.

SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

The parents of a 10-year-old girl who died under general anaesthetic during a routine dental operation yesterday called for such anaesthetics to be used only in hospitals. Patricia Dougal and Edward Quinn, from Breaston, Derbyshire, made their demand for action shortly after an inquest jury in Derby returned a majority verdict of accidental death on Katie Dougal.

She died in January after suffering a heart attack when the anaesthetist, Dr Jites Kumar Basoo, continued an operation to fill and cap her two front teeth even though equipment to monitor levels of carbon dioxide during treatment was faulty. He admitted breaking guidelines by relying only on his experience to regulate carbon dioxide levels in her lungs. *Louise Jury*

The number of prisoners taking hard drugs, particularly heroin, has increased by 80 per cent since mandatory testing began in jails. Research suggests the new Home Office figures, published yesterday in the *British Medical Journal*, provide the first evidence to suggest that inmates are switching from soft drugs to hard drugs in an attempt to beat checks on drug taking. Inmates are reportedly changing their drug habits because soft drugs can be detected in the blood for up to three weeks compared to heroin and cocaine which remains for about three days.

The Prison Service has set up an inquiry to establish whether the switch is taking place following the introduction of mandatory testing in all jails in England and Wales. A spokeswoman said yesterday that there was no evidence available yet to support the claims by prison officers, inmates and inspectors. *Jason Bennett*

Three students among a group of pupils preparing to sit an exam in a school gymnasium were attacked and injured by a gang of youths armed with knives and bottles. It emerged yesterday. A 16-year-old had chest wounds, a second received a gash to the head and a third needed four stitches to his head. The incident, occurred on 21 May at the Quintin Kesteven School in St John's Wood, north-west London. A 16-year-old was charged with assault and violent disorder. He was released on bail. Four others, aged between 14 and 17, were released on police bail.

A coroner investigating the deaths of two young boys known down by a speeding car in Cretes yesterday recorded what is believed to be the first inquest verdict of "vehicle manslaughter". Jean and Howard Isherwood, from Warrington, Cheshire, and their sons Andrew, 9, and David, 4, were struck by a car that lost control after overtaking a van at more than 50mph on the Greek island in May 1988. The driver, Angeliki Mavropoulou, 35, was convicted of vehicle manslaughter by a Greek court and sentenced to six years' jail, was released pending an appeal and has disappeared. Yesterday the Cheshire coroner, John Hibbert, recorded the same verdict as the Greek court.

Police defended their decision to halt the Queen's visit to the University of Wales in Aberystwyth yesterday as scuffles broke out amid noisy protesters. Welsh language activists protesting the visit for minutes before the Queen was due to open a new arts centre was "very much regretted but the decision was taken lightly", said Dyfed-Powys Police. *Will Bennett*

Scientists at the Downing power station pointed a storm of chemicals down a waste shaft at the site, fearing radioactive materials stored there could become a crude atomic bomb. A newly released official report has revealed. The action, first feared for almost 30 years, was revealed in the 1994 official report released yesterday by south-to-be privatised BAA Technology. *Charles Arthur*

Infant brands are judged to be 'no danger whatsoever'

KATHERINE BUTLER
Brussels

Babies are not at risk from nine unnamed powdered baby milk products found by British researchers to contain traces of phthalates-chemicals which can impair fertility, the European Commission said yesterday.

After carrying out an expert

BABY MILK

evaluation of the findings and their implications for health, the Commission said it had no reason to contradict the Government's assurances that the baby formulas covered by the tests are safe.

A report submitted by the Government to Brussels on

Thursday detailed the levels of phthalates found in the nine brands analysed. "The values were very low indeed, much lower than would be allowed for plastic food packaging under EU legislation. The available scientific knowledge would suggest that at such low levels, there is no danger whatsoever," said a Commission spokesman.

Health ministries in the 14 other EU member states were sent copies of the British report yesterday and are free to raise queries if they believe the levels do pose a risk.

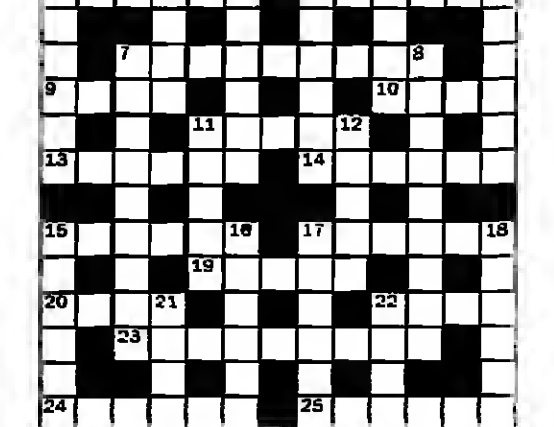
The EU Scientific Committee for Foodstuffs, composed of member state health experts, meets routinely next week and would be the likely forum for

any demands for common rules on phthalates in general.

The Commission official said Brussels saw no reason to demand disclosure of the brands in the British study despite widespread concern among parents. "If the levels found are not harmful then there is no reason for us to alert people to specific brands."

CONCISE CROSSWORD

No. 3002 Saturday 1 June By Aquila



- ACROSS**
- 1 Inland county of Ireland (6)
 - 4 Ancient city in NW Asia Minor (6)
 - 7 Unlimited (9)
 - 9 Mountain lake (4)
 - 10 Forbidden (4)
 - 11 Fruit (5)
 - 13 Hearsay (6)
 - 14 Floating on water (6)
 - 15 Contaminated, rotting (6)
 - 17 Moral code (6)
 - 19 Power (5)
 - 21 Statue, high standing (4)
 - 22 Aura, ring of light (4)
 - 23 Amuse (6)
 - 24 Frolic, person (6)
 - 25 Answer back (6)
- DOWN**
- 2 Mollusc (6)
 - 3 English county (4)
 - 5 Over there (6)
 - 6 Wrestling hold (6)
 - 8 Price (4)
 - 12 Kidnap (6)
 - 14 Old name for sulphur (9)
 - 16 One who helps those in distress (9)
 - 18 Garden flower (5)
 - 20 Dapper (5)
 - 22 Absolve, forgive (6)
 - 23 Decorous, befitting (6)
 - 24 Press chief (6)
 - 26 Overindulged (6)
 - 27 Approached, recognize (4)
 - 28 Suggestion (4)

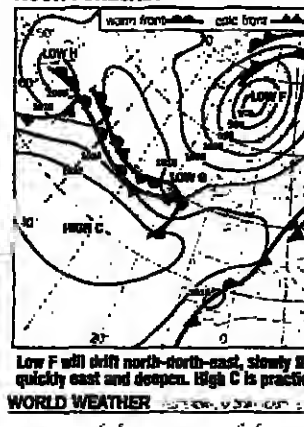
Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

Across: 1 Giant; 4 Tarp (Caught up); 5 Stormy petrel; 10 Gopher; 13 Mollusk; 15 Awe-inspiring; 17 Long life; 20 Inch; 22 Eagle; Down: 1 Cake; 2 Unicorn; 3 Tatt; 4 Turret; 5 Pebbles; 6 Exonerate; 11 Abolished; 12 Rascal; 14 Darling; 16 Enforcer; 17 Peewee; 18 Naive

Notes

Weather forecast

NOON FORECAST



Low F will shift north-east, slowly filling. Low G will run quickly east and deepen. High C is practically stationary.

WORLD WEATHER

Location	Temp	Wind	Cloud	Temp	Wind	Cloud
London	12	SW 10	Partly	Paris	14	SW 10
Birmingham	11	SW 10	Partly	Madrid	18	SW 10
Manchester	10	SW 10	Partly	Rome	20	SW 10
Newcastle	11	SW 10	Partly	Beijing	25	SW 10
Glasgow	10	SW 10	Partly	Tokyo	28	SW 10
Belfast	11	SW 10	Partly	Sydney	22	SW 10

Lighting-up times

Location	Lighting-up times
London	21.08 to 04.48
Birmingham	21.18 to 04.58
Manchester	21.28 to 05.08
Newcastle	21.38 to 05.18
Glasgow	21.48 to 05.28
Belfast	21.58 to 05.38

High tides

Location	High tide
London	01.48 to 04.20
Birmingham	01.58 to 04.30
Manchester	02.08 to 04.40
Newcastle	02.18 to 04.50
Glasgow	02.28 to 05.00
Belfast	02.38 to 05.10

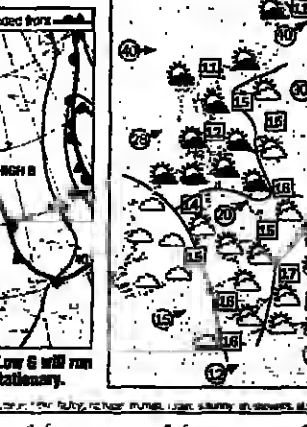
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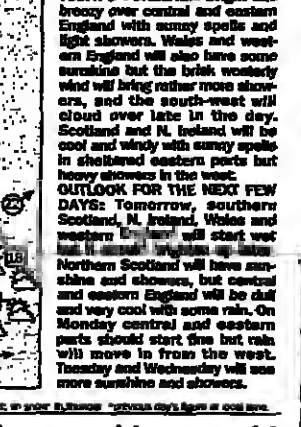
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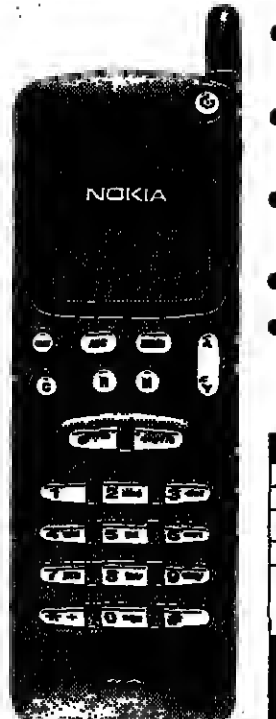
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talk it or
is it, but
on't take
the car

Timothy Leary
dies with the

Turn on wait

As government launches month-long 'Don't Choke Britain' campaign, the 'Independent' salutes those noted cycling to work

Walk it or bus it, but don't take the car

CHRISTIAN WOLMAR
Transport correspondent

Commuters are being asked to leave their cars at home for a day a week in June as part of a nationwide "Don't Choke Britain" campaign launched yesterday by Sir George Young, the Secretary of State for Transport.

Mike Parker, director general of the Tyne and Wear Passenger Transport Executive, one of 140 organisations taking part, said the aim was to get regular commuters to think about how they get to work. "Even if they just take a bus one day every week, or even travel at a different time of the day, it could make a difference," he said.

As part of its contribution, Tyne and Wear has managed to persuade bus operators in its area to charge just 20p for any journey on 30 June, in an effort to get people to sample public transport which "many people may never have used".

Other supporters of the month-long campaign include the AA, the transport unions, British Rail and the coach and bus operators.

Several towns are running "car-free" days. In Leeds, for example, people will be able to use the local travelcard scheme all day, rather than only at off-peak times, enabling travel throughout the area for only £2.20.

Richard Armitage, a transport consultant who is working with Leeds City Council, said that he hoped that firms would take up some of the ideas being promoted by the campaign. He cited a solicitor's firm in Leeds, Booth and Co, which has a detailed transport policy designed to ensure that the car is the last resort for its staff. "Employees, even the senior partners, are told, for example,

that if they are going to a conference they have to share a car or go by train as otherwise they will not be reimbursed."

Other events during the month include National Bike Week, which starts tomorrow; bike-to-work day on Wednesday; and a national walk-to-school week from 10-14 June. Much of the recent increase in car use, particularly in the mornings, is a result of parents taking children to schools because of fear of traffic or attack.

Sir George Young, who walked to the launch in Charing Cross yesterday morning, said: "I try to consider how I should travel, and I used my bicycle yesterday but sometimes it's tempting just to drive."

Sir George, in a rare show of unity with local authorities which are now almost all Labour-controlled, said he welcomed the campaign because "it is through campaigns such as this that we will increase people's awareness of the transport choices they are making".

However, there was criticism of the campaign from the RAC whose campaigns manager, Edmund King, said: "One car-free day will do nothing to reduce society's dependence on the car. We need actual policies that look at the 20 per cent of journeys that possibly do not have to be made by car."

Sir George Young made an embarrassing gaffe on Radio 4's Today programme yesterday when he implied that Tory policies had resulted in a reduction of bus use. He said that bus use had risen by 4 per cent in London over the past year but had fallen in the rest of the country. London is the only part of the country where buses have remained regulated elsewhere deregulation has led to cuts in services.



Three of a kind: The Secretary of State for Health, Virginia Bottomley, opera singer Luciano Pavarotti, and the Secretary of State for Transport, Sir George Young

Pedalling benefits of life in the green lane

PAUL FIELD

Actress Jenny Agutter, with a scream, does it. Jeremy Paxman, donning a safety helmet, does it. Even the former deputy governor of the Bank of England, Rupert Pennam-Rea, wearing cycle clips, does it.

And now they are telling everyone else to do it, too. Because, they say, it is environmentally friendly and fun, even if rather dangerous at times.

They all choose pedal power over pollution and happily espouse the views which will be drummed into the public during the month-long Don't Choke Britain campaign.

Jenny Agutter, who has just bought a £35 second hand bicycle on which to whizz around London, believes the public should leave their cars at home whenever possible, especially as National Bike Week begins today. "The other day I cycled to Wardour Street in the West End from my home near the Oval and it was such a pleasure not having to worry about parking or the tube grinding to a halt."

Not even the perils of cycling in cities, which the actress describes in detail, put her off. "Most drivers fail to notice you, mainly because so few people cycle, and they open doors onto you," she said. "I

don't have a bell, I just scream at them. But wherever I feel unsafe, I get off and walk."

For Jeremy Paxman, the broadcaster, the answer to pedal pitfalls is a nationwide network of cycle routes. At the launch of a scheme to link Dover and Inverness, to encourage people out of their cars and on to their bikes, he said the £250m cost was peanuts when compared with the benefits. These are expected to include reduced air pollution, safer and more tranquil cities, a fall in heart disease and jobs in route construction.

Cycle paths or not, Sir Richard Scott, renowned for trundling back and forth from his arms-to-Iraq inquiry on an old-fashioned pushbike, will pedal around London though not talk about it. "It is a convenient means of transport and exercise," his spokesman said.

Jon Snow, the Channel 4 News anchorman, cycles to work every day, taking 12 minutes door to door. He admits riding from interview to interview is a risky business. "I was knocked off at the Labour Party conference and landed on my wallet, which left an imprint in my buttocks for weeks," he said. "I think the dangers of cycling in London are exaggerated, but you have to cycle on the

basis that everyone else on the road is mad. But everyone should cycle more - what they put on in carbon monoxide poisoning they will shed in carbohydrates."

Howard Davies, Bank of England deputy governor, is a notorious cyclist. Although too loaded down with paperwork to cycle to work these days, he remains passionate about pedal power, so much so that building work near the cycle shed at the Bank has had to be altered to ensure the bike racks stay put.

His predecessor, Rupert Pennam-Rea, who resigned last year following tabloid revelations of an extra-marital affair,

was so keen on cycling he used to forget to remove his bicycle clips, according to his former lover Mary Ellen Symon. "It was a tribute to my simple nature that I was not put off," she wrote in the *Evening Standard*.

Spaces in the bike shed at the House of Commons are reserved for at least two ministers - the transport minister Steven Norris and his boss, Sir George Young, the Secretary of State for Transport.

Then there are those who jump on a bike for pleasure, like Luciano Pavarotti, who needs a sturdy frame and a wide road. And for whom jumping on is not recommended.

Timothy Leary, Sixties' messiah, dies with the words 'Why not?'

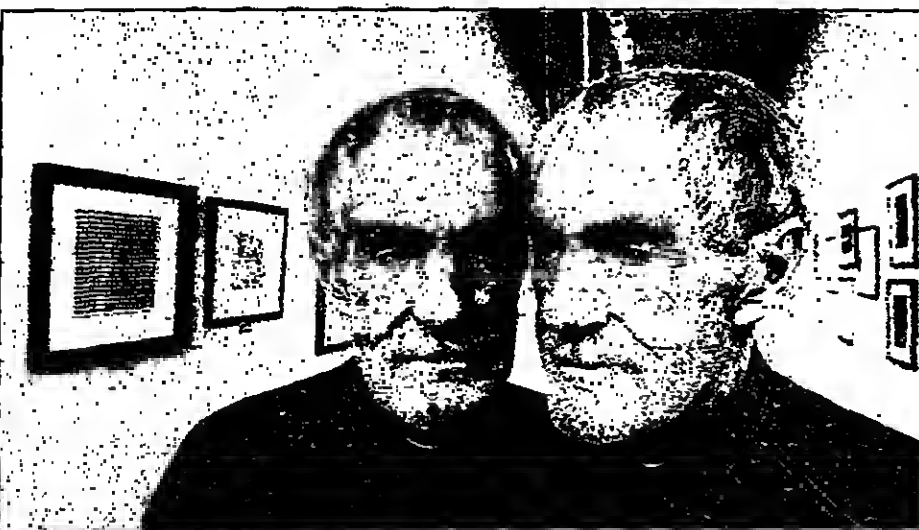
RUPERT CORNWELL
Washington

In the end it wasn't the intergalactic blow-out live on the Internet, the first ever "visible, interactive suicide" he once said he wanted, complete with an encore centuries down the line if science could find a cure for death. Timothy Leary, the old prince of psychedelia, Messiah of a certain 1960s madness, yesterday departed from the world he had variously mocked, mesmerised, and scandalised in the manner most people would choose. In his bed, in his sleep, in the company of close friends.

The word came from his home in Beverly Hills, passed out by his friend, Carol Rosin. "He left naturally, he went of his own accord, he was very peaceful, smiling. Not long before he died, he woke up and said, 'Why not, why not, why not?'"

Those who have followed the last act of Dr Leary's 75 year life on his Internet home page (<http://www.leary.com/>) need not worry they will miss anything. His going was filmed for possible future broadcast. And plenty of time is available for devotees to pay their last respects before his mortal remains are blasted into space in either September or October.

Already tributes to the score have been gliding silently into cyberspace. Just after midnight, "came the tidings on the Internet. Timothy Leary peacefully passed on. His last words were, 'Why Not' and 'Yeah'. Our friend, teacher,



Dr Timothy Leary: Remains to be sent into space later this year

guide and inspiration will continue to live within us."

And that is likely to be the extent of Leary's immortality. He had left instructions the instant he was clinically dead his head should be cut off and his brain cryogenically frozen and preserved until doctors found an antidote for death. He went off the idea. "Some guy came up to me at a party and said, 'Good luck on your death'. That was one of the most powerful things anyone ever told me. I'm gonna give death a better name, or die trying."

And the party went on, until almost the last. The former Harvard professor and high priest of hippie counterculture had lived an extraordinary life.

Drugs made and unmade him. He was jailed, escaped and then re-jailed, and even ran for Governor of California before achieving spite-filled notoriety in the 1960s in a debating tour with his ideological arch enemy G Gordon Liddy, of Watergate fame. Always though, life was to be enjoyed.

Diagnosed with prostate cancer, Leary may have spent his last weeks as a ravaged figure. But that changed little. In the 1960s he hung out with the brainy and beautiful - an assortment of wives plus Jack Kerouac, Abbie Hoffman, William Burroughs and the like. And he will be sorely missed. These days Liddy spouts his hang 'em, flog 'em,

shoot 'em brand of conservatism on a Washington radio talk-show. Yesterday, however, he briefly called off the anti-Clinton bile to pay tribute. And given the source, it was somehow more moving than any self-indulgent rambling from those who Leary invited to "turn on, tune in and drop out". "We were always 180 degrees out of phase, but we liked each other. He believed sincerely in what he did. Although he did a great deal of harm, he thought he was doing good. He had an elfin Irish wit that would light up a room, and a huge number of friends. I'll miss him." So will much of an entire generation.

Obituary, page 14

U-turn on waif models adverts

The watch-making company Omega yesterday backtracked on its threat to stop advertising in the fashion magazine *Vogue* as a protest against its use of waif-like models.

But the company's senior management said the U-turn was in the interest of press freedom only and insisted that it still deplored a controversial picture spread of ultra-thin women. In a letter to *Vogue* publisher, Stephen Quinn, Omega brand director, Giles Rees, said his decision to suspend adver-

tising had been overridden by chairman Nicolas Hayek. "After discussions, the Omega company have agreed to continue our advertising with you, largely as a result of our chairman, Nicolas Hayek's belief that it is not in anybody's interest to manipulate the editorial position of any given media."

"Having said that, I would hope that the tremendous support and encouragement that we have received from the media and particularly from the public, would urge you to con-

sider addressing these issues with your editorial staff."

The furor arose over several picture spreads in the June *Health and Fitness* edition of *Vogue*, including an "All Action Heroes" feature with model Trish Goff and a Band Aid feature with model Amie Morton. The women were photographed wearing skimpy clothes in poses that accentuated their gaunt faces and skinny limbs.

In his condemnation of the pictures, Mr Rees said they were "extremely distasteful

and said the models had "anorexic proportions".

Stephen Quinn, publisher of Condé Nast-owned *Vogue*, said Mr Rees had behaved "irresponsibly", and accused him of making "offensive and hurtful" remarks that could have jeopardised the models' careers. He described the about-turn as "a complete victory" for Condé Nast, and added: "It's good news in terms of editorial independence and the fact that advertising revenue will continue."



Charles Dickens, a quote from "David Copperfield"

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Head Teachers' Conference: Labour education expert says decline in reading is biggest problem

Children's lives are 'stunted by TV wallpaper'

FRAN ABRAMS
Education Correspondent

Morning television is reducing children's attention spans so they cannot concentrate at school, according to the head of Labour's new literacy task force. Michael Barber, a professor at London's Institute of Education, told head teachers yesterday that schools should advise parents to encourage their children to read more and watch television less.

He attacked Channel 4's *Big Breakfast* programme, saying it led to pupils arriving at school unprepared for lessons.

"Do we have to put up with *The Big Breakfast* or the moving wallpaper that passes for children's television?" he asked.

Although there is no reputable research on the effects of cartoons and other children's programmes on education, they might cause underachievement in later life, he said.

Just as babies given dummies in the 1920s were found to do less well in later life, academics in 2050 might find that today's

television had had a similar effect, he told the National Association of Head Teachers' conference in Torquay.

Mr Barber praised strong dramas, such as *Byker Grove*, a children's soap set in the north-east, and computer games which demanded participation rather than passive observation.

Television and games should excite the imagination and encourage young people to seek information about the world, he suggested.

While high-profile school discipline problems tended to capture headlines, children's inability to concentrate was a bigger issue for schools, he said.

Parents, teachers and the media should work to ensure that children read more books and watched quality television.

"Television has many positive aspects but the problem is that children watch it to the exclusion of reading," he said.

Mr Barber said the real issue was to find ways of raising all pupils' reading ages to that of the current average by the age of 11, within 10 years.

The most important factors would be raising teaching standards and encouraging effective parenting he said.

Schools should make it compulsory for all parents to meet teachers to discuss their children's progress every six months, he said.

Mr Barber was a member of the Government's first education association, which was sent into Hackney Downs School in east London and which recommended its closure. Labour's Education spokesman, David Blunkett, appointed him this week to head a task force which will set targets for schools to raise standards of literacy.

Schools should be able to expel violent pupils more easily, Robin Squire, the Schools Minister, told delegates at the conference yesterday. He said that the appeals panels ought to assume that a child who had attacked others deserved to be excluded. Teachers at two schools have recently threatened to strike after violent pupils were returned to the classroom.

Hairdresser who 'founded' curriculum

FRAN ABRAMS

Teachers have been wondering for a decade who on earth could have dreamt up the National Curriculum. Yesterday the question was answered – it was Margaret Thatcher's hairdresser.

The former prime minister certainly has some rather unorthodox influences, her former Education secretary, Kenneth Baker, has revealed.

In an interview published yesterday he described the source of some of her ideas.

"As far as I could see they came from her hairdresser, or it may have been her cleaner

who lived in Lambeth, who was worried that her children were going to be educated by a lot of Tories," said Mr Baker who was Secretary of State for Education from 1986 to 1989.

The head of the Downing Street policy unit, Brian Griffiths, would be reduced to despair as Mrs Thatcher produced "a tatty piece of paper" from her handbag bearing a briefing, he told the *Times Education Supplement*.

Ministers and the Cabinet office were not told where the briefings came from, he said.

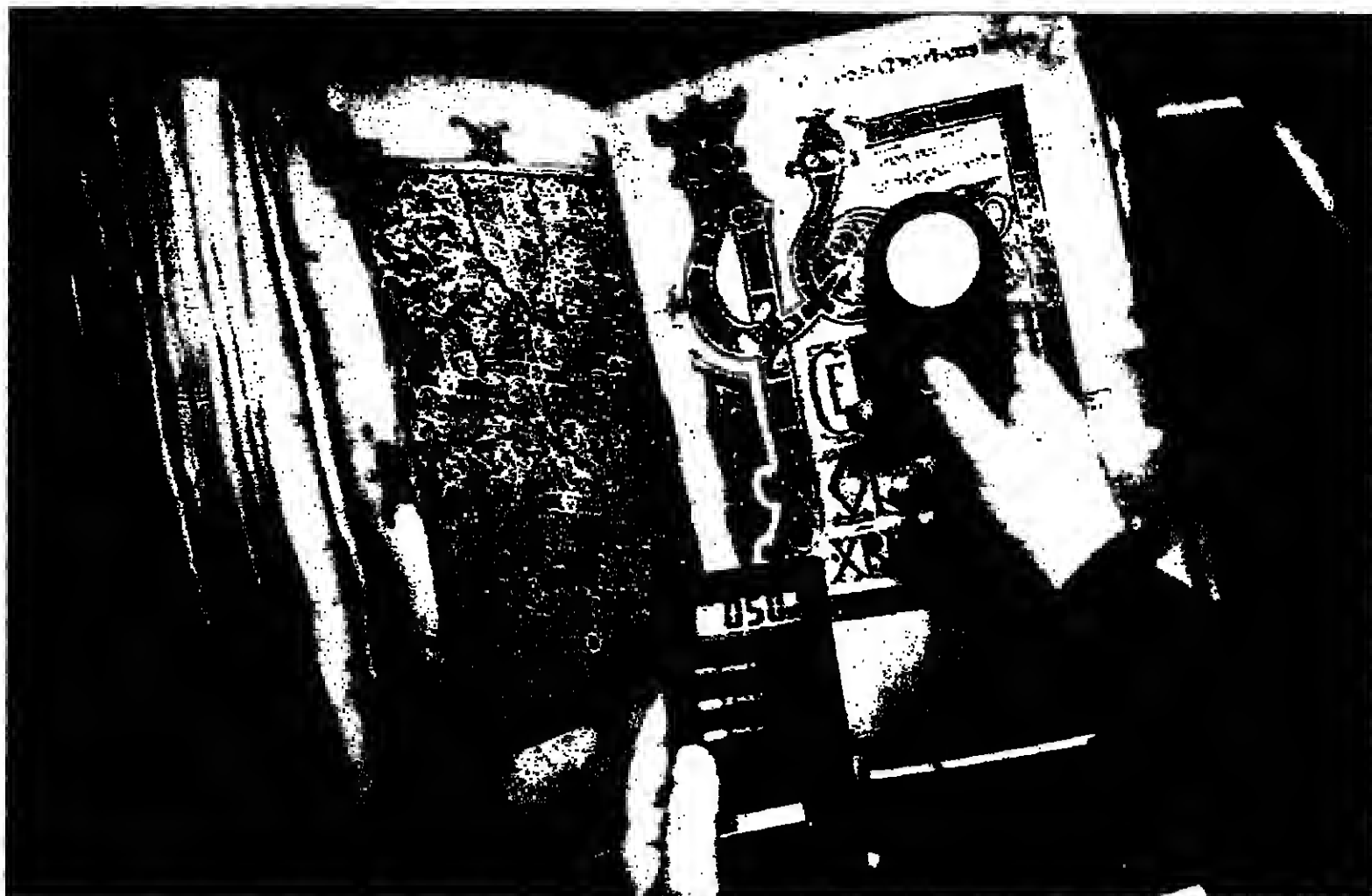
Sometimes they were "spot on", but sometimes "completely mad". "Even Brian Griffiths

would put his head in his hands, because here was a personal briefing going straight to the Prime Minister which the system could not control," he said.

Mr Baker suspected Mrs Thatcher's hairdresser was a supporter of learning by rote. "She believed basically that all one needed in the National Curriculum were English, Maths and Science. It was sort of Gradgrind curriculum, not a rounded one."

Mr Baker said his former boss was harsh with advisors who seemed poorly briefed.

"The handbag swung and, you know, it could be quite a nasty process".



Bible study: A technician taking a light reading above the Lindisfarne Gospels, which go on display at the Laing Gallery, Newcastle upon Tyne, today on a three-month loan from the British Library. The 7th century Gospels, in Latin and Anglo-Saxon, were taken for safe-keeping from their original home on Holy Island when Vikings began raiding Northumberland. They have to be kept in semi-darkness to preserve them. Photograph: Bonney News

Housing market best since Eighties

TOM STEVENSON
City Editor

After countless false dawns, experts agree trend is upwards

Figures from the Halifax Building Society on Monday will confirm that the housing market is in better shape than at any time since the boom years of the late 1980s. They will show that average house prices have risen by between 3 and 4 per cent over the past year, more than twice the 1.4 per cent increase posted yesterday by a rival survey from the Nationwide Building Society.

The figures chime with anecdotal evidence from house-movers, who are relearning the art of gazumping, from some house-builders, who are enjoying the most buoyant conditions for years, and from City analysts who are hush nudging up their estimates for growth to the end of the decade.

Signs of strength in the housing market came on the same day as stronger than expected consumer credit data for April which one economist described as evidence that Britain was "on the verge of a veritable boom in consumer spending".

Philip Williamson, corporate development director at the Nationwide, sees a rising trend in the housing market after countless false dawns: "Prices have been on an upward trend for almost 12 months now, reflecting the clear improvement in buyer confidence."

Although he cautioned that the recent rate of increase might not be sustained, he believes house prices are likely to rise faster than the rate of inflation this year. Others agree. Rob Thomas, a housing market analyst at the stockbroker UBS, recently increased his growth forecast for the current year from 2 per cent to 5 per cent.

UBS takes an even stronger line in the medium term, predicting average price rises of 6 per cent next year and 9 per cent in 1998. If so, a house worth £100,000 at the end of 1995 will be worth £130,000 by 2000 and the biggest drag on the market in the 1990s, negative equity, will have been eradicated.

These are not boom conditions, but Tony Pidgley, managing director of Berkeley, a highly regarded housebuilder, said yesterday that May was one of the best months he has had since 1988. "On sites where we were selling a couple of houses a week, we are now selling 10. This is a very buoyant market."

London was leading the recovery, but in prestigious waterside developments in Birmingham and Manchester demand was also very strong. So what makes this year's

recovery different from the others that have petered out? The Halifax's Gary Marsh believes that the mini-boom of 1993 died out because of the unexpectedly strong impact of tax increases in 1994 and last year. This time tax rates are falling.

Interest rates remain low and while other negatives remain, such as job insecurity, they are at least not getting any worse. House prices are lower in relation to earnings than at any point since the mid-1960s.

The ratio between mortgage repayments and house prices is even more favourable. Optimists believe that will encourage buyers to take on higher debts, as a multiple of their salaries than previously.

According to Mr Thomas at UBS, there are now two distinct camps. There are those, such as the economist Roger Boode,

who claim that inflation is dead and believe houses are simply places to live once more. Booms are a thing of the past. Others believe that housing is inherently cyclical as well as a good hedge against inflation.

Whoever is right, economists and builders agree that the market remains patchy. Family houses in popular roads served by good schools continue to sell quickly at their asking price. Elsewhere, moving can still be a struggle.

One reason prices are rising so briskly in popular areas, says the Nationwide, is a continuing reluctance of sellers to put their houses on the market unless they are sure of recovering the price they paid for them.

Whatever happens, housing is back as a burning topic of conversation and the desire to know what neighbours achieved for their, frankly inferior, house is as insatiable as ever.

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Best Drama Series
PRESTON FRONT
Produced by BBC Pebble Mill

Best Entertainment Programme
SHOOTING STARS
Channel 4 for BBC TV

Team Award
EASTENDERS

Best Arts Programme
THE HOMECOMING

Best Live Event
VISIO - THE FINAL TRIBUTE

Best Presenter
JOHN TUSA
for BBC TV's VE Day Coverage

Best Female Actor
HELEN McCORMY
for *Screen Two - Streetlife*
Produced by BBC Wales

Best Male Actor
ROBERT CARLYLE
for *Hamish Macbeth - BBC Scotland*
(Zenith/Skyline Productions) and *Love Bites - Go Now*
(Revolution Films Production) for BBC TV

Best Television Performance
CAROLINE HOOK (MRS MERTON)
Granada Television/BBC North

Best Children's Drama
THE QUEEN'S NOSE
Film & General Productions for BBC TV

Best Children's Factual Programme
SHORT CHANGE

Writers' Award
PAUL POWELL and JIMMY McGOVERN
for *Love Bites - Go Now*
A Revolution Films Production for BBC TV

Best Regional Programme
TWO CEASURES AND A WEDDING
BBC Northern Ireland

Best Regional Presenter
PADDY KELTY
BBC Northern Ireland

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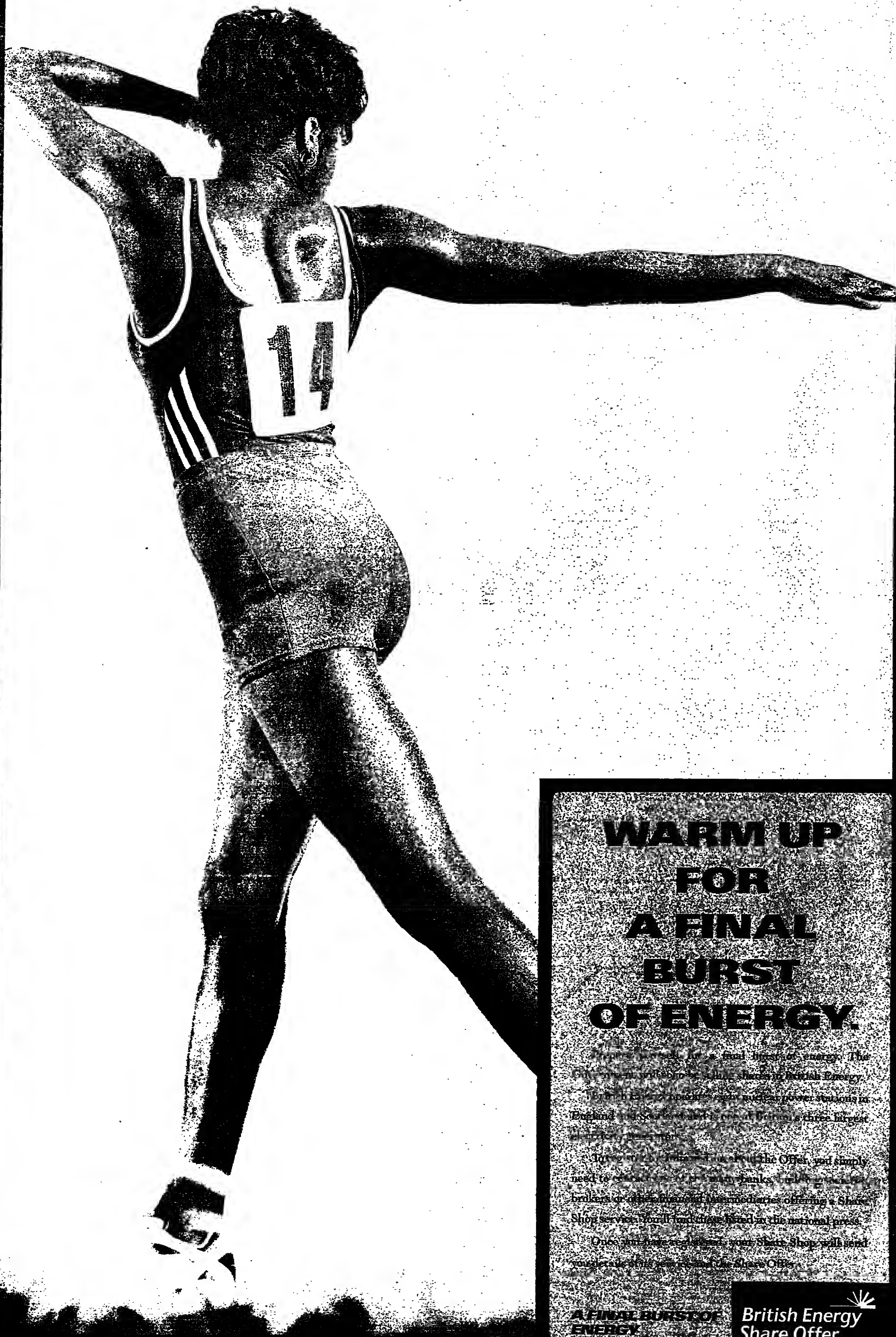
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End of the line: Passengers enjoying a drink in a buffet bar on the Waterloo to Portsmouth line

Photograph: Tony Buckingham

End of the line for the 18.15 train buffet club

CHRISTIAN WOLMAR
Transport Correspondent

There is anger and despair in the buffet car on the 18.15 from Waterloo to Portsmouth. The regulars are up in arms about the decision by the new privatised operator to close down the buffets on most of the Portsmouth trains and replace them with a trolley service.

The buffet car drinkers are a clubbable bunch who love the smoky, spit and sweat atmosphere of the old coaches. "It's a great end to the day, particularly on Fridays," said Simon Grimmer, who takes the 18.15 specially to drink in the bar with rugby playing friends from Haslemere, even though it does not stop at Woking, where he lives. He has to take a train back from Guildford to Woking but thinks it's worthwhile because "it's better than my local pub".

Other drinkers testify to the fact they will "bust a gut" to get on the 18.15 or the 18.50 to meet their friends. In fact, jokes Jeremy Arden, an 18.15 regular, "the 18.50 are a wilder crowd, stockbrokers, money-brokers and other nasty people like that. This is a rugged crowd, no footie here".

Stagecoach, the bus compa-

ny which has run South West trains since February, is closing down the buffets on all its older stock on the line from today. "The buffet car kitchens are not up to standard and it is not economic to spend money on this old rolling stock," it says.

However, the company has no plans for new trains and intends to put in more seats to replace the buffet areas. The drinkers suspect Stagecoach

'Privatisation was meant to benefit passengers ... now a bit of my daily pleasure has gone'

does not care because the buffet is run by OBS, an entirely separate company.

Tim Vine, a broker with Lloyds and a bar regular, says he is planning to talk to Stagecoach about taking over the franchise for the buffet.

Mr Arden cannot understand why the buffet cannot be run at a profit. He complains that it does not open until the train reaches Clapham Junction. "If this was a good efficient service, it would make a profit. But

it often doesn't open and it's much more expensive than the station buffets."

The regulars are dismissive of the plans for a trolley service, especially as it can only carry 12 cans of beer. "They tried a trolley a couple of years ago but it couldn't get through the crowd on the peak time trains," said one.

While the bar sometimes takes as much as £200 the regulars deny they get drunk. The days when a round was bought every time the train goes through a station with a W in it - Wimbledon, Walton-on-Thames, Weybridge, West Byfleet, Woking and more - have long gone, they say, thanks to the stricter drink driving laws and the faster trains.

Another City gent, Mac Hardy, is angry that no one from South West trains has told them about the changes. "The ticket inspector didn't even know. This buffet didn't make a profit, but it's part of the service. Now a little bit of my daily pleasure has gone," he said.

He complains that privatisation was supposed to bring improvements but this is "in direct conflict with the notice they put up saying privatisation was going to benefit passengers".

Police confident about Euro '96

STEVE BOGGAN
Chief Reporter

The head of Britain's football intelligence unit predicted yesterday that the Euro '96 tournament - which kicks off next Saturday - would be peaceful. And he described media reports of massed ranks of travelling thugs as "sensationalist".

After two years of planning with police forces all over Europe, Chief Inspector Peter Chapman said measures were in place to snuff out hooliganism at the first sign of trouble. "We have erred on the side of caution for each game. We will probably have more police inside stadiums than you would usually see at normal Premiership matches."

But visible policing is only a small part of the operation. In the background, the intelligence unit has been liaising with its counterparts in each of the 15 other competing nations. Officers from each country will accompany British officers to help identify troublemakers.

"No one can say that there will not be any trouble," said Mr Chapman. "With so many people - 250,000 fans - some minor disorder is inevitable. It is my job to obtain intelligence to stop that becoming major disorder."

Mr Chapman said no trouble was expected from Czech, Croatian, Bulgarian and Russian fans as most were "simply too poor to afford the travel packages on offer". The Danish, French and Italian teams all enjoyed a good following, he said, but their fans at national level were very peaceful.

Any trouble was likely to centre around English, German and Dutch fans, he said. "Each of these countries have a core of troublemakers, but certainly not in the numbers that have been so sensationally reported in the media," Mr Chapman said.

The main flare-up could come on 15 June when England play Scotland at Wembley. At their last Wembley meeting, hordes of Scots tore up the pitch and ripped down the goalposts.

"We do not expect the same problems this time," said Mr Chapman. "Since then, the Scots have made great strides in ridding themselves of the hooligan element."

Another source of trouble could come from an unexpected quarter - Turkey. "They are arguably the most fanatical fans in the tournament," he said. "Any trouble from them could be politically motivated. They may try to use the event to highlight the plight of the Kurds."

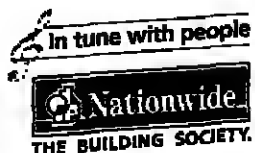
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gives key role
to media chief



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'Vain painter' takes revenge on critics

DAVID LISTER
Arts News Editor

The Royal Academy has been thrown into consternation by a painting submitted by the distinguished Royal Academician R B Kitaj for next week's Summer Exhibition.

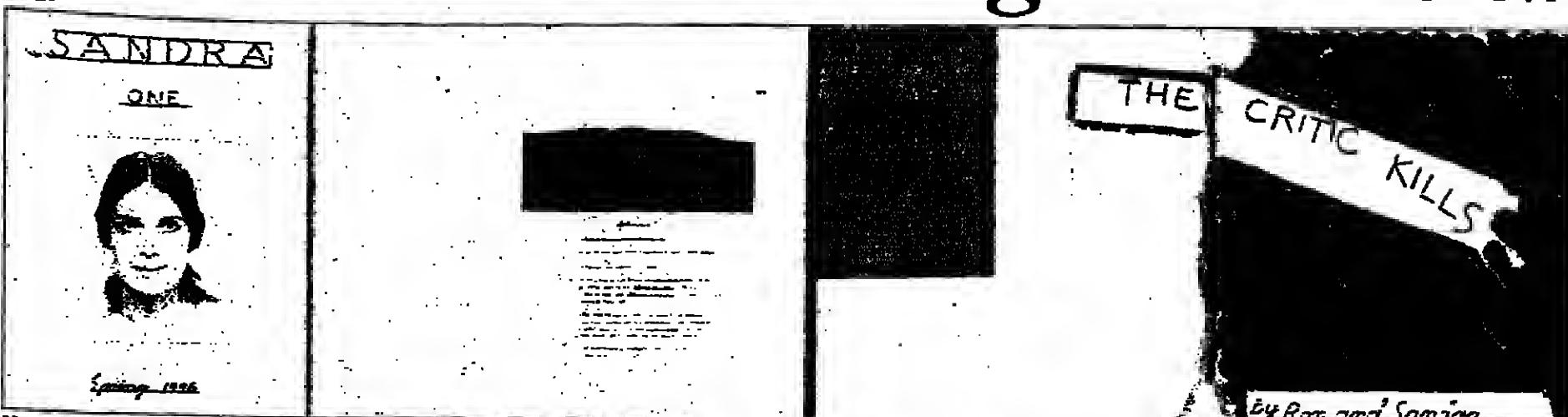
The artist has painted a portrait of his late wife, fellow artist Sandra Fisher, who died of a brain haemorrhage last year. He has written on the canvas the words: "The Critic Kills."

Kitaj's last major exhibition, at the Tate Gallery, was panned by a number of art critics and both he and his wife were devastated by the criticism.

However, the clear message that the brain haemorrhage was caused by unfeeling critics is understood to have startled the Royal Academy.

If the picture is hung in the Summer Exhibition it will be seen by hundreds of thousands of people. If it is not, it will be a slap in the face for one of the Royal Academy's most famous members.

Sir Philip Dowson, president of the Royal Academy, said yesterday: "It shall be hung in



Message in the medium: Kitaj's latest work is believed to have startled the Royal Academy and caused 'considerable hand-wringing' over its inclusion in the Summer Exhibition

Gallery 1. It is a strong personal statement and there is no question of not hanging it."

However, one source inside the institution said that there had in fact been "considerable hand-wringing" over whether to hang the picture or not.

Kitaj was not available for comment.

Sandra Fisher died in September 1994 during the Kitaj retrospective at the Tate. She

and her husband married in the Eighties but were together for 24 years.

The art historian David Cohen, who knew the couple and who wrote Fisher's obituary for the *Independent*, said: "Fisher was unwavering in her conviction that she was married to one of the great artists of the late-20th century."

He added: "The fierce antagonism of newspaper critics

towards Kitaj's retrospective - in contrast to the response of an admiring public - made for a stressful last summer for a woman who will be remembered by many for her almost saintly happiness."

Her death left Kitaj, at 62, with a 10-year-old child to bring up, just as the suicide of his first wife, 25 years earlier, had left him with children aged six and eleven.

More than 46,000 people saw the Kitaj show and the catalogue proved so popular that it had to be reprinted.

The *Tate* described him as one of the most "outstanding figurative painters" of the late 20th century. But the critics were unimpressed.

One of the fiercest described the exhibition as "wretched adolescent trash ... a pox on

foisting on us as heroic master a vain painter, puffed with *amour propre*, unworthy of a footnote in the history of figurative art."

Another wrote: "R B Kitaj is doubtless familiar with the old French expression 'He does not take himself for a piece of excrement'. The absolute assurance with which he views himself as an artist of world historical significance lends this ex-

hibition a poignancy which the paintings themselves, so cold-hearted, never begin to achieve."

Kitaj, who had never given interviews, responded: "The criticism was lower and shittier than even I am. God knows what went on in the minds of these savage reviewers ... The thing is thugs travel in bunches. They like the smell of the enemy." He has now exacted his own strange and bitter revenge.

Operatic team shapes up

The team that will run *Crescendo 97, the Year Of Opera And Musical Theatre in the East of England* is taking shape.

Peter Sarah, the chief executive, has appointed Richard Shaw, director of corporate affairs at English National Ballet as director of communications; Nancy Myles, formerly head of the British Council's regional office in Cambridge as administrator; and Kate Tyrrell, administrator of Opera Circus, as project co-ordinator.

Peter Sarah, who ran the Australian bicentennial festival, has already appointed Russell Willis Taylor, former head of fundraising with English National Opera, as deputy chief executive; and Sarah Gibbons, former education officer with the Alderburgh Foundation, as education consultant.

The event is part of the Arts Council's Arts 2000 project. The team intends to bring opera to new audiences by avoiding conventional theatres and staging performances in parks, woods and even aircraft hangars.

Royal Academy gives key role to media chief

JOJO MOVES

The former chief executive of Independent Television News (ITN) and the Economist Group, David Gordon, is to replace Piers Rodgers as secretary of the Royal Academy.

Mr Rodgers, secretary since 1982, is to head the Academy's acquisition projects and mastermind the take-over of neighbouring premises being vacated by the Museum of Mankind.

The new secretary, who is also chairman of the Contemporary Art Society and a trustee of the Tate Gallery, will take up the post on 17 June. Mr Gordon said yesterday that he was "honoured and delighted" by his appointment to what he termed a "very special, individual and quirky place".

He said his arrival would not herald tremendous changes. "I'm not an all-guns-blazing person. I want to meet as many of the members as I can and get a feel for what they think."

"The way I shall approach it is to immerse myself in the place and not to come in and say 'here are the changes' because one risks looking incredibly silly in

a couple of months time, especially in a place like the RA." The Academy, whose membership comprises 80 academics, painters, engravers and sculptors, attracts hundreds of thousands of visitors each year. It has no public subsidy and relies on income from exhibitions and occasional sales of its treasures.

Mr Gordon takes over after a difficult 12 months during which it has undergone a major investigation into fraud and suffered a public split between its art and architectural wings.

He said: "It's had a fairly turbulent 228 years actually. I think the point is that you've got 80 members and each tends to have very strongly expressed views about all manner of things on art and architecture, and it has to be a fairly broad church."

If anything, he suggests, he relishes the creative tension. "It's the kind of place that by its very nature is an academy of individuals who are all quite noisy and that's a jolly good thing. I don't think it has much of a uniform view of anything other than that this kind of intensive discussion and debate tends to produce good results."

Described by colleagues as "hyperactive", "extremely spiky" and with an informal style, Mr Gordon is an unconventional figure for the post. A former journalist, he is involved in the London radio franchise competitor and indie music station Festival Radio and *Wired* magazine. He is said to be a popular choice for secretary.

The Academy is hoping to acquire the Museum of Mankind property when it moves back to the British Museum in 1998, probably with the aid of funding from the National Lottery.

Sir Philip Dowson, president of the Academy, said yesterday: "Piers Rodgers' contribution to the development of the Royal Academy over the last 15 years has been inestimable."



David Gordon: Academy's new secretary



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Capital will bear witness to plight of the children

Rupert Cornwell looks at the social issues behind today's massive rally

Washington — Tens, maybe hundreds of thousands of people will gather today on the green grass of the Washington Mall. Their demonstration, called Stand for Children, is organised by the United States Children's Defense Fund, and backed by no less than 3,000 community, family and welfare groups from all 50 states.

It will be a splendid sight. A great march for children that for many will recall the idealism of the early 1960s, when Jack Kennedy lived and the civil rights movement fired America. Scratch the surface though, and a different tale emerges: of ideological controversy, political hypocrisy, and social tragedy.

The assembly point is Arlington Cemetery where JFK is buried. They will march cross the Potomac river to the Lincoln Memorial, from whose steps 33 years ago Martin Luther King proclaimed: "I have a dream. Satellites will beam proceedings across the USA. It should be the best of days for the worthiest of causes. But best of all, not a single politician has been invited to speak.

The ritual talk about protecting children, family values and "America's future" already studs this election season. And in the most basic sense, children unarguably are the country's future. But in the real list of priorities of both political parties, they come next to last.

Marian Wright Edelman, the CDF's president, is a formidable operator with 24-carat credentials as a friend of Bill and Hillary. But even she has been powerless to prevent a Democratic President from flirting with welfare reform schemes that scrap protection for the children of parents who cannot meet the new requirements.

The Republicans in Congress would go much further, taking aim at publicly-funded pro-

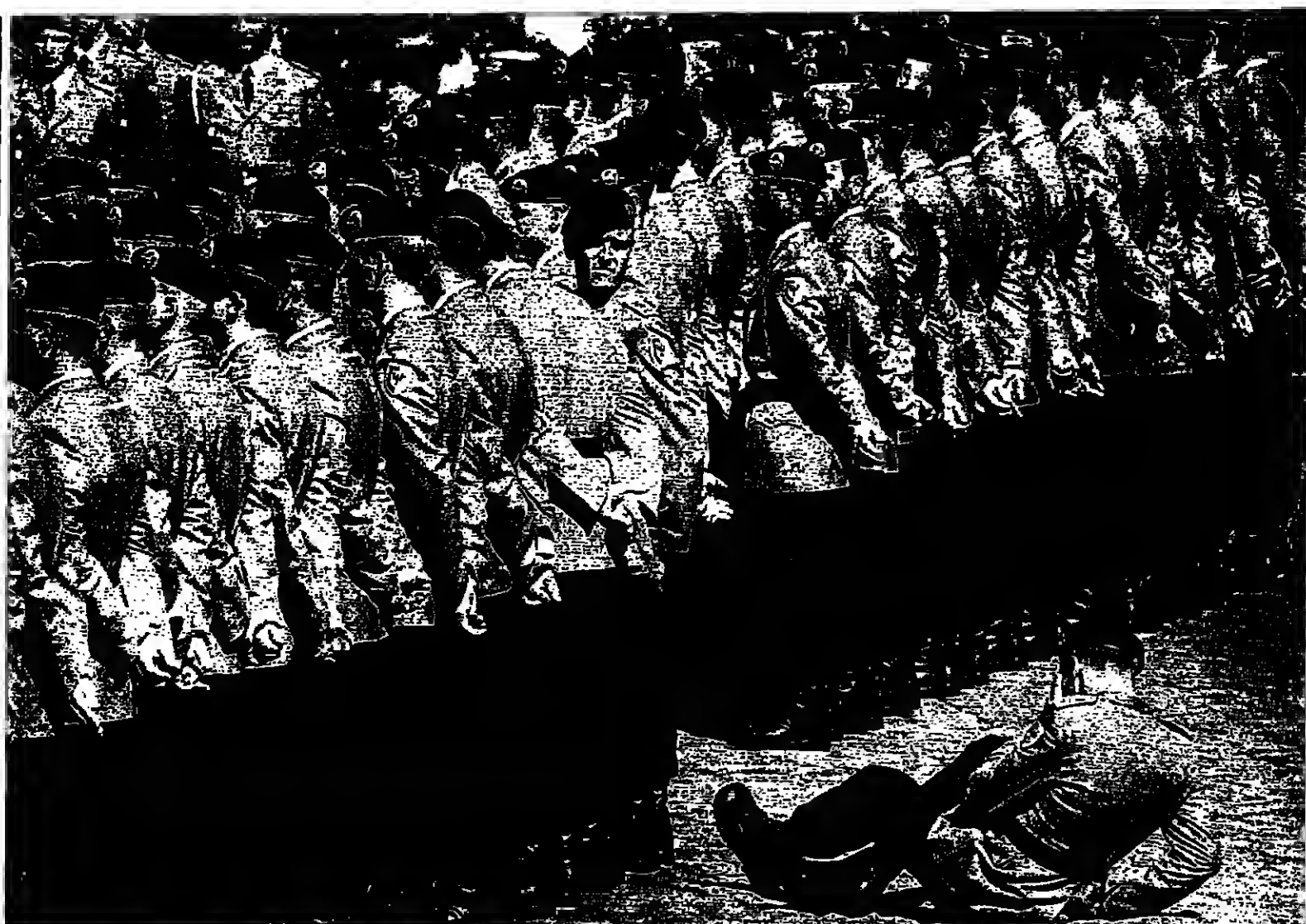
grammes, ranging from school lunches and special help for the poorest children to grants for college students — all in the sacred names of old-fashioned values and a balanced budget.

The efforts are clothed in exhortations about "getting government off the people's back", about family, community, and a lost sense of discipline, spiced with the musings of Speaker Newt Gingrich about orphanages. In fact the savings will help pay for tax cuts, tilted toward the better off.

Children do not have the vote, old people do. And old people do vote, in greater numbers than any other group. They are moreover the fastest growing segment of an ageing population; their interests dominate the calculations of Messrs Clinton and Bob Dole alike. That is why programmes benefiting the elderly such as Medicare and Social Security are sacrosanct. Rash is the politician who tangles with the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP).

And amid the bickering and double-talk, the plight of children deepens. According to the fund, on any given day 2,260 American babies are born into poverty, 8,493 children are reported as abused or neglected and three die for that reason, 2,700 teenage girls become pregnant, and 15 children are killed by guns.

A pygmy in terms of money and votes compared to lobbies like tobacco, the AARP or the National Rifle Association, the fund must look elsewhere. Hence the summons to arms on the Potomac. Like the Million Man March of black Americans, it is a sign of America's current quest for social renewal, outside the structure of a broken political system. Ms Edelman calls it "a moral line in the political sand". America's poorer families are praying that it holds.



Breaking ranks: A Bundeswehr recruit struggling to get up after collapsing in the heat during yesterday's swearing-in at the Charlottenburg Palace, the first such ceremony in Berlin since the Nazi era. Photograph: Fabrizio Bensch/Reuters

Berlin gives army a hot reception

IMRE KARACS
Bonn

Germany's militaristic past collided yesterday with its ambiguous present when pacifists disrupted the first all-German army parade in Berlin since the Nazi era. A swearing-in ceremony for 300 Bundeswehr recruits in front of the Hohenzollern palace resounded to the chant of "Murderers" as more than a thousand protesters stormed the police cordon.

The demonstrators lobbed stones, tried to break through the barrier and staged sit-ins on the tarmac. Riot police at first dragged them away and then tried to douse the inflamed passions with water cannon. There were several arrests, though no injuries.

President Roman Herzog,

who now resides in Germany's official capital, greeted the Bundeswehr as the "army of democracy", provoking yet more gibes from the uninvited guests. The government has recently tried to ban the "murderer" epithet being attached to soldiers but its attempt was ruled unconstitutional by the country's supreme court.

A move to forbid demonstrations against yesterday's parade was also foiled by a local court. Protesters were allowed to gather about a third of a mile from the venue, Charlottenburg Palace, near the Brandenburg Gate. The pacifists warmed event by spreading butyric acid, the substance that gives butter its rancid smell, on the parade ground on Thursday night.

That had been cleared up by the morning but the foul air was soon replenished by smoke

bombs. One went off as President Herzog was speaking, the dark mist eliciting anxious looks among the mostly uniformed audience.

"You protect and defend the freedom of our land... even the right of people to protest against you," President Herzog told the new soldiers of the 42nd Panzer Division. The army as the upholder of democracy was a recurring theme. The Bundeswehr had "no responsibility for the crimes of the past and nothing to do with sable-rattling," Mr Herzog said.

The military oath was itself an outpouring of democratic sentiment. "I pledge loyalty to serve the Federal Republic of Germany and to defend with courage the rights and freedom of the German people," mouthed the soldiers, their oath barely audible in the chorus of whistles. Berlin's conservative Mayor, Eberhard Diepgen, said: "We don't hide our soldiers but are proud of them." But many of his compatriots are still uncomfortable with people marching in German uniforms and anti-militaristic sentiment runs highest in Berlin. Before the fall of the Wall, West Berlin, as a demilitarised city, became a haven for draft-dodgers.

The tradition lingers. Whilst "only" a third of potential German conscripts opted for a civilian service last year, in Germany half the men of military age proclaimed themselves conscientious objectors.

Unease with the spectacle of marching German soldiers in the former Prussian capital extends across the country. Criticism of yesterday's ceremony had come not just from the vociferous

youth of Berlin but also from political groups ranging from the post-Communist Party of Democratic Socialism in the east to the Greens and Social Democrats in western Germany.

With the abolition of conscription in France, the Bundeswehr is set to become West Europe's largest standing army, with a mission still undefined.

Opinion polls indicate that Germans continue to mistrust soldiers and that fear of a revival of Germany as a military power runs as high within the country as among its neighbours in Europe.

But those who were looking for humility in yesterday's parade could hardly be reassured by a triumphant remark by Volker Rühe, the Defence Minister. "The reunified Berlin is once again a garrison city," he said in his speech.

French TV head resigns over pay scandal

IAN PHILIPS

The President of France Television, Jean-Pierre Elkabbach, announced his resignation yesterday, following weeks of scandal over amounts paid to a number of presenter-producers on France 2, a public channel.

The scandal broke last November with a parliamentary report by the right-wing UDF MP Alain Griotteray, in which details of the turnover of various presenters' production companies were uncovered. Over 600 million francs (£75m) was paid to six presenters for the 1995-1996 season.

The resulting outrage centred on one of France 2's stars, Jean-Luc Delarue, who hosts two popular weekly talk shows, *Ca se discute* and *Deja Le Retour*, as well as a show-business magazine programme, *Deja Dimanche*. It was revealed that Mr Delarue's Reservoir Productions was being paid Fr134.75m for the current season and that one edition of *Ca se discute* was costing the channel Fr1.27m against a going rate of Fr800,000. It was also disclosed that the channel had paid advances of Fr30m to a number of different presenters.

While Mr Griotteray claimed that Mr Elkabbach was simply throwing licence money down the drain Mr Delarue justified the amounts paid by claiming that each edition of *Ca se discute* brought the channel Fr1.7m in advertising revenue.

The affair blew up once more in April when Mr Elkabbach decided to break off payments to Mr Delarue, which led to a court case. Even though the judge admitted he was shocked by the generous nature of the contract, he ruled in favour of the presenter. Ever since, pressure has been mounting against Mr Elkabbach.

Even though he announced at the end of last week that he would be undertaking a policy review concerning contracts with presenter-producers, a union meeting of France Television employees on Tuesday demanded his resignation. "The disgruntled reaction was deepened by the fact that budgets elsewhere at France 2 and France 3, the two public channels under Mr Elkabbach's control, have been restricted. "There is too much contempt for people who do their job", said one employee, "and on the other hand, millions are being distributed to presenters".

Mr Elkabbach's response was to try to save his own skin by chopping other heads. He announced the suppression of the positions of delegate-general (Patrice Clement) and special consultant (Louis Berliot). Yet he insisted that "to talk of my departure is... a bad solution. I have pledged to reform the contract policy and to reorganise the direction of France 2 and I shall do so".

However, the dismissals of Mr Clement and Mr Benot seriously backfired and were perceived simply as the latest in a long line of ruthless management decisions.

In a press conference yesterday, Mr Elkabbach said that he had decided to step down because he did not want "the attack against me to handicap the France Television Group or that my collaborators pay for a policy which I decided upon and which I assume with pride".

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ISRAELI ELECTION

'From this morning we are two nations'

PATRICK COCKBURN
Jerusalem

As Benjamin "Bibi" Netanyahu was declared the election winner yesterday, Israelis agreed on only one thing: that they are more deeply divided than ever before. "From this morning we are two nations: Jews 'A' and Jews 'B'," wrote one commentator who asked: "Who will be brave enough to print the headline: 'Yigal Amir Won?'"

Suddenly the assassination of Yitzhak Rabin by Amir last November and the loss of the election by Shimon Peres this week are spoken of in the same breath. Ran Cohen, a member of parliament for the left-wing Meretz party, said that in order to halt the peace process its opponents "murdered one prime minister and toppled another."

After the counting of 154,000 postal votes yesterday Mr Netanyahu was declared to have defeated Mr Peres by 29,000 votes or 0.9 per cent of the three

Sharon, who led the 1982 invasion of Lebanon, may become Finance Minister.

In his bid for the prime minister's office Mr Netanyahu made contradictory promises which leave Israelis in doubt about his intentions. He will not withdraw the army from Hebron and will close Orient House, the Palestinian centre in Jerusalem. He will not accept a Palestinian state. He is also committed to expanding Israeli settlements on the West Bank.

Noam Arnon, the spokesman for the settlers in Hebron, said that thousands more settlers should be brought in. "This is the only way to take Hebron off the agenda," he said. The government said yesterday that it would not withdraw from Hebron in the days before Mr Netanyahu takes over.

Mr Netanyahu is not publicly disavowing the Oslo accords, supported by 60 per cent of the population. He will also want to mend his frosty relations with the White House. Hemi Shalev in the daily *Ma'ariv* said: "He will have to convince the world at large that Israel is not about to turn itself into a dark, theocratic creature from the Middle East." Given his facility on television and his extensive contacts in the US media Mr Netanyahu should have no difficulty in doing this.

The test for Mr Netanyahu will be how he responds to bombs in Israel or south Lebanon. Since he won the election as the man who could handle "terrorism" more effectively than Mr Peres he will probably react violently. He has said he will allow the army to enter the autonomous Palestinian enclaves of Gaza and the West Bank towns, if necessary.

Meanwhile, recriminations are starting in the Labour party. Mr Peres's career is presumably over. Haim Ramon, the Interior Minister, and Ehud Barak, the Foreign Minister, rivals to succeed him as Labour leader, are being blamed for a confused election campaign. However, the real architect of defeat is Mr Peres, who failed to call an election immediately after Rabin's assassination.

"The results threaten to poison our lives for the next four years," writes Ron Myberg in *Ma'ariv*. He says Yigal Amir "had two opportunities to influence events: Once when he killed Yitzhak Rabin and once at the polls. The idea that the man who killed is one who won, will never let us heal."



United in grief: Four Israeli soldiers mourn their comrade, Yitzhak Mizrahi, 21, who was killed by Hizbollah guerrillas in south Lebanon three days ago

Photograph: Reuters

The deadly secret that led to bloodbath at Qana

Tyre — An Israeli army operation to plant booby-trap bombs inside the United Nations zone in southern Lebanon led to the Qana massacre last month in which well over 100 Lebanese civilians were killed by Israeli shells while sheltering in a UN base. It now emerges that the Israeli "patrol" which came under mortar fire from Hizbollah guerrillas on 18 April — the incident which led to the Qana bloodbath — had been tasked to leave plastic explosive charges and mines near the village of Hennyeh, about five miles from Qana.

The UN's official report, which suggested that the Israeli massacre of civilians was deliberate, quoted Brigadier General Dan Harel, the commander of the Israeli army's artillery corps, as saying that an Israeli patrol, whose location was not given, had come under mortar



When Israeli soldiers came under fire, prompting the shelling of the UN base, they were laying booby traps.
Robert Fisk reports

fire from the Qana area and that at least one round landed 40m from the Israeli troops. What had not hitherto been revealed was the task the Israeli soldiers had been engaged in, north of their occupation area and inside the UN zone, where they came under fire. A similar and even more complicated field of plastic mines and booby traps was left by Israeli soldiers close to the village of Bradchit in the UN's Irish battalion area at around the same time.

Shortly after the Israeli bombardment ended, it now trans-

pires, Israeli officers met UN ordnance officers and handed them detailed maps of the booby traps and mines they had planted. Polish troops subsequently defused the booby traps at Hennyeh on a hilltop from which Katyusha rockets had been fired in the past, although the Irish army took longer to complete its disposal of the Bradchit minefield.

What has caused particular concern to UN personnel is that it was a roadside bomb in the village of Bradchit that killed a Lebanese teenager last month.

an explosion which prompted the Hizbollah to blame Israel and fire Katyushas across the border into Galilee in retaliation. Shimon Peres said at the time that Israel had nothing to do with the Bradchit bombs and the Katyusha retaliation set off Israel's bloody Grapes of Wrath offensive. But the revelation that an Israeli unit was planting booby-trap devices in Bradchit and Hennyeh on 18 April has cast new doubt on Mr Peres's denial.

Nor did another claim by Mr Peres during his abortive campaign for re-election — that the Hizbollah fired rockets at Israel from "within" the UN compound at Qana — do anything to repair the cynical state of relations that now exist between Israel and the UN. Neither the Israeli army nor the UN believe that Hizbollah men opened fire on the Israelis from a UN

position — the Hizbollah did so several 100 metres from the outer perimeter of the Qana camp — and UN officers are mystified as to why the Israeli Prime Minister should have made such a statement just before the election, when he must know that it was untrue.

"It was election time in Israel," a security source in southern Lebanon commented. "On such occasions, truth goes out the window."

The written ceasefire agreement that followed the end of the Israeli bombardment has meanwhile been reworded meaningless scarcely a day after Benjamin Netanyahu was elected Prime Minister.

The "monitoring committee" that was to have ensured that all parties complied with the truce terms has never met, and in the past three days the Hizbollah have killed four

Israeli soldiers and two pro-Israeli militiamen inside the occupied zone of southern Lebanon. Since the ceasefire the Israelis have also carried out three retaliatory air raids on Lebanon, without waiting for the truce committee to pronounce on Hizbollah attacks, as they are obliged to do under the truce agreement.

In an Israeli air raid on Hizbollah arms dump near Baalbek before dawn yesterday an attack which set off secondary explosions for an hour afterwards, three civilians were slightly wounded — another breach of the ceasefire terms which state that civilians should not be harmed in any Israeli Hizbollah battles inside Lebanon. Two civilians were also reported to have been wounded when the Hizbollah killed four Israeli soldiers in Marjayoun on Thursday.



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Russian elections: President unveils manifesto as ratings show him moving into the lead

Confident Yeltsin promises to remove 'pain of recovery'

PHIL REEVES
Moscow

After a week in which even his critics have been left gasping at his political bumbling skills, Boris Yeltsin yesterday sought to nail down his gains by unveiling an election manifesto in which he promised to lead Russia to a "normal way of life".

"I feel your pain, the pain of the country," he assured his countrymen in a 127-page document in which he combines further free-market reforms with several themes from the book of his Communist-led opponents: "It is the pain of a recovering organism."

The release of the blueprint, just over two weeks before the election, coincides with more

evidence that, even though he is far from assured of victory, the President has made astonishing progress in his quest to stay in the Kremlin.

Six months ago, he was isolated, ill, deeply unpopular, and out of touch with the electorate – a fact reflected by the Communist victory in last December's parliamentary elections. Now he is revitalised – off the bottle, focused, and a flamboyant alternative to the younger challenger, Gennady Zyuganov.

The President's plan, entitled *Russia: Individual, Family, Society, State: an Action Programme for 1996-2000* is a wish-list in which he promises to continue financial reforms, but with more emphasis on social issues.

Like the Communist-nationalist bloc, whose economic plan came out earlier this week, he promises growth, lower taxes, price controls on natural monopolies, measures to defend domestic markets and moves towards economic integration with members of the Commonwealth of Independent States. He wants to raise and index-link pensions.

But he also wants to ratify the Start-2 arms agreement; introduce obligatory health insurance, affordable private health care and private pensions; develop Russia's stock market and use foreign loans to free up money for investment at home.

Unlike his rivals, he rejects reducing the sweeping powers of his office. "Russia needs

strong presidential power, because the only alternative is one-party rule," says Mr Yeltsin.

It is because of these powers that the reincarnated Yeltsin is able to use almost every trick in the book to endear himself with an electorate which was heartily sick of falling living standards, dismal conditions, closed factories, corruption, crime, Nato expansion plans, late pay and a near-useless welfare system.

Touring Russia at high speed, he has doled out promises of money like a latter-day Santa Claus, from new combine harvesters in the Caucasus to holidays for miners' children in the Arctic. The television stations have been brow-beaten into line, and are lapping up one

choreographed photo-stunt after another – Yeltsin down a coal mine, Yeltsin dancing at a rock concert.

But the *tour de force* of his campaign was rooted in the Chechen war, the running sore of his presidency. In persuading the Chechen leader, Zelimkhan Yandarbiyev, to sign a cease-fire in Moscow, and then flitting down to Chechnya in person, Mr Yeltsin will have convinced many Russians he is genuinely bent on ending the conflict.

Last night, talks with the Chechens had run into trouble, being postponed amid allegations that the Russians were still firing at separatist forces. Even so, Mr Yeltsin will be credited for trying.

Russian opinion polls have a reputation for inaccuracy, but most agree he is making headway and is neck-and-neck. One, by the Public Opinion Foundation, gave Yeltsin a 12-point lead over Mr Zyuganov and his Communist-nationalist bloc.

Such is the optimism in the Yeltsin camp that the President is even talking about winning enough votes (50 per cent plus) to clinch the election in the first round. However, this is over-optimistic: the battle is not yet won.

In Moscow, a Yeltsin stronghold, there is a tendency to over-estimate his strength, and underestimate the hostility of the provinces. In the Urals city of Perm yesterday, Mr Yeltsin was heckled by on-lookers.

And it would only take another health scare to undo his successes. The presidential doctors will be keeping a sharp eye on their charge – and his drinking glass.



Image makers: Boris Yeltsin pictured in a campaign poster with the Mayor of Moscow, Yuri Luzhkov, saying: 'Muscovites have made their choice' Photograph: Reuters

America offers arms concession to Moscow

Deal allows flexibility in the Caucasus

Russia and the US have agreed new limits for conventional weaponry in the volatile regions on the flanks of the former Soviet Union, writes Christopher Bellamy. A deal would end a long-running East-West row over arms control.

But other signatories to the 1999 Conventional Forces in Europe (CFE) Treaty have yet to agree. Negotiations to end the impasse on amendments to the treaty, and especially the critical issue of the flanks, continued until early yesterday morning in Vienna.

The CFE Treaty, which has led to the destruction of 50,000 major weapons systems – tanks, artillery, armoured fighting vehicles, combat aircraft and helicopters – was

signed between Nato and the Warsaw Pact. Soon afterwards the latter disintegrated, and so did the Soviet Union. The treaty has led to unprecedented "openness" between the participating states, which regularly send inspection teams to verify compliance.

The new agreement is a concession to the Russians to allow them to deploy extra forces to the troubled Caucasus region. Intensive arms control inspections have been under way to check that all the signatories have reduced their armaments. The new agreement gives Russia an extra three years to meet the limits.

The agreement removes the area of Pskov, in the north, and Volgograd, Krasnodar and Rostov in the south, from the "flanks", thus permitting Russia greater flexibility.

Russia has long maintained that the regional ceilings on the five categories of Treaty Limited Equipment (TLE) no longer reflected the changed strategic situation, particularly in the south. The equipment originally allocated to the Soviet Union's south-western flank was split up between Russia and the new states of Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Tajikistan and Kyrgyzstan. But

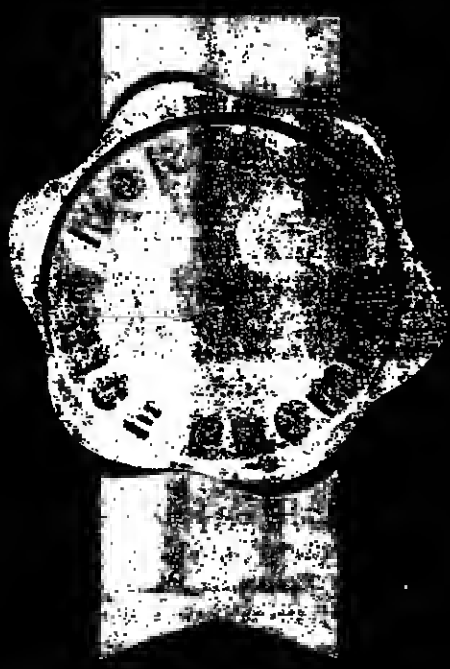
then Russia had to move more equipment in to counter the threat from Chechen rebels, putting it in violation of the treaty. The Western signatories treated Russia sympathetically, awaiting the outcome of last month's review.

Russia's deputy Foreign Minister, Georgiy Mamedov, said yesterday that "Russia and the US have made an agreement. We hope to persuade our friends and partners to follow suit. It's about new ceilings for new independent countries to come from the Soviet Union. It is a new reality".

Mr Mamedov said he hoped Norway and Turkey, who had opposed the new ceilings, would now go along with the agreement.

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Nato's new Bosnia force depends on US election

CHRISTOPHER BELLAMY
Defence Correspondent

The US is likely to participate in a continuing Nato deployment in Bosnia next year, despite US assertions that it would not be drawn into a long-term presence. But the final composition of the force, which might number 25,000 instead of the present 60,000 in I-For, will depend on the result of the US election, sources said.

More details of the armed force expected to remain in, or close to, Bosnia after the withdrawal of the present peace implementation force, I-For, which begins in December, began to emerge yesterday. However, Nato foreign ministers, meeting in Berlin next week, will try to avoid public discussion of the issue.

Nato sources ruled out any public discussion of a post-I-For force until after the Bosnia review conference in Florence later this month, because I-For still has six months to go, and

because the Bosnian elections in September and the US Presidential elections will be crucial.

However, senior defence and diplomatic sources accept that an armed force, including US troops, will remain in or near Bosnia to provide military back-up to the civil reconstruction effort. Diplomatic sources said the force would not be run by the Western European Union, the European countries of Nato, and that discussion about its size and shape was taking place in the capitals of the key players, Britain, France and the US, rather than in Nato. "It's difficult to imagine there isn't going to be a post-I-For arrangement", a Nato source said yesterday.

Britain has always insisted on a "one-out, all-out" policy, committing Britain, France and the US to maintaining ground forces in the area, or to pulling out. Speaking in Ottawa last week, the Foreign Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, said one of the great achievements of I-For

was to cement the Nato alliance because of the participation in I-For of not only Canadian and European forces but also of American forces. That was a very substantial improvement over Unprofor, he said.

He said a new mandate for the successor group would have to be negotiated with a clear termination date; and it would probably be under the aegis of Nato. Britain's condition for participation would be that the approach that has worked for I-For be continued; that is, the US is definitely in with troops on the ground and all partners agree to stay in together, or get out together. But the US has so far resisted the idea of any long-term deployment in Bosnia beyond the end of I-For's mandate.

One alternative might be for US forces to remain nearby in Hungary, with British and French troops still in Bosnia itself. That way, US concerns about a prolonged presence in Bosnia might be overcome.

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Flag-waver faces fine

Ottawa — Claude Gingras may be the first Canadian to go to jail for waving a flag for Canadian unity. The Ottawa businessman has just received a summons from the chief electoral officer of Quebec, accusing him of paying 797.69 Canadian dollars (\$400) to rent a bus to take 40 employees to participate in a huge "I Love Canada" rally on the weekend before the vote in Quebec's referendum on separation.

About 100,000 people converged on the centre of Montreal to wave maple leaf flags. Many had travelled to Quebec from across the country. But the separatist Parti Quebecois complained that Canadians who had come from outside Quebec to say they wanted Canada to remain united were interfering in Quebec's internal affairs.

Following the Parti Quebecois's complaint, Quebec's chief electoral officer, Pierre Cote, launched an investigation into whether companies and other organisations who spent money on travel to the rally had broken Quebec's election legislation, which restricts all

Quebec jail threat to pro-Canada protestor. Hugh Winsor reports

referendum campaign expenses to two umbrella committees, one for the "Yes" side and one for the "No" side.

Mr Gingras's company of bankruptcy trustees was one of 18 companies, nine from Quebec and nine from outside Quebec, which received summons this week charging them with breaking the law of Quebec. Although the summons normally call for a fine, Mr Gingras has vowed to fight the charge through the courts up to the Supreme Court of Canada.

Another organisation receiving a summons is the students' association at Algonquin College, also located in Ottawa, because the association had rented two buses to take flag-wavers to Montreal.

The charges and the report of Mr Cote's investigation on which they are based has caused outrage, both because it appears the officer is trying to use Quebec's election regulations to stifle freedom of speech and

freedom of assembly, and because he said the pro-Canada rally was a threat to democracy in Quebec.

Mr Cote investigated two major Canadian airlines for offering discounted fares to attend the Montreal rally and *The Ottawa Sun*, a tabloid newspaper which printed flags as banners for those attending the rally to wave.

In the same report, Mr Cote dismissed widespread evidence of attempted vote-rigging in several ethnic areas as a minor problem, even though he has also preferred charges against 29 officials from the "Yes" side for fraudulent activity in connection with a large number of spoiled ballots.

The rejection of ballots by the separatist side's observers happened mainly in federalist areas and the estimated number of falsely rejected ballots is higher than the margin (less than 1 per cent) by which the "No" side won the referendum.

The Quebec official also criticised federal MPs for helping to organise the rally but he did not lay charges against any of them.

Nevertheless, the Cote report prompted a scathing response from Brian Tobin, the former Canadian fisheries minister. He was one of the MPs who organised the rally, but earlier this year resigned to become Prime Minister of Newfoundland.

Speaking on Thursday, Mr Tobin said he would gladly break Quebec's laws again.

"The chief electoral officer of the province of Quebec says, 'We've had a little minor problem. Somebody stole a few tens of thousands of ballots, that's a minor problem. But the major problem is that MPs were trying to save Canada.' Well I want to tell the chief electoral officer that if he thinks it is a crime to stand up and say 'I love Canada', I'm guilty as charged... and I'll do it again."

Lawyers say they doubt the electoral officer will get convictions and if he does, the electoral law might be overturned as being contrary to Canada's charter of rights.



Heavy mob: The "lead men" campaigning in Bangkok, Thailand, for Shichit Rattakud, a candidate for city governor. They want to see lead removed from petrol in order to ease the city's chronic pollution. Photograph: AFP

SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

The international tribunal on Rwanda's genocide charged the most important of its three detainees yesterday, accusing Clement Kayishema of organising and taking part in massacres of thousands. Mr Kayishema, 42, former prefect of the western region of Kibuye during the 1994 genocide, pleaded not guilty to all 25 counts of genocide, crimes against humanity, and violations of the Geneva convention. The president of the tribunal, Judge Laili Kama, set 7 November for the start of the trial in the northern Tanzanian town of Arusha. *Reuters - Arusha*

Saudi Arabia executed four nationals found guilty of bombing a US-run military training centre in Riyadh last November in which five Americans and two Indians were killed. An Interior Ministry statement said the four men were executed in Riyadh after a clergy-led court found them guilty of the 13 November bombing in the capital which also injured 60 people and caused extensive damage to the Saudi National Guard centre and nearby buildings and shops. *Reuters - Dubai*

Twelve international non-governmental aid agencies have decided to cut back relief operations in Liberia until security and order is established. The Lutheran World Federation said the decision was taken at a Geneva meeting of officials from the 12, which included Oxfam, Christian International and its Swedish and German branches, and the Catholic Relief Services. The action had been taken "due to the repeated abuse of humanitarian principles and materials", a statement said. *Reuters - Geneva*

A passenger train slammed into four loose goods wagons full of cement in western Siberia yesterday, killing at least 50 people. The accident occurred in a forest near the village of Litvinsk, in the Kemerovo region of Siberia, 2,000km (1,200 miles) east of Moscow. Katya Gileva, spokeswoman for the Emergency Situations Ministry in Moscow, said it was impossible to give an exact toll "because it's night in the middle of the taiga. But they say the first car was completely smashed." The number of injured was unknown. *AP - Moscow*

Police in southern China detained the veteran democracy activist Wang Xizhe in a sweep on Sunday before the anniversary of the bloody 4 June 1989 crackdown on pro-democracy demonstrators, his wife said. "Maybe it's because of June 4, I'm not really clear," Su Jiang said. Mr Wang's detention came amid heightened security in the run-up to the 12th anniversary of the military suppression of student-led pro-democracy demonstrations centred in Peking's Tiananmen Square. Mr Wang, 47, was paroled in February 1993 after serving 12 years of a 14-year sentence for "counter-revolutionary crimes, or sedition, and is one of the most outspoken proponents of democracy in China. *Reuters - Peking*

The UN has filed a formal criminal complaint against a senior US staff member suspected of fraud and embezzlement of funds. A UN official in Geneva declined to reveal the employee's name, or nationality but diplomatic sources said he was a US citizen. A spokeswoman said Karl Paschke, the top UN internal trouble-shooter, is in Geneva to launch an urgent internal investigation into the "serious case" of suspected fraud at the UN Conference on Trade and Development (Unctad). He met Rubens Ricupero, Unctad secretary-general, to discuss how to handle the breach, which comes at a time of the UN's worst budget crisis. *Reuters - Geneva*

A Swede who set fire to his girlfriend's parrot in a fit of rage has been charged under the country's strict animal-protection laws. The 26-year-old from Gavle, central Sweden, poured kerosene over the parakeet and set it alight after a dispute with his girlfriend and her parents. The man was detained, but the parrot could not be saved. The news agency TT reported. If convicted, the accused could face up to two years in jail. *Reuters - Stockholm*

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 3. Which goalkeeper from the list below will concede the least goals in Euro '96? 11 points
 4. Which goalkeeper from the list below will concede the most goals in Euro '96? 10 points
 5. How many goals will be scored in total in Group C, (Czech Rep., Germany, Italy, Russia)? 9 points
 6. How many goals will there be in the England v Switzerland game? 5 points
 7. How many goals will there be in the Turkey v Croatia game? 7 points
 8. How many goals will there be in the Netherlands v England game? 6 points
 9. How many yellow cards will be issued in the quarter-finals? 9 points
 10. How many substitutions will there be in the Wimbledon semi-final? 8 points
 11. How many shots on target will there be in the Netherlands v Scotland game, (figures based on ITV statistics)? 12 points

ANSWERS			
Strikers			
530	K. Schuster (Germany)	544	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
531	P. Schuster (Germany)	545	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
532	A. Starckov (Belgium)	546	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
533	Z. Zebane (France)	547	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
534	D. Bergkamp (Netherlands)	548	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
535	C. Ronaldo (Portugal)	549	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
536	A. Zola (Italy)	550	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
537	D. Bergkamp (Netherlands)	551	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
538	C. Ronaldo (Portugal)	552	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
539	A. Zola (Italy)	553	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
540	D. Bergkamp (Netherlands)	554	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
541	C. Ronaldo (Portugal)	555	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
542	A. Zola (Italy)	556	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
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546	D. Bergkamp (Netherlands)	560	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
547	C. Ronaldo (Portugal)	561	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
548	A. Zola (Italy)	562	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
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554	A. Zola (Italy)	568	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
555	D. Bergkamp (Netherlands)	569	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
556	C. Ronaldo (Portugal)	570	N. Pietrangeli (Italy)
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568	C. Ronaldo (Portugal)		
569	A. Zola (Italy)		
570	D. Bergkamp (Netherlands)		

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obituaries / gazette

Timothy Leary

Timothy Leary had a knack for getting himself written and talked about. An unrivalled self-promoter, he will chiefly be remembered for his pied-piper role as head of the psychedelic movement of the 1960s. More than anyone else he was responsible for the spread of the unmonitored usage of certain powerful mind-altering drugs by young people, starting in the 1960s. It may not be far-fetched to say that he was also more responsible than anyone else for the swift growth of repressive attitudes and prohibitive laws towards these drugs.

He was born in 1920 in Springfield, Massachusetts to Irish American parents. His father was a dentist, and he once said that his first "turn-on" was with nitric oxide from his father's office. At the age of 19, he upset his Catholic mother by dropping out of Holy Cross College, a Catholic college in Boston, two years before graduation. "The scholastic approach to religion didn't turn me on," he later said. He went on to West Point, but troubled his father, a retired American military officer, by leaving there too, this time after 18 months. He later claimed that his interests were "philosophical rather than militaristic".

Instead, he went to the University of Alabama where he graduated with a BA degree in Psychology in 1942. He enlisted as an Army psychologist, served in a Pennsylvania Hospital until the end of the Second World War, and got a PhD at the University of California at Berkeley. He became director of the Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Oakland and assistant professor at the University of California's School of

Medicine in San Francisco (1950-55).

According to one version of his life, Leary resigned his California jobs because he came to believe that traditional psychiatric methods were harming some patients. According to another version, on the morning of his 35th birthday, his wife and the mother of their two children gassed herself in the garage – and that is why he resigned.

He took his children to Europe and, after returning, started working as a clinical lecturer at Harvard. There he evolved a theory of interpersonal behaviour in terms of games, even before Eric Berne's best-selling *Games People Play* (1961).

In 1960, then aged 39, beside the swimming pool of his rented summer villa in Cuernavaca, Mexico, he ate a handful of odd-looking mushrooms which he had bought from the witch doctor of a nearby village. Within minutes, he was later to recall, he felt himself "being swept over the edge of a sensory Niagara into a vast, uncharted, transcendental visions and hallucinations. The next five hours could be described in many extravagant metaphors, but it was above all and without question the deepest religious experience of my life." On returning to Harvard he began experimenting on himself, his colleagues, and students with psilocybin, a chemical derivative of mushrooms with powerful mind-altering effects. He said he decided to "dedicate" the rest of his life to the "systematic exploration" of this "new instrument".

He and those around him started to experiment with other substances with similar mind-altering effects: morning-glory seeds, peyote, mescaline – and



A megalomaniac of transcendental visions and hallucinations: Leary with his third wife Rosemary in Los Angeles, 1969. Photograph: UPI

the most powerful substance of all – LSD-25. First synthesised in 1938 by Albert Hofmann, a Swiss biochemist, LSD in minute doses produces astonishing changes in perceptions, emotions and thoughts. Called both a *psychotomimetic* – that is a mimic of psychosis – and also a *psychedelic* – mind-revealing – drug, it was to transform the cultural life of the 1960s, especially among young people.

By 1963, Leary and LSD had become embarrassing for Harvard and they dismissed him and his younger colleague Dr Richard Alpert. Leary, Alpert and others organised a privately financed research group called the International Foundation for Internal Freedom (IFIF), and set up a psychedelic study centre in Zihuatenejo, Mexico. However, anticipating adverse reactions, the Mexican

government demanded that they leave the country.

A young New York millionaire, Billy Hitchcock, who believed that Leary's activities were important, turned over to him a 64-room house on a 4,000-acre estate in Millbrook, New York. There Leary established what he called the League for Spiritual Discovery. He regarded himself as the founder of a new religion, and

the mind-altering substances he used and advocated as "sacraments".

The Millbrook mansion, furnished and decorated like an Eastern temple, became Leary's headquarters, and a shrine and sanctuary for psychedelic pilgrims from all over the world. It also became a target for what Leary later called "the forces of middle-aged, middle-class" authority. A squad of po-

lice investigators headed by G. Gordon Lilly, later to achieve notoriety and a criminal conviction in the Watergate affair, arrested Leary and three other people at Millbrook for possession of marijuana.

A few months earlier customs officials in Laredo, Texas had searched Leary's car as he tried to enter Mexico, and had arrested him after finding a half-ounce of marijuana in the possession of his 18-year-old daughter. He alleged that the marijuana was for "scientific" work and also for "sacramental" use, as he was a practising Hindu. He was fined \$30,000 and sentenced to 30 years in prison.

In 1970, helped by the Weathermen organisation and his third wife, he escaped from a California prison and eventually wound up in Algeria, where he took up residence in exile with black-power leader Eldridge Cleaver. In 1973 the USA Drug Enforcement Administration rearrested him in Kabul, Afghanistan. He was extradited to the United States and imprisoned in California again. He got parole in 1976.

His gift for self-publicity is shown by his remark, aged 45, to *Playboy* magazine: "An enormous amount of energy from every fibre of your body is released under LSD – especially sexual energy. There is no question that LSD is the most powerful aphrodisiac ever discovered by man." At that time he said he had already taken LSD 311 times. He also told *Playboy* that he previously had been "a middle-aged man involved in the middle-aged process of dying", that his "joy in life" his "sensual openness" his "creativity" had all been "sliding downhill". Since then,

thanks to psychedelic drugs, his life had "been renewed in almost every dimension... If you know a person's age, you know what he's going to think and feel about LSD. Psychedelic drugs are the medium of the young. As you move up the age scale – into the thirties, forties and fifties – fewer and fewer people are open to the possibilities that these chemicals offer."

The three inevitable goals of the LSD session are to discover and make love with God, to discover and make love with yourself, and to discover and make love with a woman. You can't make it with yourself unless you've made it with the timeless energy process around you, and you can't make it with a woman until you've made it with yourself.

In a 1968 book, *The Politics of Ecstasy*, he pronounced: "If you take the game of life seriously, if you take your nervous system seriously, if you take your sex seriously, if you take the energy process seriously, you must turn on, tune in, and drop out."

Most recently he was again in the news over the manner of dying. He had arranged with a cryonics organisation for his head to be frozen after his death, presumably with the idea that at some time in the future, technology permitting, his body would be reconstituted and "he" would be reanimated. However, afflicted with prostate cancer and near death, he changed his mind about cryonics. His very last plan was to go out in a blaze of publicity over the Internet.

Morton Schatzman

Timothy Leary, psychologist and author, born Springfield, Massachusetts 22 October 1920; married five times (one son and one daughter deceased); died Los Angeles 31 May 1996.

Tamara Toumanova

Anna Pavlova was responsible for bringing many artists to the ballet. In the Twenties on a tour of the Far East, she danced in Shanghai, and a tiny toddler saw her perform. A few years later that same toddler made her stage debut in a children's performance at the Tirocadero in Paris, and Pavlova happened to be present. Such was the child's exuberance and personality that at the end of her dance she was handed over the footlights to be petted and kissed by an ecstatic audience. The little idol was Tamara Toumanova.

Toumanova was called by some "the black pearl" of the Russian Ballet, not because she was black but because, as A.V. Colton wrote, "she was the loveliest creature in the history of the ballet", with black silky hair, deep brown eyes and pale almond skin. From her mother she had Circassian blood; from the gods the most divine classical nose. Along with her dazzling stage personality she was gifted with hypnotic acting powers. She was the most glamorous of de Basil's "baby" ballerinas who took London by storm in the Thirties. She was adored and beloved, but, for all that, much of her life was turbulent and fraught with crises. Throughout her dynamic career her mother was devoted companion, nursemaid, dresser, agent and manager – she was always at the helm.

Born in 1919, Toumanova was conceived during a period of terrible strife in the newly

emerging Soviet Union and her parents, feeling for their lives, made for the East. She came into the world on a train bound for Shanghai. The Toumanov family eventually made its way to Paris and settled in the Russian colony where the little Tamara grew up with French and Russian and tasted early the excitement and discipline of the ballet school. She studied with Olga Preobrazhenskaya, a teacher whom she revered all her life. Preobrazhenskaya bequeathed to her the priceless collection of jewelled tutus which she had worn when she was a leading ballerina with the Imperial Ballet at the Maryinsky.

Toumanova made her first appearance at the age of nine in a student performance at the Paris Opéra in *Eventail de Jeanne* (music: Poulenc and others). George Balanchine was enchanted with her and in 1932 brought her to René Blum's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, where he created two ballets for her, *Coillon* (Chabrier) and *Le Concurrence* (Auric). She joined Balanchine's company, Ballets 1933, in which she danced the leading part in *Les Sylphides* (Milhaud) and appeared in the Paris and London seasons, but in 1934 she returned to de Basil's company to make a trio of "baby" ballerinas, together with Irina Baranova and Tatiana Riabouchinska.

Those child prodigies of the Thirties marked an extraordinary development in Russian

ballet. They could not have been more unlike. Toumanova dark, intense, tragic... Baranova gentle, refined, blond... Riabouchinska (not really a baby – three years older) ravishing, fey, ethereal. The strains put upon these remarkable children can hardly be imagined: an unnatural life of continual rehearsals, continual touring, continual first-nights. The endless striving for physical perfection, the late nights, the adulation of voracious audiences, and, back-stage, the conflicts and jealousies.

Rivalries and feuds were a way of life in the Russian Ballet. The struggle for parts in the casting cauldron, the first-night appearances were at times wildcat but Toumanova with her loaded talents and Momma's fierce pride were a formidable force. She matured quickly; she was always five years ahead of normality. On stage she retained an image of untarnished youth, but as a human being she was tough beneath the skin and cunning as a leopard.

During the first summer season at the Alhambra Theatre she received ecstatic acclaim. Arnold Haskell, author of *Balletomania*, hailed her extravagantly: "From the first moment she stood on stage, I knew a great artist had appeared again."

During the next four years she toured the world with the de Basil company dancing many leading roles, amongst them: *Firebird* (Stravinsky), the



The loveliest creature in the history of the ballet: Toumanova in *Le Spectre de la Rose*. Photograph: John Gregory Collection

Miller's Wife in *Le Tricorne* (de Falla), the Ballerina in *Perseus* (Stravinsky), Aurora in *Aurora's Wedding* (Chikolsky), the pas de deux and Mazurka in *Les Sylphides* (Chopin) and the Beloved in *Symphonic Fantastique* (Berlioz).

When the company broke in two after the split between de Basil and Leonard Massine, she followed Massine to Monte Carlo and became one of his most treasured ballerinas. In the London season that followed in 1938, she danced *Giselle* with Serge Lifar in a deeply moving rendition. With Massine she danced *Le Tricorne* with exhilarating verve and with Igor Youskevitch she danced an evocative *Spectre de la Rose*. I remember that season vividly since I was a nightly visitor in

the stalls, imbibing like a drug her exquisite enchantment. One night after a performance she came to dinner at Quaglin's and I was staggered that this radiant girl supped only of two poached eggs on boiled spinach.

How little did one realise the dramas that prevailed backstage. There was a further shock when the company opened their autumn season at the Metropolitan in New York. I had looked forward to seeing her dance *Giselle* again on the first night but Sol Hurok, the impresario presenting the company, had received a rebuff to his unrequited passion for the lady. He said "No", he would not let her dance and Massine was powerless to intervene.

She was soon engaged to play the lead in a musical, *Stars in Your Eyes* (1939). She had many male suitors, but was inseparable from her mother and anyone who married her would have to accept mother as well. Casey Robinson, the film director, took the risk and they all settled in Los Angeles. There she made her first film, *Days of Glory*, in which she appeared as her heroine Anna Pavlova. Like all films about Pavlova, it was a disaster. She flew next to Australia to dance Balanchine's *Balustrade* (Stravinsky). Back in New York in 1941 she joined Serge Denham's Ballet Russe and Massine choreographed *Labyrinth* (Schubert) for her with decor by Salvador Dali. After the war her marriage

broke up, she returned to Europe to Paris and to Olga Preobrazhenskaya, and formed a liaison with Serge Lifar, who was now Principal Choreographer at the Opéra. For a time she danced with the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas, and led a hectic touring life guesting in many of Europe's opera houses. I remember a gala at the old Empress Hall – long since demolished – a vast barn of a place which was apt to dwarf the brightest personality; but when she entered the stage to dance the pas de deux from *Don Quixote* you might have thought she was entering a drawing-room, so potent and vibrant was her power of projection.

When her technique was beginning to fade, she could still hold an audience by the sheer glitter of her personality, and she retained the ability to hold phenomenally long balances *en pointe*. She was apt to stay *en arabesque* or *à la seconde* for what seemed like minutes, to the chagrin of some conductors.

In 1950 Lifar staged his elaborate conception of *Phédre* based on a libretto of Jean Cocteau. Lifar wanted the film star Greta Garbo for the name part, but she decided it was out for her. There could be only one Phédre. It was the peak of Toumanova's extraordinary career. The following year she was at La Scala, Milan, to dance in Margarethe Wallmann's spectacular, *Legend of Joseph*.

Always inclined to overplay, there were times when

Toumanova seemed almost a caricature of the grand style. During the later period, she enjoyed a continuation of her success in the South Americas. At the Colon Theatre, Buenos Aires, she performed her repertoire with the same rigorous gusto and hinging forth the resulting adulation that she expected and received throughout her dancing life. Towards the end of the Sixties, her physical powers were becoming diminished and she turned once again to films to extend her career. In 1966 she appeared in the Hitchcock film *The Tenth Victim*, and in 1970 in Billy Wilder's *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*.

As she grew older bad health dogged her path. With her mother she retired to Los Angeles. Her amazing physical strength enabled her to live on, but eventually she was to lose her lifelong companion – her mother died leaving her alone and dependent upon nursing help. Before she died she gave her priceless Preobrazhenskaya costumes to the Yagorova Choreographic Museum in St Petersburg, where her beloved teacher had once been a star.

Toumanova was a remarkable artist – a great personality who never stopped acting. It is impossible to think of Russian ballet without her.

John Gregory

Tamara Vladimirovna Toumanova, ballerina; born near Shanghai 1919; died Santa Monica, California 29 May 1996.

Births, Marriages & Deaths

BIRTHS

CLARENCE: On 27 May at University College Hospital, London, to a son, Leo David Sebastian.

FREDERICKS: On 30 May 1996, to Eveline (née Vaz) and Simon, a son, Alexander Jeffrey.

DEATHS

EDDRA: Margaret (Peggy), beloved wife of Thomas, suddenly at home on 28 May. Funeral service at Hensington Crematorium, near Folkestone, on Thursday 6 June at 11.30am. Further details from Chillingham Funeral Services, 01303 851456. No flowers by request.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 3DL, telephoned to 0171-293 2011 or faxed to 0171-293 2016, and are charged at 25p line (VAT extra).

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Duke of York today opens the Princess of Wales' Association National "Academy at the Bellary, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands.

haunting of the Guard

TODAY: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; Nippon Company's Guard, at Horse Guards, 1.30pm; Grenadier Guard, at Horse Guards, 1.30pm. Band provided by the 1st Lancers.

Birthdays

TODAY: Mr Pat Boone, actor, 62; Sir Peter Bristow, former High Court judge, 63; Sir Frederick Corfield, QC, former government minister, 81; Lord Cowie, a former Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, 70; Mr Brian Cox, actor and director, 50; Miss Gemma Crampton, actress, 46; Lord Dunsford, former Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, 83; Sir Norman Foster, architect, 61; Mr Bruce George MP, 54; Mr David Gesteater, president, Gesteater Holdings, 59; Mr Henry Grunfeld, president, S.G. Warburg, 92; Sir Christopher Holland, High Court judge, 59; Sir Robert Megarry, former Vice-Chancellor, the Supreme Court, 86; Mr Bob Monkhouse, actor and comedian, 66; Mr Commodore Ruth Montague, former director, WRAF, 57; Brigadier Alastair Pearson, former Lord-Lieutenant of Dumfriesshire, 81; Mr Robert Powell, actor, 52; Mr Jonathan Pryce, actor, 49; Mr Gerald Searle, artist and cartoonist, 60; Mr Nigel Short, chess player, 31; Mr Allan Stewart MP, 54; Professor Sir Michael Thompson, Vice-Chancellor and Principal, Birmingham University, 65; Sir John Tooley, arts consultant, former Director of Covent Garden, 72; Air Commodore Sir Frank Whittle, inventor of the jet engine, 88; Mr Edward Woodward, actor, 66.

TOMORROW: King Constantine II of the Hellenes, 56; Sir Richard Bonalack, mechanical engineer, 92; Lord Boyd-Carpenter, former government minister, 88; Air Marshal Sir Ivor Broom, aerospace consultant, 76; Miss Heather Cooper, astronomer and broadcaster, 47; Mr Harold Davies, aeronautical engineer, 84; Mr Mark Elder, conductor, 49; Mr Jonathan Evans MP, 46; Mr Marvin Hamisch, composer, 52; The Right Rev Richard Harries, Bishop of Oxford, 60; Professor Rosalyn Higgins QC, a judge of the International

Court of Justice, 59; Mr Trevor Jesty, cricketer, 48; Sir Kenneth Jupp, former High Court judge, 79; Miss Sally Kellerman, actress, 59; Miss Sonia Lawson, actor, 57; Sir Denis Mountain, honorary president, Eagle Star Insurance, 67; Professor Robin Orr, composer, 87; Lord Pearson, a Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, 58; Canon Dr Anthony Phillips, former Headmaster, King's School, Canterbury, 60; Sir Christopher Slade, a former Lord Justice of Appeal, 69; Mr Johnny Speight, scriptwriter, 76; Sir Seymour Sternberg, chairman, IYS, 75; Mr David Sunberg MP, 55; Mrs Barbara Tate, President, Society of Women Artists, 69; Mr Charlie Watts, rock drummer, 55.

Anniversaries

TODAY: Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, statesman, 1563; John Edward Masfield, poet and novelist, 1878; John Drinkwater, author and playwright, 1882; Marilyn Monroe (Norma Jean Mortenson), actress, 1926; Death James Giffney, caricaturist, 1815; Sir David White, painter, at sea off Gibraltar (1841); Sir Hugh Seymour Walpole, novelist, 1941; Ion Antonescu, Romanian dictator, executed for war crimes 1946; Eric Honeywood Partridge, lexicographer, 1979; Fickel Adams Keller, blind deaf and mute scholar, 1968. On this day: The Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain was founded, 1841; lunch was served on the first Pullman train on a British railway which ran from St Pancras to Bedford, 1874; the Battle of Jutland ended, 1916; a combined television and radio service was introduced in Britain, 1936; the first Premium Bonds were drawn, 1957; General Charles de Gaulle became Prime Minister of France, 1958; the Greek monarchy was abolished, 1973. Today is the Feast Day of St Candida or Wine, St Cyprianus of Lezins, St Inigo or Eneco, St Justin,

St Pamphilius of Caesarea, St Proculus the Bishop, St Proculus the Soldier, St Simeon of Syracuse, St Theobald of Alba and St Wistan.

TOMORROW: Births: Sir Edward William Elgar, composer, 1857; (Peter John) Johnny Weissmuller, swimmer and film star, 1903. Deaths: Giuseppe Garibaldi, Italian nationalist leader, 1862; Victoria Mary Sackville-West, writer, 1962; George Alfred, Baron George-Brown, statesman, 1985; Andros Segovia, guitarist, 1987; Sir Rex Carey Harrison, actor, 1990. On this day: the world's first patent for wireless telegraphy was granted to Guglielmo Marconi, 1896; the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II took place, 1953. Tomorrow is Trinity Sunday and the Feast Day of St Ananias, St Erasmus or Elna, St Eugenius I, pope, Saints Marcellinus and Peter, St Nicholas the Pilgrim, St Pothinus and his companions and St Stephen of Sweden.

Lectures

TODAY: National Portrait Gallery: Mary Compton, "Charles Edward Stuart: escape and exile", 3pm. Victoria and Albert Museum: *Stories in Medieval Art* (with sign language), 2.30pm.

TOMORROW

National Portrait Gallery: Susan Morris, "Jewellery in Portraits 1500-1700", 1.10pm.

Winston Churchill Memorial Trust

The Duchess of Kent attended a ceremony to present medals to the Churchill Fellows held by the Winston Churchill Memorial Trust yesterday at Guildhall, London EC2. She subsequently joined the Trustees, Council and Fellows for a reception and lunch.

God, Church and the efficiency drive

faith & reason

What has the Church come to? It is not primarily a "business" but a praying fellowship, argues the Rev Benedict Baker. The road to "efficiency" will be found through prayer.

A friend of mine was astonished to hear a clerical colleague at a discussion meeting remark: "After all, the people in the pews are our customers aren't they?" Customers? Well, yes, perhaps – if you think of the Bench of Bishops as a Regional Board of Directors, with archdeacons and diocesan committees comprising middle management, rural dean as local retail branch managers, parish clergy as sales assistants, purveyors of spiritual goodies to a fickle and unreliable clientele, with of course the Archbishop of Canterbury or even the Pope looming ever-present as the ultimate all-powerful Murdoch-figure in the background.

Is this a useful model of the Church in our present day? Perhaps it is a necessary way of thinking if the Church's performance is to be made more efficient? There has, after all, been a marked falling off in "sales" over the last few decades. There seem to be more chapels which have been converted into houses or factories or shops than are still used as places of regular worship. Attendance at Anglican and Roman Catholic churches is tending to get thinner and thinner. What are things coming to? Why shouldn't the Church take a leaf out of the book of the business world – rationalise the work force, carry out efficiency drives, install rigorous inspection programmes, publish national league tables, close small redundant branch offices?

Now no one would want to question that the Church should make as much use of modern methods as possible. St Paul in his day took the radically modern step of proclaiming the gospel on Mars Hill, a sort of Greek first-century Speakers' Corner, where it is doubtful that any Jew had ever spoken before. Jesus himself was appar-

ently in favour of novelty – "Behold, I make all things new," he is represented as saying (Revelation xii.5). But he also had a trenchant word to the effect that everyone who has been made a disciple to the kingdom of heaven is like a householder who brings forth out of his treasure things both new and old (Matthew xii.32). By all means let us welcome the things of this age but not at the expense of forgetting the things that are old.

New performance and efficiency drives do seem to be insinuating their presence into the Church. There are a number of dioceses in Britain where clergy are being invited to mark themselves on a scale of 1 to 10 against such questions as: "How satisfied are you with the amount of time a week you spend visiting?" or "How efficient do you rate your method of dealing with daily correspondence?" Which is all very well, but how do you quantify the depth of people's spiritual awareness, or the reality of their relationship with God? How do you measure the efficiency of all those countless unsung acts of Christian

kindness, which spring daily, knowingly or unknowingly, from the inspiration of the Gospel? Is it true that if only we, the Christians, pull our socks up and put a tremendous effort into reorganising ourselves efficiently the Kingdom of Heaven will be manifestly inaugurated?

Surely the "old" thing which is here being overlooked is prayer. The Church is not primarily a business organisation. But if it were a more thoroughly deeply praying fellowship then perhaps its "business" would look after itself. Jesus was known to continue all night in prayer to God. The early abbots and ammas of the Egyptian desert would also forgo sleep in order to pray. There are the medieval English mystics, Richard Rolle, Julian of Norwich, the author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*. There are the Spanish Carmelites, St Teresa and St John of the Cross. The line continues to the present day. They all teach that prayer is at the centre, not prayer against anyone or anything, but prayer towards God. Like Moses holding up his hands in support of the Israelites it is those who pray who are at the centre of the Church. All the ecclesiastical buildings in the world could be destroyed and the hierarchy gathered together in one place and blown up and there would still be a church if there were enough people left who prayed.

One doesn't need to follow the early desert fathers literally into a desert to learn to pray. There is enough of a desert all around us in the world today without going out of our usual routine to seek out – a desert of this-worldliness, of self-seeking. In deserts like these there need to be oases, oases of quietness and prayer, where there are wells of living water from which all may quench their thirst.

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The Independent Weekend

Death and the maiden

Marilyn Monroe would have been 70 today had the pills, the Kennedys, the CIA, the Mob or her doctor not got to her (depending on which conspiracy theory you subscribe to)

John Lyttle on the afterlife of one of the 20th century's most enduring legends page 9



Photograph: Pictorial Press

INSIDE STORIES



3 'Join us, won't you, in a consumer sense.' Spinal Tap are back and this time it's commercial. England's loudest megagroup are now not so much a band as a brand. Their new deal with computer giant IBM represents the culmination of the Tap philosophy: 'To be but not really to do'



8 Forty saplings have just been planted in High Wycombe. In three to four years they will become tables and stools. Designer Chris Cattle believes in grow-your-own furniture: 'All I'm doing is changing the point in a tree's life at which I decide what it's going to be'



14 Mosques, minarets and Mustafas. Turkey is home to the ancient city of Ephesus and its remarkably evocative theatre. And if you head east, you'll come across the cave dwellers of Cappadocia, a fertile, dreamy landscape and just about as beautiful a place as can be imagined



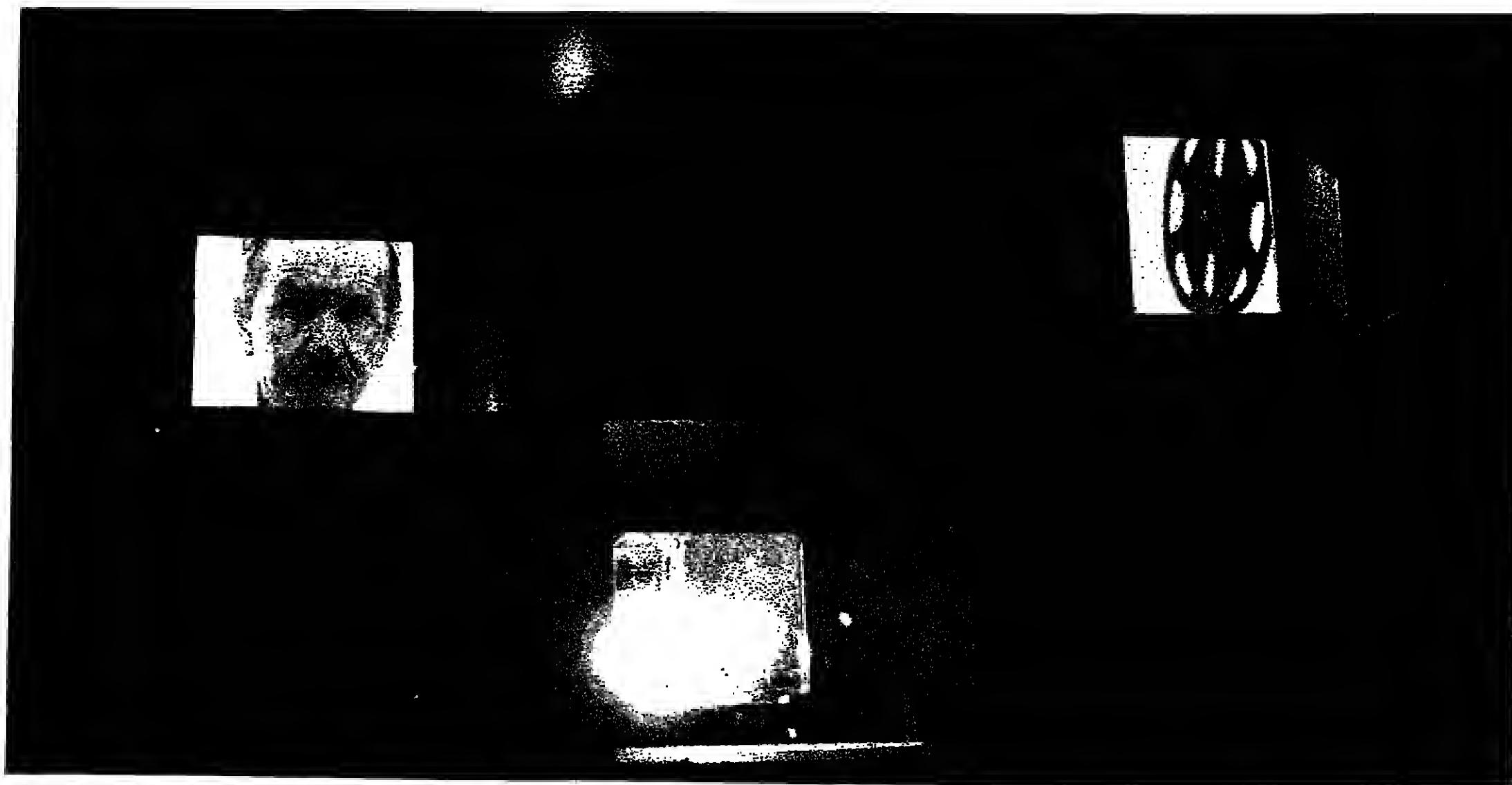
THE BRISLE PRAH FROM WATLEY TO LIDING

MANY THINGS HAVE GONE FOR A BURTON THREE DAYS - BUT THANKFULLY NOT IN BURTON. MARSTON'S PILSENER REMAINS THE GOLDEN PINT IT ALWAYS WAS, BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY BEER TRADITIONALLY BREWED IN WOODEN CASKS.



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picture story



Through the square window, projectionist Peter Bailey, who visited the Phoenix as a boy before starting work there 36 years ago, has no time for the multi-screen mania that has made cinemas like the Phoenix an endangered species. "They're just concrete jungles with no character," he says. "But places like the Phoenix have warmth and a wonderful atmosphere."

CINEMA OF THE CENTURY

PHOENIX

Tomorrow is National Cinema Day, marking 100 years of the movies. Joining the party will be the Phoenix in East Finchley, north London. Ben Smith paid a visit to one of the oldest picture houses in the country

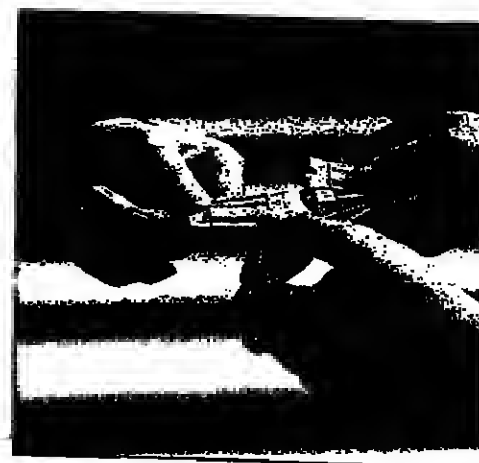
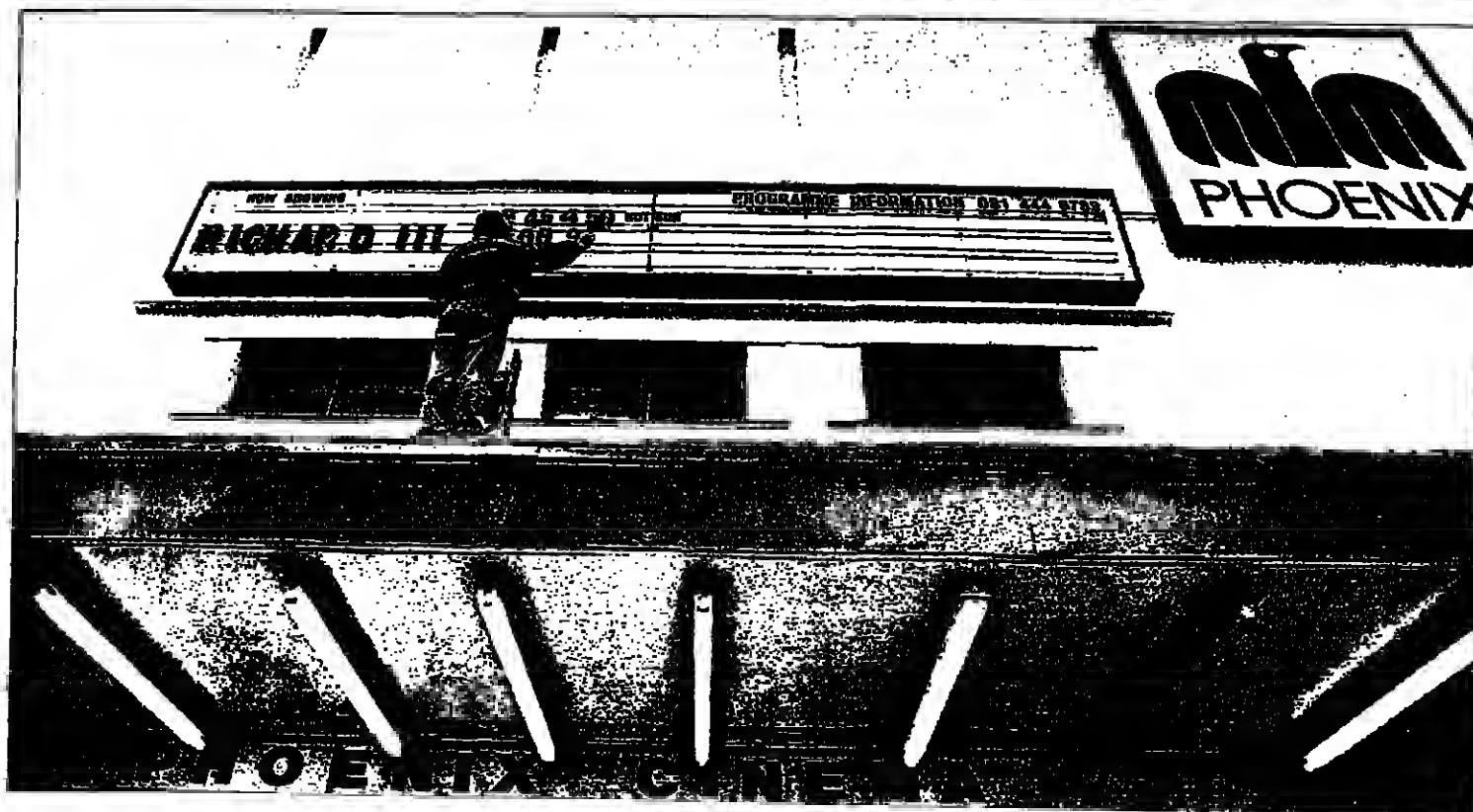


Frozen in time: the former Picturedrome's original decor is intact and there are 309 seats in which to appreciate it



Peter Bailey prepares to change reels in the projection room that has been his workplace for 36 years

The Phoenix is believed to be one of the oldest purpose-built cinemas in the country. It was opened in 1910 as the Picturedrome. True to its name, the Phoenix rose from near-extinction in 1985. In Mrs Thatcher's constituency, it was earmarked to make way for an office block until the GLC, in one of its last acts, stepped in with a grant of £320,000 following a sustained campaign in which the local Labour party figured strongly. The Phoenix Cinema Trust was set up to run it as a non-profit making concern. Like most of Britain's single-screen independents, the Phoenix is seriously threatened by the rise of the Behemoth multiplexes. A new eight-screen Warners cinema is due to open next month, less than a mile away by the North Circular road, but manager Dennis Crowley is unperturbed. "I think there's room for everyone," he says. "We hope our customers remain loyal to us. This place has given nearly 90 years of entertainment and we hope it will be around for cinema's bi-centenary in 2006."



To mark 100 years of cinema, tomorrow is National Cinema Day, and to celebrate, every cinema in the country will be selling tickets for £1

سكنا من الامم

A very British bike

Pashley's sit it up and beg bikes are sturdy and conventional, and we love them. By Caroline Donald

Pashley, the bicycle manufacturer, was established in Birmingham in the 1920s, and although the original family was ousted in a management buy-out in 1994, the firm retains an air of Enid Blyton: even its snazzy Land Rover model of the modern Moulton all-purpose bike has pictures of healthy young things in baggy white shorts and deck shoes – none of your Chris Boardman-style Lycra and nylon here, there's not a drop of hand-diebar to be seen in the place.

The sit-up-and-beg Pashley Prospero, and its female counterpart, the Pashley Princess (both from £329), are the epitome of John Major warm-beer English summers: with wide leather saddles to accommodate comfortably spreading bottoms, roller lever brakes (the only British bicycle still to include these) and a ding-dong bell for blind country-lane corners. The Princess has a wicker basket – handy for transporting lashings of ginger pop – though the chaps on the Prospero will have to go dry, as their model does not include one. (In the brochure, the Princess's three gears are referred to as "mercifully uncomplicated". None such mention is made in the butch list of features for the Prospero.)

Despite the mild sexism of the marketing, David Ross, sales and marketing manager, says that at the recent Country Living Fair in London, "there was no criticism" of his products. He was overwhelmed at how women kept on telling him: "I love your Princess." One can picture them on their Princesses, from Hammersmith to Hawick: long denim skirt (safely guarded against oil by the built-in full chain-case), cheerful, chunky patterned cardigan and a child strapped into a child seat on the back.

Pashley is also the only British manufacturer still to make a classic child's ball-bearing tricycle upon which Noddy would look very fine. As Enid Blyton's adventures seemed to always take place in the long, bazy days of summer, the telephone lines at the factory in Stratford-upon-Avon go red hot as soon as the first ray of sunshine hits the country. Mr Ross arrived late to our meeting, heaving himself out from a pile of Post-It messages from cycle dealers who have just woken up to British Summer Time. The factory is prepared to some extent, on the floor, there are Princesses and Prosperos at the ready, stacked together in serrated ranks like the parking lot at a Chinese factory. On the whole, however, it works to order, hand-building each bicycle on-site from raw tubing.

One of the latest lines epitomises the Janus face of the company: occupying a "niche" market in nostalgia, while contending with the modern all-round appeal of mountain bikes. Based on the bicycles used by paratroopers in the Second World War to get them from their landing place to the front line, the Pashley Paramount was launched to coincide with the VE Day commemorations last year as – "an easy-riding town bike that combines style, comfort and practicality". Nothing too controversial there: it looks a simple, sturdy creature, in sensible black, with no pretensions. Almost the same bike, the "Tub Rider", however, comes in whacky electric blue, with a yellow saddle and invites one to "explore the innermost limits of fun": the advertising leaflet shows it next to a "tube" wave. Presumably one is meant to ride this bike down to the beach, rather than put it on one's surfboard. The Brooks B66 leather saddle with coil springs "for natural comfort" of the Paramount, becomes a hard-hitting "no compromise" saddle for energetic young surfing dudes.

David Ross reckons that Pashley makes about 12,000 bicycles a year in its Stratford-upon-Avon factory, though many of these are what are termed as "work bikes". The Royal Mail and "about a dozen" police forces use Pashleys to go about their business on solid models that almost invite the rider to whistle a cheerful tune. Companies



"Like the parking lot at a Chinese factory": Princesses and Prosperos are prepared and wrapped for delivery.

photo: Steve Hill/NewsTeam

with large plants use the work bikes for getting from A to B in a quick and, as Mr Ross puts it, "environmentally friendly" way, though, in the case of Pashley's customers in the oil and car fields, we're talking tonnes. On the day I visited, the finishing touches were being made to tastefully painted violet and cream bikes with large plastic front paniers ordered by Portsmouth University as a fleet to enable students to carry their books around campus. One wonders how long they will last there before turning up in odd parts of the country.

The company also makes tandems, uni-

cycles and adult tricycles for the leisure market but the bicycle which has attracted most attention in recent years, is the Moulton (from £549), designed by Dr Alex Moulton, who sorted out the suspension on the Mini and the new MGF car. This is rather Dr Moulton's thing, as the bike's selling point is the marvellous front- and back-wheel suspension that allows such a small-wheeled bike to travel on almost any terrain and, although it looks, to the ignorant like a close cousin to the frustratingly framed "shipping bike", the Moulton holds the land speed record of 52mph for

an upright bicycle. So great is the devotion it engenders, that there is even a Moulton bicycle owners' club on the Internet, discussing details such as wheel pressure and loading weights. One imagines that an information exchange for the Princess would be conducted en passant in firm handwriting on blue Basildon Bond, then popped in the basket and posted when collecting young Henry from school. Nostalgia is still what it used to be.

For a brochure and stockist list call Pashley, 01789 292263.

The sweet smell of revenge

By Julie Aschkenasy

If there are fifty ways to leave your lover, florist Susan Rinberg has come up with method number fifty one. It only took one episode of the Adams Family and a touch of black humour to provide inspiration for a cottage industry. Floral Revenge was born, a flower arranging and delivery service – for people you hate.

We send flowers to mark just about every occasion from birth through to death, so why not when we split up? Susan's macabre flower arrangements, featuring near black roses and tulips, or fearsome black widow irises, are specially designed with divorces in mind. The bouquet relationship break-ups in mind. The bouquets are often tastefully arranged, with heads and thorny stems to make as sharp and poignant a parting gift as is possible, on this side of the law anyway.

"People are often rendered a bit inarticulate at times of break-up," says Susan. "Some send them as an aggressive thing, others as a way of saying sorry it's over. A revenge bouquet conveys hurt feelings far more succinctly than those endless lists of 'you did this, you did that', all of which have

doubtless been run through countless times before."

Feedback suggests that, at the very least, the Revenge bouquet makes the sender – frequently a wife dumped for another woman – feel empowered. Call it a temporary feel-good factor. According to Susan one or two notorious divorce solicitors have started recommending her service as a way of cheering up their clients. At £18.00, The Last Bloom, a single "black" rose in a satin-lined box makes an affordably powerful statement. But if the bust-up is particularly messy the Classical Decree 13 (£48.50) is a suitably expensive end to what is probably an expensive divorce.

For maximum impact Susan recommends that the flowers are delivered in as public a manner as possible. For acute embarrassment, for example follow the lead of many a wronged wife and send the flowers to the offending recipient's place of work. This is particularly popular as a means of exposing illicit office romances.

And if the prospect of writing an attached card simply proves too much, Rinberg's order form contains a quotation list for those who



We send flowers to mark just about every occasion, so why not when we split up? Photo: Keith Doherty

are temporarily lost for words. Choose profound, if not exactly original, pearls of wisdom from Nancy Astor: "I married beneath me, all women do", to William Shakespeare's "Parting is such sweet sorrow". Both guaranteed to have your ex reeling over his computer.

Although a recent divorcee herself, Rinberg hasn't resorted to sending such a bouquet to her own ex-husband: "He hasn't got any sense of humour," she says, "and anyway he got the leaflets printed up so it wouldn't have quite the same impact!"

The unusual nature of her work means that Susan often gets to hear the whole story, and consequently she's taken her role as half florist, half counsellor to heart: as far as the salacious details of individual cases are concerned, her lips are firmly sealed.

One word of advice, though. Make a note of the phone number – you never know when you might need it.

Floral Revenge, 0181 445 7041



bazaar

Checkout Penhaligon's

What is it? A traditional perfumer, and has been for 127 years. Six shops around the West End, with highly pungent interiors and shining surfaces, beguile you into a trance-like state where aroma enters a higher plane. Not likely to be added on to your weekly shopping trolley, but if you fall in love with one of their fragrances you're sure to return – they're all created exclusively for Penhaligon's.

Who shops there? Elderly gents stocking up on their Lords cologne (£32) and shaving soap (£11) and inevitable tourists desperate for a slice of real England make for a curious pot-pourri of a clientele. Those who can't abide mingling with the polloi leaf through the scented catalogue from the creaking comfort of their leather armchair and telephone through their order.

What other services do they offer? A limited range of scents is bolstered by their satellite merchandise: English Fern tale (£7), extravagant trinkets and Auntie's choice, the Lily of the Valley gift set (£16). At 5.30pm on Christmas Eve the ornamental room spray, a cool £95, is transformed into the perfect gift, "I'll take a dozen". The immaculately turned-out staff are happy to do a little 'bespoke' gift wrapping.

What should I buy? The dreamy essence of bluebell (from £7 – £51) is a refreshing alternative to the high street regulars.

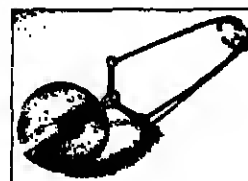
What not to buy: Only the bravest of souls would splash out on the Violeta range. One dab of the sugary potion and you are forever doomed to smell of a breath-freshener. The novelty soon wears off.

Penhaligon's by Request, freephone 0800 716109

Good thing

Long handled tea infuser £2.29

Why were tea-hags invented? Good question. They might be neat and tidy before they get wet, but they lose their appeal as soon as they go squiggly. And whoever did away with the piece of string has got a lot to answer for. Much better to use the long handle tea infuser. Simply load the mesh ball with loose tea, stand in a cup and add boiling water. Heaven is three minutes away.



Whittard of Chelsea. For nearest branch call 0171-627 8885

Mad thing

Instant iced tea, £3.99

Making iced tea is a bore: boiling the water, brewing the tea and then waiting while it all cools down. Well the wait is over. Whittard's delicious instant iced tea only requires cold water from the tap and a few ice cubes. The powdered drink comes in two flavours lemon or peach melba, both subtly flavoured and not over-sweet. All we need is a summer.



Whittard of Chelsea. For nearest branch call 0171-627 8885

All the fun of the fair

John Windsor previews this summer's big art and antiques fairs: Grosvenor House and Olympia

Strange though it seems, the craze for downsizing among top earners is good news for London's two big summer art and antiques fairs – Olympia, which opens next Thursday, and Grosvenor House, which opens a week later.

For one thing, a small fraction of "redundo" pay tends to get blued on consolation buys such as jewellery or a painting. For another, survivors of downsizing work such long hours that they have no time to swoot up on Chinese porcelain or Regency ormolu-mounted furniture. Result: a new breed of youngish, rich, know-nothings eager to acquire the trappings of wealth – the antique dealer's dream.

Today's antique fairs were invented, not exactly for the rich and ignorant – though they are plentiful enough – but for busy punters happy to pay double for strictly vetted pieces that they can be confident are "right". Such is the antiques take-away culture at Olympia and Grosvenor House.

Those vetting committees are not just chums in the trade giving the nod. They are about as forgiving as Judge Jeffreys. I once watched a dock dealer at Olympia tremble with shock after the vetting committee had swept past, condemning as "un-fairworthy" his "William Scott longcase of 1790-1810", which, they alleged, had a 1720-1740 case of the wrong colour with a movement added later.

For the past three years Olympia's 150 vetters have been briefed to keep a specially wary eye open for country and Regency furniture over-restored with added paint and given a

tenfold price hoick. This year has brought a new threat: brand-new metalwork – table lamps, lanterns, wall-brackets – picked up in the Paris flea markets and passed off as 18th or 19th century period pieces.

Olympia (now thrice yearly) has traditionally been looked upon as a "trading" or "intermediate" market while glittering Grosvenor House in Park Lane is an "end-market", the ne plus ultra for rich private buyers with a million pounds or so to spend. Clever traders at Grosvenor House, whose early days coincide with Olympia, used to brag about carrying off under-priced items from Olympia to Park Lane to sell for more. They still make the occasional killing. But nowadays, Olympia is approaching end-market status, too: highly polished and highly priced – but at least you know what you're getting.

Both fairs' public relations efforts emphasise that they also offer inexpensive antiques: at Grosvenor House this year that could mean an 1840 brass fender from a doll's house (£125); at Olympia a collection of eccentric tea cosses, popular between the wars, at £35-£50 each.

Olympia Fine Art and Antiques Fair, Earls Court Exhibition Centre, Warwick Road, London SW5, 6-16 June, entry including catalogue £1! (0171-370 8188). Grosvenor House Art & Antiques Fair, Park Lane London W1, 13-22 Jun entry (including handbook) £12 single, £20 double (0171-49 6363).

AUCTIONS

gardening

How to win over your iris

With sunshine and good drainage, you can grow bearded iris in the most unpromising of soils. By Anna Pavord

I'd be prepared to go overboard for big bearded iris if only they would show a few more signs of being interested in me. I've been let down too often to want to go through the whole humiliating process of rejection again.

At least, that's how I felt until last week when, on my way back from the Courson flower show, I called in briefly at Monet's garden at Giverny. There, the bearded iris were looking so fabulously handsome, set in strong, long lines down the edges of the narrow beds that I was hooked all over again.

The Giverny beds are heaped up into long mounds, like asparagus beds, and the garden is open and unshaded. This is what the bearded iris like: good drainage at the roots and plenty of sun to ripen the rhizomes. My garden, being predominantly shady and made on very heavy clay, is not the most propitious place to grow them. But we recently cleared a new area of the bank, not overhung by trees. Being on a steepish slope, it is well drained. Tulips have flourished there as nowhere else in the garden, and I have hopes that bearded iris will, too. I am planning a trip to Croftway's nursery in Bognor Regis to choose plants from the 22,000 they have growing in their iris fields.

Their catalogue distinguishes between the modern bearded, mostly American cultivars and what Tom and Graham Spencer of Croftway's call the "classic" bearded iris, with flowers that are less ruffled (or muddled, depending on your point of view) although no less complex in their colouring.

The Spencers are very keen on the intermediate bearded iris, shorter and earlier into flower than the tall bearded, but there is plenty else going on in our garden. I want a grand slam in June so will choose from among the tall bearded iris, all more than 28 inches high. The intermediates can be anything from 16-27 inches tall, the dwarfs, which flower during April and May, hover around the 15 inch mark.

If you have chosen the right place to plant them, bearded iris will need little attention, although an annual sprinkling of home meal or hoof and horn does wonders for flowering. Avoid feeding bearded iris on fertilisers which are heavy in nitrogen. This makes the leaves too lush and so more prone to disease.

Keep the rhizomes free from weeds and cut down the flower spikes when the flowers themselves have finished. If the clumps do well, they may need splitting and replanting after four or five years. If their flower power does not seem to be fading, then leave them alone.

The best time to split them is immediately after they have finished flowering. Lift the whole clump, refresh the soil with bone-meal and split off the most vigorous portions of the old clump, each with a section of rhizome and a good strong fan of leaves. Trim the leaves down to half their length and replant the iris about 15 inches apart.

The worst disease bearded iris get is a rusty kind of leaf spot. This usually appears just after the flowers have come out. You see small, round greyish-brown spots on the

leaves and they spread at an alarming rate. First the tips of the leaves wither, then the entire leaf collapses. Spraying with fungicide helps but the most effective one (Benlate) was withdrawn from the retail market last year. Gardening *Which?* suggests as a substitute either Nimrod-T (Zeneca) or Tumblelite (Murphy). A commercial grower tells me that a weak solution of bleach doesn't come amiss, but current legislation forbids recommending such simple remedies. Meanwhile, if you see Benlate still on sale, grab it.

If you spray, you need to start before the iris come into flower and repeat the treatment every 10-14 days. The best solution of all, of course, would be for breeders to concentrate a little less on adding ruffles to the flowers and a little more on producing strong, disease-resistant stock.

The Spencers grow on clay which sounds as unpromising as mine, but they have found that rigging up the soil in their fields, even by as little as three inches, improves drainage enormously. Grit helps too, if you can work it in underneath the iris roots when you plant. If you can't make any kind of raised bed, then the safest way to plant on heavy soils is on a slight mound.

Make a shallow, dish-shaped hole and build a little heap of soil in the centre. Set the rhizome on top of the heap and spread its roots out horizontally on both sides. Cover the roots with soil, leaving the rhizome itself slightly exposed. If you are

planting in summer, the iris will need watering in. Otherwise they won't need watering at all, which is a great advantage.

Around 200 species of iris grow wild between the Arctic circle and the tropics. There aren't any in the southern hemisphere. Bearded iris though are unlikely to be happy north of York. The beardless sibiricas are a better bet there. For the bearded iris, alkaline soil is better than acid, though some of the Japanese species such as *Iris confusa* like slightly acid conditions.

Iris confusa is said to be tender, but I picked up a plant last summer, attracted by the handsome foliage, put it in a pot filled with ericaceous compost and it came through last winter completely unscathed. Since we lost more plants last winter - hebes, ceanothus and cistus - than ever before, this is a puzzle.

It is flowering now, looking more like an orchid than an iris, with delicate white flowers speckled with lilac and yellow. They are quite small, with standards much less important than the wavy falls. The foliage that intrigued me is held on top of strong rigid stems about a foot tall, so the effect is of a palm, rather than an iris. Most iris have leaves that spring straight from the ground. *Iris japonica* has similar orchid like flowers, slightly larger than those of my *Iris confusa* but the foliage is not so striking.

At Giverny, the irises bordered narrow beds filled with lamb's ear, forget-me-not,

purple tulips, mauve sweet rocket, tall wobbly alliums, dark purple wallflowers, aubrietia and opium poppies. They thrive, because they are on the edge of the heds where the foliage of the other plants does not flop over them too much. They are not good sharers. If you plant them in mixed beds or borders, keep them to the front, so that the rhizomes are open to light and sun.

Bearded iris are available from Croftway Nursery, Yapton Rd, Bognor Regis, West Sussex PO22 0BH (01243-552121). The nursery is open every day from 9am-5.30pm. They will also be at the South of England Show, Ardingly, Haywards Heath from 6-8 June, at the Jardine, Chelsea Town Hall, Kings Road, London SW3 on 20 June and at the Gilbert White Museum Unusual Plants Fair at Selborne, Alton, Hampshire on 22-23 June. Plants can be sent mail order during August and September.

For more information on iris try and track down Brian Mathew's *The Iris* published by Batsford in 1981. Join the British Iris Society, c/o The Secretary, The Old Mill House, Shurton, Stogursey, Somerset TA5 1QG (Subscription £9 per annum). See the national collection of bearded iris at Myddleton House Garden, Bulls Cross, Enfield, Middlesex EN2 9HG (01992-717711).



Tom and Graham Spencer with some of the 22,000 iris they grow on unpromising looking Bognor Regis clay



CUTTINGS

The Alpine Garden Society is holding a summer show today (11.30am-4.30pm) at Merrist Wood College, Worplesdon, Guildford, Surrey. Look out for saxifrages, campanulas, lewisias, orchids, daphnes, sedums and sempervivums. Admission £1.

There is still time to glory in the sight of wisteria in full flower on the pergola in the 15-acre gardens surrounding Fulham Palace, Bishop's Avenue, off Fulham Palace Road, London. The palace, once surrounded by a moat, was the headquarters of the Bishops of London and here, a 16th-century hishop grew the first tanarisk tree ever to be seen in Britain. Alongside the wisteria - which is at least 100 years old - is a knot garden, laid out in the 1830s and now planted up with herbs. The gardens are open daily

from 8am until dusk. admission free. The museum in the palace is open Wed-Sun (2-5pm); admission 50p.

The Flowers of William Morris by Derek Barker (Barn Elms £16.50) has been published to coincide with the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The author is secretary of the William Morris society and the book, well illustrated with unfamiliar plans, photographs and paintings, traces the influence of gardens in the life of the great polymath. Relying a great deal on quotations from Morris's letters, the book gives a vivid picture of his taste in flowers: hollyhocks, strawberries, sweet sultan, poppies, China asters. Though brief (86 pages) and expensive, this is a lively coda to the monumental biographies already published.

WEEKEND WORK

Trim hedges of *Berberis darwinii* as soon as the flowers are over. Trim *forysthia* similarly. If it has not already been done. Remove unwanted runners from strawberry plants, cutting them off at the main clump. Thin outdoor peaches and apricots, leaving roughly one fruit for each foot of stem.

Start to earth up early potatoes. Sow new rows of lettuce, radish, cress and some main crop peas. Set up pea sticks, netting or some other support for early peas. Set out plants of broccoli and other brassicas as they become available.

Canlars made from old carpet, underlay or roofing felt fixed round the base of plants will prevent cabbage root flies having their wicked way with the crop. Cut out circular collars and then make a slit from the edge to the centre of each circle to fit round the stem.

Sow biennials such as verhascum, Canterbury bell and wallflower. I am sowing yet more foxgloves: *Digitalis purpurea* 'The Shirley' (Thompson & Morgan, £1.39), with wide, outward facing mottled flowers and 'Apricot'

(Thompson & Morgan, £1.99), the most heartful of all foxgloves with gorgeous apricot coloured flowers. You could also try some perennials from seed: aquilegia, lupins, oriental poppies, delphiniums. Seed of violas, pansies and different forms of primroses can also be sown outside, but a shady spot will give the best chance of success.

Watch for suckers on roses and pull them out as soon as you can. Grafted rhododendrons also have a habit of suckering back to the root stock. Pinch out the growing tips of fuchsias and ivy-leaved geraniums regularly. This forces them to make extra side growth, which eventually will produce extra flowers.

Aphids have been slow to build up in this cold season. To every cloud there is a silver lining... But if you see them building up on roses or honeysuckle, and want to spray, use only an insecticide specific to this particular pest. Some insecticides kill everything that moves which is hard on the good guys such as lacewings and ladybirds.

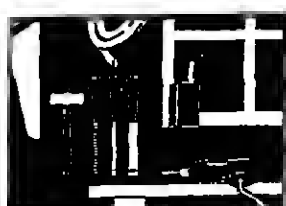
Wrap up well for summer

Netting is the only real option for protecting plants against birds. Tom Barber advises

Like birds, truly I do; the comic bounce of the worm-seeking blackbird, the pink flash of a passing chaffinch, even the harsh chatter of the starlings. More prosaically, they all help by consuming quantities of pestilential creatures. Yet some of their other dietary predilections are less welcome to the gardener. Trotting expectantly down the garden to pick the first strawberries of the season only to find nothing left but leaves, or to discover a mournful array of tattered stalks where only yesterday stood your mighty array of purple sprouting, are experiences that would have tried the patience of St Francis.

There are a number of crops that these feathered despoilers seem particularly to relish: soft fruit, especially currants and strawberries, outdoor grapes and cherries. Raspberries are not immune but there always seem to be more than enough left over. The prime vegetable targets are peas and over-wintering and seedling brassicas. The worst offender here is the pigeon, a bird which I find hard to love, even as squab pie. The pigeon's communicative network must be formidable - leave a row of tender young cabbages unprotected for an hour and you will be playing host to a mob.

I find bullfinches easier to forgive, probably because I live in the middle of a city and they do not trouble me much.



TOOLSHED

They're pretty birds, too, but when food is scarce in winter and early spring they can cause a lot of damage by stripping buds from fruit trees and hedges as well as ornamentals such as Japanese maples.

The vulnerability of any crop is affected greatly by its location. A vegetable patch in a small garden which sees plenty of human comings and goings may escape unscathed whereas the same crops on an allotment or at the bottom of a large country garden may be comprehensively ravaged. So there is sense in growing threatened crops close to the house.

I have a very handsome scarecrow on my allotment, but it is pretty feeble at doing its job. This is a problem common to all the devices which rely on combinations of sight and sound to put the frighteners on the birds. Familiarity rapidly breeds contempt and to retain any menace at all, you need to swap and move them around frequently.

Home-made foil strips, coloured streamers and old tins can all be pressed

into service and you can add to the general jollity of the scene by buying in a model hawk or cat. Perhaps the best bet of all is a plastic tape called bum or buzz line. Stretched tight over crops it emits an impressive thumping in the lightest winds. I have never used chemical bird repellents but if they are as good as the ones that claim to banish cats, I'd save your pennies. When it comes to deterring smaller birds - such as sparrows - from attacking newly emerging seedlings, a single thread of black cotton stretched between small sticks just above the garden is amazingly effective.

For full protection, however, netting is the only real bird-proof option - be it a few square feet hung loosely over a couple of sticks or a full blown fruit cage. To exclude all birds, a 3/4in mesh is ideal, though a 4in mesh is sufficient to keep pigeons off winter crops and will not collect falling snow.

Virtually all garden nets are plastics, either knotted, moulded or woven. The stiffer materials are better for rigid structures such as cages, whereas the more flexible stuff is easier to work around informal supports.

It is not that difficult to make your own timber framed fruit cage though you may prefer the convenience of buying a kit, complete with frame, netting and fittings, and the added luxury of an integral door.

All will give many years' service if properly erected and maintained, though plastic netting will eventually perish in sunlight.

It is important to repair holes as they appear and keep the net secure at ground level or you will end up with a big bird trap. If you've got yards of vulnerable vegetables and strawberries you may find it worthwhile to erect a low level cage. For these, I recommend the horti-ball, a drilled rubber ball into which you can push bamboo canes or aluminium poles to construct a netting framework to suit. Simpler still is to use a fine plastic netting called Enviromesh which is so lightweight that it can be laid directly over the crops and need only be secured around the edges.

After much procrastination I have finally splashed out on a proper cage for my soft fruit but I'm already beginning to wonder what one is meant to do with 26lbs of redcurrants? Feed them to the birds?

Cage stockists: Knowle Nets 01308 424342 (and Hord-Balls); Agriframes 01342 328644; Two Wests and Elliot 01246 451077. Buzzline and Enviromesh from Agrilam 01285 860015

Tom Barber presents Channel 4's Garden Party on Fridays

gardening

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country



Left: Chris Cattle with his saplings. "I expect to get usable table and stool frames within three years."

Below: an artist's impression of the finished product
Photo: John Lawrence

Plant your own furniture. Watch it grow

By David Davies

The way we use wood in furniture making can hardly be described as efficient. We're not particularly inventive, either: consider the trouble we go to in chopping up trees, moving pieces of wood from one place to another, machining them and gluing them back together. And judging by the contents of the average skip, all this effort often has less than satisfactory results. Furniture designer Chris Cattle is trying to change this with a more direct approach - growing furniture straight out of the ground.

"It may sound a bit crazy, but all I'm doing is changing the point at which a tree's life at which I decide what it's going to be," he explains. Based at Brunel University, High Wycombe, Mr Cattle has begun a living design experiment by planting 40 saplings arranged in various jigs designed to control the shape and grafting of the young trees. "I expect to get usable table and stool frames within about three to four years," he predicts.

If you think this is rather too long to wait for a piece of furniture, then you might have forgotten what any wooden article relies on: "If you compare the time spent growing perfectly straight trees ready for processing and making a conventional piece of furniture, my idea will be considerably quicker."

Tree species that grow rapidly, are flexible and graft easily are likely to work best. Mr Cattle has planted sycamore, maple, alder, cherry and beech and his experiment will determine which species will be the most suitable. The best time to harvest the crop of furniture is when the sap is down - the piece would then need to dry out before finishing.

Mr Cattle points out that his chair and table frames will be stronger than conventional furniture because the grain follows the shapes and because all the joints, rather than being stuck together, are formed through natural growth. But

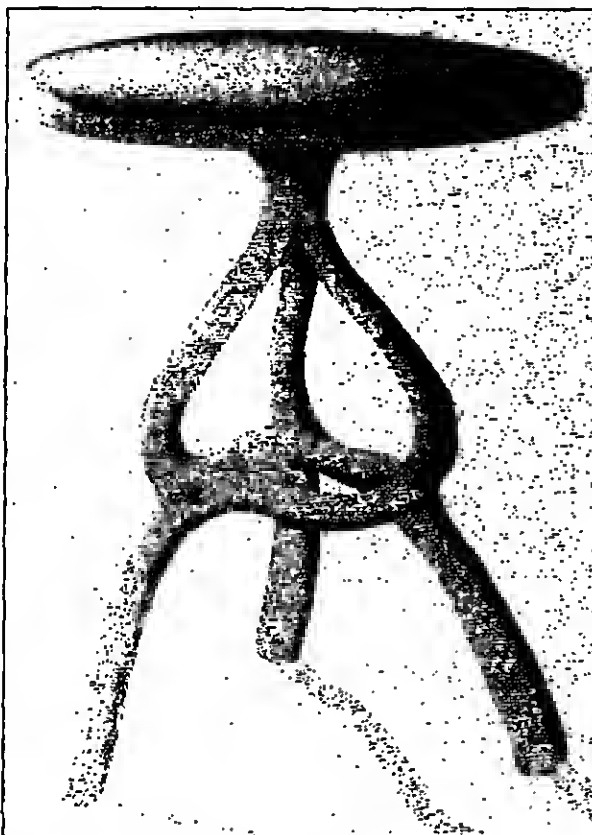
A growth industry

1570-1305 BC Three-legged stools thought to be made from pieces of wood grown into curved shapes were commonplace in Ancient Egypt (an example is on display at the British Museum). 500 BC The legs of Greek Karyatid chairs used wood that had been artificially trained in order to get correct curvature. 15-1600 Garden houses made from living trees originated in the Middle East and spread to Europe. There are accounts of a three-storey version at Cobham, Kent, which was large enough to hold 50 people.

Until 1940s grown pitchforks and walking sticks were common. The forks were traditionally produced in southern France with three or four branches pruned to make the prongs; walking sticks grown in Surrey were produced by planting saplings at an angle to the ground in order to produce right-angled handles.

1908 John Krubsack, a farmer in Wisconsin USA, grew a chair from seed using 28 box elder trees to form the legs, back and seat - it took 11 years to grow.

apart from functional advantages he also sees new design possibilities: "The opportunities are intriguing. I will be able to get shapes and angles that would be difficult and expensive to machine. The only real restrictions are in the size of pieces: large items would take too long to grow." To overcome this, he suggests a halfway point of



growing large, shaped pieces that can be joined in the conventional way. The flat panels needed to make seats and table tops will also present something of a challenge although techniques for growing square bamboo posts for use in traditional Japanese houses are well established and could be adapted to British tree species.

A future where furniture growing has replaced manufacturing sounds bizarre but appealing - a non-industrial approach where intervention is minimal and the trees are left to get on with the production. Growing large quantities of furniture would need huge areas of land but Mr Cattle argues that his production method is feasible because grown furniture will last far longer than conventional pieces and growing can be scattered around the country on small-scale sites. "Relying on the sun's energy and avoiding the polluting aspects of machining, laminating and gluing is an attractive prospect. Furniture can be grown relatively near to where it's needed - DIY enthusiasts could use their own gardens."

However, on a rather more realistic note, Mr Cattle is resigned to his idea meeting considerable resistance. "It's a radical proposal that will demand quite a substantial rethink for both industry and the public; furniture will look more organic and shapes will be more flowing."

The concept of growing your own furniture is actually far from new - both the Egyptians and Greeks made chairs using this technique - but apart from agriculture implements and walking sticks with right angled handles, most controlled tree growth in recent times has been decorative.

Today, our fixation with the predictable results that industrial production lines offer has meant that skills in living design and the potential of controlled tree growth for practical uses have remained unexplored - until now.

Chris Cattle has a quiet conviction about his idea that draws you in - however crazy it sounds. "This is a move away from throw-away culture towards manufacturers becoming concerned for the life-cycle of a product," he says. "After all, a piece of grown furniture could produce the seeds for future designs."

COUNTRY PURSUITS



Christopher Baker, organic grower

was brought up in London and worked for the Post Office before the War. When the War came they wanted to transfer me to the Ministry of Defence, but as a conscientious objector I didn't want to go. I'd always hankered after an outdoor job so I volunteered for land work and went to a pacifist community farm in Norfolk. They weren't completely organic but they were organically inclined, which was unusual in those days.

I spent five years there as a horseman. After the War, I was a bit under the weather and not sure whether I could continue full-time farm work. But I wanted to have a partly outdoor life so I got a job in agricultural research, where I stayed for 34 years.

By 1980 I was 62 and my children had left home so I didn't need so much money. Looking back, I decided that what I had enjoyed most was growing vegetables for the family. So I gave up my agricultural research job to grow vegetables organically full-time. I've been doing it ever since.

I have two acres of vegetables, with two glasshouses and an acre of orchard and grass. I grow apples, artichokes, aubergines, beetroot, cabbage, chard, chicory, cucumbers, leeks, lettuce, onions, parsnips, peppers, radishes, spinach, tomatoes - and more. For fertiliser I use dung. I used to buy it from a pig farm but now I get it from someone who keeps horses and gives me dung in exchange for vegetables. The dung has to be tested to see whether it is organic - this depends what the animals have been fed on. The Soil Association comes to inspect everything once a year.

I've never had any difficulty selling all that I can produce; I can sell in half a day what I can grow in the other six and a half days of the week. For the last 12 years I've had a stall on Saturday mornings outside a wholefood shop. I tend to sell at lower prices than most other organic vegetable outlets. What's more, everything is very fresh, and usually sold within 24 hours of being picked. I can't sell direct from home or I would never have time for growing.

I get great satisfaction from finding that people respect the work I do. Keeping the prices low contributes to this and makes it easy for me to sell what I produce.

I don't make much money - about £1.50 an hour for a 50-hour week. I don't think anybody could make a great deal out of small-scale organic growing. When I started I said that if I could make 50p an hour I'd carry on, and I've always made more than this. I don't actually have much time to spend the money, and I find the work extremely satisfying, both the growing and the selling. I rarely have a day off, apart from 10 days in January; there was a time recently when I didn't have a whole day off for two years. Before I retired I kept goats and cows so I got used to getting up early to milk them.

I don't think I will continue to work on this scale by the time I'm 80, but I don't want to give it up altogether. I would like more leisure and less pressure, but I would prefer not to give up work entirely while I can go on doing it. I wouldn't want to stop selling direct - it's the contact with the customers that I find most rewarding. This is certainly the most satisfying thing I've ever done in my life.

Christopher Baker was talking to Tony Kelly

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Treachery is the call bird's song

When, recently, I described the success of my Larsen trap at catching magpies, I expected a hail of abuse. On the contrary, readers wrote from all quarters asking urgently how they could acquire a trap, or plans of one. Clearly, magpies are widely hated.

The trap is a fairly simple device, made of wire netting and wood, and divided into two compartments. In one, bait, or (far better) a live call-bird is placed, complete with food and water. The other compartment is set up to trap incoming birds.

Be warned. If you start using a live decoy, you inevitably form some relationship with the bird, and have to come to terms with the fact that you are holding it prisoner.

Opinions vary about the most humane way of treating call-birds. Some people say that whenever you catch a new victim, you should adopt that as your decoy and knock the old one on the head - for some captives cannot stand the strain of incarceration, and keel over in a day or two. Other practitioners reckon that if a particular magpie settles down, you should keep it indefinitely.

The bird I borrowed off a friend was definitely a sayer. When I took him over, he had already done three weeks inside, and showed no sign of deterioration. At first we



DUFF HART-DAVIS

called him Hess, in reference to long service; but then we decided that a more appropriate name was Judas.

As I reported earlier, he caught his first victim on my ground within 10 minutes, and over the next two weeks he averaged one a day. I twice moved the trap to new positions, a couple of hundred yards apart, and I think this helped bamboozle the resident magpies, who, when they found an intruder on their ground, could not forbear to challenge him.

Two of the sites were within binocular range of the garden, and, by watching from a distance, I saw how fascinated wild birds were by the captive. They would land on top of the trap, hop off on to the ground, hop back on, fly up into the hedge, chatter furiously, make close passes over

the cage, land again, strut about, and then fly off some distance, only to return in a few minutes.

In the end, inevitably, one would descend into the open side of the trap, spring the dummy perch and be caught. But what became perfectly clear was that the call-bird could not communicate any form of warning: for all the chatter that went on, the wild bird never took off in fright.

With the score at 15 magpies and one carrion crow, Judas had effectively emptied our end of the valley. Besides, the ripples of his good work have spread far afield: one of his victims had gone alive to a new trap down the valley, and another to an SAS training area in Wales.

At home, however, his usefulness seemed to have ended. The question was, what to do with him? At one stage my wife advocated setting him free, as a reward for good service. But, when we thought about it, this seemed ridiculous: as the aim of the whole exercise was to reduce the magpie population, it would be pointless to increase it by one.

For a few days I dithered. I continued to feed and water the bird in the hope that he still might bring off more captures. But then there was a sinister new development: he began to come under fox-attack at night.

At that stage I had the trap on an

old concrete footing, so that I could not peg in the small electric fence with which I had been protecting it earlier. Instead, I relied on a chemical barrier of Reynardine, the foul-smelling fox repellent.

This seemed to work for one night, but lost its potency the next. Three times, in the morning, I found evidence of a ferocious struggle - moss scabbled back all round the trap, the perch dragged out sideways, the bait twice securing it bitten through. On the final morning the open side of the trap had been sprung, and the front half of a rabbit, which I had put in there as an extra lure, had disappeared.

This showed that the fox had been down into the trap and set it off, but somehow escaped. I have heard of a cat being caught in a Larsen trap, but a fox would surely have set a record. In any event, Judas appeared unmoved: he must have had nerves of steel to have survived that upheaval right beside him.

By then I had grown rather fond of him, and did not look forward to putting him out of his misery. But I forced myself to do the deed, and now he is in the deep-freeze, ready to come out fresh and treacherous as ever in the spring of 1997.

Larsen traps are available from the Game Conservancy, Fordingbridge, Hants.

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Is this the sort of face that would launch a thousand untruths?

The group of SAS men who attended their recent press conference with their heads bagged up in balaclavas, and answering only to codenames, created a rare form of public anonymity usually extended only to victims or to criminals. Everyone else is encouraged to show a face. If they won't, the general presumption is that they must have something to hide.

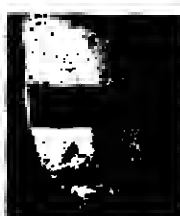
It is a doubtful presumption, but a strong one. Someone who voted at an election on the basis of a candidate's race wouldn't be voting sensibly. Yet a candidate who omitted their face from an election leaflet could well be suspected of withholding important information. And there are other examples of this tendency, rather closer to home.

The ancient study of physiognomy, of reading character from the face, has died hard. Few people now will own up to the doctrine in its more rigorous, scientific form

—observing firm rules for interpreting the length of a brow or the turn of a lip. The whole subject has been thoroughly discredited. But some adherence to the notion lingers on — and it seems to linger most stubbornly, even with increasing conviction, in the editorial departments of newspapers.

The outrageous, irrational and burgeoning practice of appending, to a piece of print, a picture of the writer's face, betrays an ineradicable faith in physiognomy. True, it is physiognomy of a very lay, commonsensical sort. But the general idea remains. If you put a face to a name, you supply some sort of extra and valuable knowledge about that person.

Of course, it is easy to believe this. You believe it, in spite of everything that you know. You know, for example, that photography is very fallible, and can make someone look like anything. You know that faces are open signs, and that the



TOM LUBBOCK

same picture of someone's face, when you know them, looks quite different from how it looked when you didn't know them. A single picture of someone you don't know tells you almost nothing more. But the feeling persists: a face gives you a purchase on someone, opens them up to you. Exploiting that feeling is the basic gambit behind the use of writers' photos.

It is not only irrational. It is an outrage to the business of reading and writing. You don't need to have any high ideas about authorial impersonality or writing-as-mask to see that it could be an advantage

for writer and reader, if the printed word weren't continually infected by whatever a face may communicate. Why should someone's apparent beauty, ugliness, age or youth stand as a point of cross-reference for their every word? Why should some frozen look of derangement, petulance, smugness, kindness, wisdom or affability constantly orient one's reading, as if each sentence bore the stage direction "smugly", "affably" etc?

It only results in a needless confusion of signals. The stern face makes a joke. The cheery face says something cruel. All kinds of complex and unnecessary over-readings follow. The words by themselves are not allowed to set their own tone — and yet a face of perfectly versatile neutrality is almost impossible to achieve.

Perhaps this protest too much. Writing 200 years ago, Johann Caspar Lavater, the father of modern physiognomy, made a telling point against his opponents:

"The majority of them — it is a mournful but a true remark — the majority are enemies of, because they dread the light of, physiognomy. I publicly declare that wicked men are in general its most determined foes. And what is the cause of this opposition? It is their secret belief in its truth. It is the conviction that they do not possess that exterior, which, were they good, were their consciences calm and undisturbed, they would possess."

They must have something to hide. And I admit there is a similar secret fear behind this argument: not precisely the fear of being known, by face, as a scoundrel; but the fear at least of being dangerously exposed. Your face is your hostage to fortune. No one is free of some betraying fault-line. We look at murderers' faces, scan them for tell-tale signs of murderousness and always find those signs. Physiognomy is infinitely resourceful. So with writers' faces, everything that may be dubi-

ous in their words will be focused on the face, read in to it, confirmed there — and thus redoubled in its dubiousness. That is the fear, and it is a rational one.

Still, it might be worse. There are many more telling keys to character than a face. If papers wished to make their writers better known, they could supply some of those too. A palm-print, a sample of handwriting, the time and place of birth; these would offer useful material to chintzmancers, graphologists and astrologers. Medical and criminal records, family and educational history, sexual and voting habits, height, bodyweight, annual income: all this might be encrypted in a bar-code printed by a writer's name, with frighteningly instructive consequences.

Do we want to go down that road? No. If there must be identification, we have seen the future. Black balaclava. Code-name: Rummy. Now, that would be perfect. Thomas Sutcliffe is on holiday

Marilyn Monroe: me, myself and I

Seventy years to the day that Norma Jean was born, we continue to puzzle over her true identity. But like the controversy over her death, our not knowing is the source of her eternal appeal. By John Lyttle



Sammy Davis Jr said it blunt and said it best: "Marilyn Monroe hangs like a bat in the heads of the men who knew her." And not only men. Also women and children and a whole world born long after her multiple-choice death (accidental suicide? deliberate suicide? murder?) on Saturday 4 August, 1962. And not only in heads either. Like the truth she is out there, too. The milestone movies — *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *The Seven Year Itch*, *Bus Stop*, *Some Like It Hot* — continue to be revived (without her, they defy remaking). *Studies* (A Life of an Actress), biographies (*The Last Take*), fiction (*Queen of Desire*) and roman-à-clefs (*The Immortals*) are written; documentaries — 100 plus and counting — are made; TV series are produced; and photos, pictures and likenesses in porcelain, plastic and sturdy India rubber recycled. Marilyn, the living doll.

Her image, wide-eyed, pouting, impossibly radiant, is perhaps the pre-eminent sexual spectacle of the late 20th century. It is certainly the most mutable — she is both sweet infant and bot whore — and instantly recognisable: Marilyn nude on crushed red velvet, Marilyn amid billowing cream pleats, Marilyn in heaving black, transparent chiffon, nipples barely hidden by strategically scattered silver sequins. Here she is, divided and multiplied, silk-screened by Warhol, her DNA embedded in a new range of pendants and wristwatches, computer-generated in Coke and Chanel perfume ads (one dab of No 5 and you too can merge, and make sense of, the extremes of carnality and innocence), a poster staring down from a million damp bedsit walls, emblazoned on coffee mugs and lucky charms. A face on a T-shirt, a face borrowed by Madonna and Debbie Harry and an army of impersonators, male and female, a face, oh yes, on a jigsaw, a set of features to be taken apart, sorted and reassembled until we get it right. Marilyn is the Everywhere and Nowhere Baby. But then, she always was.

Looking back from here, on the day that would have marked the 70th anniversary of her (unwanted) birth, one observes less the presence and more the absence. If we carry our own oft contradictory Marylins with us — Truman Capote had his "Beautiful Child", Norman Mailer his "Napoleon of Sex", Elton John a "Candle in the Wind", Laurence Olivier a "Dumb Bitch", and Eve Arnold her "Sweet Girl" — it is because Marilyn is a void that provocatively invites our projections and fantasies. Of course, that's part of every film star's purpose, a pose to be adopted, as Garbo does in the final reel of *Queen Christina*. Unburdening herself of thought and feeling as the camera closes in, she is a beautiful blank, permitting us to conjure anything we wish. What Garbo achieved through technique for a timeless moment — an obliteration of the "I" we daily fabricate and let loose in the marketplace to represent what is actually "us" — Marilyn accomplished through tragedy for an entire career, starting from the tragedy of her childhood. Never sure of her father's identity, the little bastard and, later, the virtual orphan will never be certain of her own.

Her mother's mental instability — Monroe once claimed that Gladys Baker tried to smother her — and a succession of foster homes exacerbated this uncertainty. It is the sort of traditionally bleak, lower middle-class upbringing that brings forth stars (Tom Cruise too has a missing-father-complex) and serial killers (ditto Ted Bundy): each breed seeks attention and is constantly searching for a persona to replace the many forms they adopt in the hope of pleasing others and passing as "normal". Without it, they occupy space but hardly exist internally. Is it any wonder that on *Some Like It Hot*, Monroe will go to 47 takes on the line "It's me, Sugar? Me Sugar. Me Marilyn. Me, me, me. Me who? Yet that thing up on the screen, a glittering, glowing creature made from light and shadow, reams of publicity, pints of peroxide, subtle cosmetic surgery — the nose, the chin — and the combined wills of the former Norma Jean Baker and 20th Century Fox, is what Monroe must be. What else is there? She was pure Outside and she knew it. Why, the first time she ever felt noticed was when she spurted breasts, and the first time she felt loved was when an attendant at yet another orphanage granted her a makeover. She said: "No one had ever noticed my face or hair or me before." As the film critic Molly Haskell observed: "We can hardly fail to note the priorities. From then on, the face and the hair (and the body) became the 'me'."

The common wisdom is that the burden of playing goddess killed her (or you could choose to blame the Kennedys). The opposite may be true. Being "Marilyn" may have kept her going for longer than any concerned party had a right to expect. It was a better deal than the masks. How do we reconcile, say, author JJ Weatherly's account of the calm, collected, politically active and socially conscious woman he met for drinks in an unnamed Big Apple bar with Maggie, the drunken, sniping slut — "Your pants are too

Marilyn: the conspiracy theories

Conspiracy theories have surrounded MM's death from the beginning, when Walter Winchell questioned whether Monroe, with her fear of choking, could have swallowed as many pills in the short time the LA police department said she did. Winchell, who loathed the Kennedys, mentioned a certain "prominent gentleman in the East" in his column, a reference to Monroe's supposed affair with President Kennedy, and/or, perhaps, to her relationship with the Attorney General, Bobby. The Kennedys, of course, top the list of conspiracy suspects, supposedly silencing Monroe because she threatened to expose them in a press conference — see Norman Mailer's "Marilyn" for further details. Anthony Summers' "Goddess" covers the same territory, though it raises the possibility that the Mafia murdered Marilyn to embarrass the brothers (as does the anonymously penned "Double Cross"). The lunatic "Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe" states that the Commies did it as a favour to Bobby, who was a Communist sympathiser. Donald Spoto's "Marilyn Monroe: the Biography" makes short work of these theories, while suggesting a reasonable alternative of its own: that MM's psychiatrist, Dr Greenson, accidentally overdosed his patient with a barbiturate enema (Monroe's favoured method) and covered his tracks. Which would finally explain one permanently puzzling detail — why housekeeper Eunice Murray was doing the laundry in the wee small hours when the police arrived...

tight. Fags wear their pants too tight" — who fronts third husband Arthur Miller's play *After the Fall*? How to reconcile the calculating, ambitious starlet with the Harlow hair, Dietrich eyes and Lana lips dissected by make-up maestro George Masters with the giggly, gracious pseudo-older sister portrayed by actress Susan Strasberg? The answer is we do and we don't: robbed of the life-preserver that is her screen identity, MM is none and all of the above. Or she is a sloth, indolent between movies and men, waiting to be awakened. Her New York maid, Lena Pepitone, will detail wasted days of darkened bedrooms and guzzled magnums of champagne, of pork chops gnawed, and greasy hands carelessly wiped on expensive silk sheets. Drama coach Natasha Lytess rattled a similar tale — "She was a somnambulist" — and scriptwriter Nunnally Johnson, no fan, echoed the sentiment: "She's behind a wall of thick cotton... You stick a pin in her and eight days later it says 'Ouch'." Colin Clark, brother of Alan, and then an observant dogbody on *The Prince and the Showgirl*, is succinctness itself: "She is not there."

Yet it is precisely this profound dislocation between Monroe's appearance (and the stunning effect her appearance has) and what or who she is (or, more precisely, what she isn't) that guarantees her myth and renders her forever hypnotic — and infinitely topical. Her investment in, and hyper-consciousness about, the shell and the messages it can relay independent of any "reality" or "truth" is ineffably modern. What Marilyn's melting ice-cream voice and woozy manner — yes, heavy sedation can be sexy — whispers is "The centre will not hold", and more: these days a centre may not be required. It could, on the contrary, get in the way of freeing the many selves psychotherapy belatedly recognises not as an illness, but as a necessity for living in the wild West (multi-media = multiple personalities). What once seemed a sort of madness now looks like pioneering spirit. We gaze upon her and, finally, reluctantly, recognise the fragments of ourselves.

Marilyn's tragedy is, in a way, her triumph. Free-floating, abstract, she is not tied to the Fifties, the times that witnessed her irresistible rise, when her bombed-out manner was thought a cute method of balancing blatancy in culturally repressive climes. Marilyn has no self-by-date. She is the corpse that will always be fresh, the mystery of her allure matched by the "mystery" of her death. No wonder ex-LA assistant DA John Miner has announced his wish to rob her grave and plunder her remains in pursuit of clues. Isn't that what we all want to do? Isn't it the token of our love? As the writer Graham McCann points out in the exquisitely, and guiltily, knowing *Marilyn Monroe: The Body in the Library*, we imitate, reproduce, publish and speculate in one mass rescue fantasy because we cannot bear to let her go, to see her leave over that last, lost horizon. As if we could do anything to bring Marilyn back from the rest her troubled spirit so richly deserves. In the end, what happens happens, though we may wish to believe, as Arthur Miller once did, that "She could have made it with a little luck."



Main picture: from 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes', 1953 (Photo: Ronald Grant Archive); top, from 'Don't Bother to Knock', 1952 one of her many masks, sometimes careworn, always captivating

arts reviews

TELEVISION

Jack and Jeremy's Real Lives (C4)
Messrs Dee and Hardy take a hammer to crack an old chestnut. By Jasper Rees

Jack and Jeremy's *Real Lives* grows, not quite naturally, out of a one-off the twosome presented to the nation last year. Jack and Jeremy's *Police* was a febrile, restlessly sharp send-up of all factual programmes starring the fuzz. Stuffed with good ideas but spectacularly firmless, it was not a million miles from quality stand-up, the area of performance in which Jack Dee and Jeremy Hardy both cut their teeth. Still, there was enough there to bag them a series, and now they're on the tail of other blameless stereotypes.

This time round, they're attempting something more ambitious. For a start, none of the new victims they've lined up is quite so omnipresent on our screens, or boasts such a recognisable set of television tics, as the police. (But then who is, or does? On ITV these days, you're rarely less than a few frames away from a flashing blue light.) To stack the odds even further, they've binned the sketch format, so accommodating to comedians with more ideas than they know what to do with, in favour of the single half-hour film. A hit like models who want to be actresses, this is the gearshift that comes in the end to all comic writers who want to be Taken Seriously.

The rest of the series may surprise us all and deliver perfectly formed dramas, but from the evidence of *Arctostaphylos*, Jack Dee and Jeremy Hardy are still hammering out skits and simply nailing them together. Like the wobbly dining chairs knocked up by Hardy's infirm aristocrat, structurally the script looks as if it needs a wedge of folded-up newspaper shoved under one of its legs.

This is not to overlook the local pleasures strewn in your path. Hardy's weedy sibling, denied anything but watery broth on account of his constitution, was a fun re-reading of all those hypocrites in Victorian fiction you want to electrocute. Dee's oafish cad was a less subtly drawn caricature. You got a shrewd idea of him early on as he snapped a blonde dolly bird draped revealingly over a tyre. "You're gorgeous," he said from behind his Hasselblad. "Oh sorry," said the damsel, covering the face of the anatomy she thinks he's referring to. "No, you're gorgeous." Dee explained, for the benefit of viewers under powerful sedation.

A hit like Dickens inveighing against the workhouses when they were already obsolescent, you could argue that the all-but-disfranchised aristocracy is a worthless target for spoofers. If Labour wins the next election, lest we forget, there will be no Etonian in the Cabinet for probably the first time in the history of either Parliament or Eton. *Arctostaphylos* was best viewed, therefore, less as satire than as comic archaeology.

THEATRE Funeral Games, Drill Hall, London

The song 'n' dance staging may stretch the bounds of Christian charity, but all is redeemed by the Wildean inversions of Joe Orton's bitter wit. By Paul Taylor



Adam Ant, Sylvester McCoy and Aimi MacDonald in 'Funeral Games'

Photograph: Stuart Morris

If there were an Olivier Award for best biographical note in a theatre programme, the following would be a strong contender for this year's go: "Since his stormy triumph as Lady Bracknell, Bette is thrilled for a second time to descend into the twilight world of the heterosexual." Joe Orton, in whose *Funeral Games* the male artiste Bette Bourne is now starring, would have appreciated the blithely majestic inversion of norms in that sentence.

Already renowned as a crack Wilde interpreter (for Bracknell and Lord Henry Wotton), Bourne now demonstrates an equivalent prowess with Orton. It is, of course, not that huge a leap since Orton's dialogue gets up to similar rhetorical tricks, pronouncing radically subversive sentiments in the cadences of reactionary dogmatism. In *Funeral Games*, a satiric farce on the idea of Christian charity, Bourne plays Pringle, a vicar who runs a shady sect called "The Brotherhood". His wife (ageless Aimi MacDonald) has befriended MacCorquodale, a decrepit, defrocked RC priest (Sylvester McCoy) whose own spouse languishes beneath a ton of smokeless coal in the rectory cellar.

Pringle wrongly suspects that there may be more to this friendship than hed-baths. "If my wife is committing adultery my position would be intolerable. Being completely without sin myself I'd have to cast the first stone." Reminded of the commandment to "Love thy neighbour", Pringle reminds the reminder that "the man who said that was crucified by his". Filled in an attempt to kill his wife, he agrees simply to pose as her murderer and

becomes a celebrity among the bloodthirsty faithful as a result. But the wife's complicity in this scheme, which involves her posing as MacCorquodale's spouse, becomes strained when human hands start turning up in Dundee cake tins.

Originally a TV play shown in 1968, the piece is now brought to the stage by Phil Willmott. It's good to witness an unfamiliar example of Orton's detached, serene ruthlessness, that capacity to see through things without necessarily seeing them first which enables him to emblemise Christianity here as "a herd of prey carrying an olive branch". The event is not without major irritations, however: while Bourne and MacDonald get the idiom spot, Adam Ant is sadly deficient in edge and weak in voice as Caulfield, the sexy bit of rough hired by Pringle as an investigator.

Then there's Willmott's decision to present the play as a musicalised police reconstruction of the crime, replete with badly executed song-and-dance routines. Orton used to emphasise that his work had to be played in earnest and not be camped up. But with skit bobbies hacking Aimi MacDonald in a needless rendition of "Keep Young and Beautiful" or intoning "Dem Bones, Dem Bones" while extracting clues from the coal-heap, the piece threatens to turn into a gay karaoke evening. The only significant addition it makes is to the running-time, suggesting that, in this case, it's not just the policeman's lot that is not a happy one.

To 22 June. Booking: 0171-637 8270

THEATRE

Dames at Sea, Ambassador's

David Benedict dons his sou'wester and boards the good ship Musical Pastiche

If you've ever seen *Dames*, *42nd Street*, or any of the classic Warner Bros musicals, you can guess the plot of the pastiche musical *Dames at Sea*. In case there's any doubt, the knowing sidekick is named Joan, as in Blondell, while our heroine is Ruby, as in Keeler, who couldn't sing, couldn't dance, couldn't act, but married well (Al Jolson). I don't know about her marital arrangements, but Joanne Farrell wipes the floor with Keeler in the nether departments. Ruby pitches up backstage all the way from Utah and guess what? She's a dancer, wants to be in a Broadway show and is hired on the spot much to the chagrin of monstrous leading lady Mona Kent, the resident Lady Macbeth of 42nd Street. Love interest appears in the shape of two sailors (Jason Gardiner and John Peterson, excellent), one of whom, Dick (as in gut-busting permanent juvenile Dick Powell), just happens to be a song-writer. But the theatre is being demolished, so what are we gonna do? Hey, let's put the show on right here on board ship!

The show is packed with numbers shamelessly ripped off from Hollywood stalwarts. "Singapore Sue" was clearly separated at birth from "Shanghai Lil" of *Footlight Parade*, while Mona's torch-song "That Mister Man of Mine" is less of a homage than a direct steal from the Gershwins' "The Man I Love" complete with stepwise descending bass. The six-strong cast has the two most important things you need for musicals: bags of energy and good teeth. They've got so much confidence they should be advertising Colgate. John Gardiner doesn't so much direct as organise the traffic, pile on the sight-gags and wait for the next number which, in Act 1, leaves the cast more than a little adrift. Happily, James Hendy's witty set designs and choreographer Lindsay Dolan save the day (you try doing a Busby Berkeley number with six people in spangly yellow plastic macs and sou'westers).

Sara Crowe, with her peek-a-boo squeak of a voice is wildly miscast as the broad, but her timing and tapping win you over. Unsurprisingly, Kim Criswell as Mona wins the singing stakes hands down, vamping, nay, camping, her way through "The Beguine" like a cross between Madeline Kahn and Miss Piggy, although if I were her, I'd sue over her first costume.

Even pastiche needs a touch more truthfulness than it gets here, but face it how can you not warm to a show with a Tyrolean dirndl number and the climactic line, "You're going out on the poop deck a chorus girl, but you're coming back a star?"

To 8 June. Booking: 0171-836 6111

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THE SEA Beth Porter finds Bristol's docks awash with movie-going Muppets and seafaring shenanigans

"A hoy there, my lover," calls a West country lass behind the counter. "I don't forget your change." Her catering caravan's parked behind a giant amphitheatre in the shape of a gigantic whale, jaws open to engulf Bristol harbour. The water reems with ships of every kind, pennants adrift from a forest of masts. Folk who wouldn't know their Futtock-Shroud from their Hermaphrodite Brig hand over 20 quid admission and pour into Bristol's first-ever Festival of the Sea.

Four years in the planning and final-

ly launched last bank holiday weekend, the festival drenched its 90-acre waterfront site in hinky references – from marine movies to dockside fish-gutting demos – all dangled a £5m price-tag (and that buys a lotta fish-fingers).

It all began in 1496 when Columbus's pal Giovanni Caboto (aka John Cabot) set sail from Bristol to discover China and ended up earning £10 from King Henry VII for stumbling upon Newfoundland instead. 500 years on, Bristol's property-developers have spent millions

reconstructing Cabot's caravel, the *Matthew*, and recreating its journey.

And the Festival of the Sea was all part of the fund-raising. And how! Once admission was paid, the only free attraction was the amplified music. You can't buy good weather, though, as festival chair, Peter Workman, found out on the opening Friday. "It was pissing with rain, I'd overslept and Sir Robin Knox-Johnston rang to say I was due on BBC1 in 15 minutes. Robin thinks the greatest crime is to be late for the BBC."

The Beeb was the festival's "official broadcaster", assigning no less than three presenters to live and pre-recorded coverage. Clearly chosen for her sailing exploits up the Zambesi, Sandi Toksvig fought the cold and traded sailing banter with Knox-Johnston and Kermit the Frog, whose fellow Muppets had all turned up to plug their new film *Muppet Treasure Island*, receiving its Euro-premiere at the Film Festival of the Sea. Not that you'd have known. As Toksvig said, following a racing win at the mod-

el boat pond: "I've been here for four days and the only reason I knew about the film festival was the comedy skit with Kermit. I'm even staying in the same hotel as the festival's Media Centre. So I either seriously need to see an optician or there seems to be some lapse in publicity."

Yet, at both the dockside Watershed Arts Centre and the Arncliffe across the bridge, the continuous screenings of almost every movie that ever featured a drop of water – from the didactic French short *The Sex Life of the Octopus* to a sneak preview of

the comedy *Down Periscope*, with *Fraser* star Kelsey Grammer captaining the submarine crew from bell – were packed.

Still, with that £20 entrance fee and the harbour closed off behind a policed perimeter fence, locals like Jason and his mates, drinking outside the Hippodrome, were left seething. "It's a con. They're a bunch of money-grubbing bastards," they fumed. "We're proper Bristolians – my grandad worked on those docks and now they've closed them off and you can only get in if you've got the money to pay."

Next week on the arts pages

On Monday: as Richard Rogers's glass wave stands poised to break over the South Bank, Michael Church grills the SBC's new arts boss

On Tuesday: the novelist Iain Sinclair checks out the artist Leon Kossoff's London locations

On Wednesday: Barney Hoskyns goes Gospel-bashing with Mann biographer Anthony Heilbut

On Friday: James Rampton swaps 'truth omissions' with South Africa's subversive satirist, Pieter-Dirk Uys



STUART MORRIS

LAURIE LEWIS

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A DAZZLING MIX OF MIRTH AND MALICE"

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KEY



overview

Michael Attenborough's production of Peter Whelan's play about lying, set in the world of Jacobean medicine and a slander trial involving Shakespeare's elder daughter. With Teresa Banham and Joseph Fiennes.

critical view

Paul Taylor applauded "an absorbing, beautifully acted production... fascinating... a rich achievement." "A love story, a courtroom drama and a moral thriller. One of the best new plays the RSC has produced," enthused the *Sunday Times*. "A striking success... everybody ought to get a prize," announced the *Sunday Telegraph*. "A wise and humane study on the alchemy of love," approved the *Telegraph*. "Stephen Boxer's creepy Vicar-General – a souped-up performance of sheer malevolence," declared *Time Out*.

on view

In repertoire, The Other Place, RSC Stratford (01789 205301) until 30 September.

our view

A strong companion piece to Whelan's earlier RSC play about Christopher Marlowe and Elizabethan espionage.

THE OPERA

SALOME

Richard Strauss's short, sharp-shocker (100 minutes) based on an original story by Oscar Wilde, in David Leveaux's EMO production starring Kristine Olesinski and conducted by Andrew Lloyd.

Edward Sedgwick was disappointed by both staging and conducting: "Intelligent, aware, finely controlled but not actually that exciting." "Sharp and focused playing can't redeem that most unlikely of evenings in the opera house, a full *Salome*," howled the *Telegraph*. "A fairly anaemic evening... a few veils short of the full-set," lamented the *FT*. "Neither seedy nor shocking nor dramatically coherent," raved the *Guardian*. "Really rather good..." Alan Woodrow's magnificent performance comes near to dominating the evening," admired the *Times*.

Further performances at the Coliseum, London WC2 (0171-632 8300) on 5, 7, 12, 14, 19, 21, 24, 27 June and 3 July at 8pm.

THE FILM

FARGO

The latest from Ethan and Joel Coen – *Blood Simple*, *Miller's Crossing*, *Barton Fink* – is the serio-comic story of a bungled kidnap starring Frances McDormand as a pregnant police chief in a lot of snow.

Adam Mars-Jones was wearied: "Black comedy takes more trouble than this. This is grey comedy." "Only the formidable McDormand manages to break the ice," condemned *Premiere*. "The most striking motion picture of the year," proclaimed the *Spectator*. "Subtle, beguiling... very funny and very moving... effortlessly ahead of the American field," cooed *Time Out*. "Hardly a false note," gushed the *Guardian*. "Makes the old seem fresh and the fresh seem kissed with a mischievously wise and satiric wit," drooled the *FT*.

97 minutes, cert 18, on general release.

A typically self-congratulatory film, sophisticated, smug, but saved by Frances McDormand's performance.

سكنا من الرحمن

Last notes in an Anglo-Irish symphony

The recent death of Molly Keane puts an end to a long tradition of Ascendancy literature. By Clare Boylan

If the best should be kept till last then it is fitting that Molly Keane, the very best of the Anglo-Irish ascendancy writers, was also the last of them. Molly's death last month closed the pages on Anglo-Irish literature. There are no more big houses. There will be no more big-house writers.

Considering the shortness of their reign, the smallness of their number, the hugeness and discomfort of their houses, and the insubordination of their staff, their contribution to literature is enormous. Maria Edgeworth, George Moore, Somerville and Ross, Elizabeth Bowen, are just a few of their number. Yeats went native and turned what Edmund Spenser deprecatingly referred to as "wyld Irishness" into brilliant art.

Molly Keane ascribed her "limited talent to amuse" to having been brought up as a protestant in Ireland. "All the protestants were poor and had big houses. We entertained a lot but we had poor food, bad wine and no heat. It was an absolute duty to be amusing."

It is no surprise that most of the leading names of Anglo-Irish literature are female, though many of them disguised the fact by using pseudonyms. Several wars had consumed the young men. Edith Somerville and her cousin and collaborator, Violet Martin, recalled an Irish picnic during the Boer War at which there were 40 women and two men. Somerville and Ross are typical of their type: church-going, family-bound country girls with an abiding love of the hunt and of their burdensome houses and an enforced preoccupation with shillings and pence which goaded them into print. They had ruinous relationships with their servants, who could rarely cook and combined a fine contempt for the social order with an unruly devotion.

After Violet Martin's family had been destroyed by unpaid rents following the Land League's policy of rent strikes, the servants came back and worked for nothing. It is likely that a generation starved of intimacy in childhoods spent between the nursery and boarding schools found liberation in the disrespectful familiarity of the Irish. Stubborn, often slovenly and even spiteful, the Irish possessed a talent that was significantly lacking in the aristocracy. They had the gift of merriment.

The result is a unique literary form encapsulating both a passion for, and a pastiche of, their Irish world. The best of Anglo-Irish writers all had a perfect pitch for dialect and an addiction to the richness and anarchic wit of Irish speech. Edith Somerville wrote to her cousin Violet an account of a local woman's sympathy upon the death of a neighbour's husband: "Oh, indeed, ma'am there she is - the crature - and he having left her with one child, and the invoice of another." In his introduction to *The Playboy of the Western World*, J M Synge (who used to lie on the floor to soak up the conversations of servants in the kitchen below) wrote: "In Ireland, for a few years more, we have a popular imagination that is fiery and magnificent and tender, so that those of us who wish to write start with a chance that is not given to writers in places where the springtime of the local life has been forgotten, and the harvest is a memory only, and the straw has been turned into bricks."

One might well say that Roddy Doyle has a fine ear for Dublin dialect or that Edna O'Brien's work is brilliantly gifted with Irish gab, but theirs is a tune on a single theme, whereas the ascendancy writers composed a symphony by running the inept and gleefully articulate Irish peasant world parallel to the mutely mannered one of the aristocrats. It makes for more sophisticated comedy and more poignant tragedy. Middle-class writers like William Trevor and Jennifer Johnston and Aidan Higgins have trespassed in the big house in fine novels such as *Fools of Fortune*, *How Many Miles to Babylon* and *Langrishe go Down*, but their writing has a wistful air. Except, perhaps, for J G Farrell's *Troubled*, outsiders have never quite grasped the mad social order of the ascendancy household.

The best and most sinister description of an Irish big house comes from the late Caroline Blackwood (daughter of the 4th Marquis of Dufferin and Ava), whose *Dunmartin Hall* in *Great*



"Isolated in acres of wet woods", Moore Hall was one of the great Anglo-Irish houses burnt out during the troubles

This picture appears in *The Irish Country House* by Peter Somerville. Large and Mark Finnes (Sineclair-Stevenson, £20).

Granny Webster is allegedly based on Clondeboyne in Co Down. She described it as "a grey and decaying palace fortress beleaguered by invasions of hostile native forces". The ceilings were whiskered with dangling pieces of string which directed the innumerable leaks into waiting vessels. The impeccably trained English footman and butler took to wearing muddy wellingtons at all times as they were forced to wade through puddles in the corridors. No one ever ventured into the freezing hall without an overcoat and, the kitchen, in the exclusive custody of the three slovenly McDougal sisters, was a pit of filth. Among the mouse corpses and pheasant carcasses, there fluttered a variety of old hand-written French menus, sent down daily to the kitchens and then thrown on the floor by the three illiterates, who could read neither French nor English and anyway, always cooked the one thing, pheasant and vegetables, boiled and roasted up in a hatch every Monday and reheated daily. Day and night the grandfather "kept worrying about his ever-dwindling finances, for he had inherited Dunmartin Hall without inheriting a fraction of the money that was required to run it."

This was fairly typical. When the writer George Moore inherited Moore Hall in Co Mayo the revenue in rents was £4,000 a year, but after paying off mortgage interest accrued by his ancestors he was left with only £500 a year. Elizabeth Bowen was noted for her exquisite taste at Bowen's Court but she was always short of money and her pink curtains, much admired, were made out of corset material which a friend in a drapery store had let her have on the cheap. The house was so cold that the domestic staff used play handball in the hall to warm themselves up. In an essay for the Irish literary magazine *The Bell*, she wrote: "It is, I think, to the credit of big house people that they concealed their struggles with such nonchalance and for so long continued to throw

about what did not really amount to much weight. It is to their credit that, with grass almost up to their doors and hardly a shilling to turn over, they continued to be resented by the rest of Ireland as being the heartless rich."

All the houses were freezing. One of Molly Keane's most delicious allusions to the chill of country-house living is her description in *Rising Tide* of Lady Charlotte's dinner preparations, in which she rolled down her combinations as far as the top of her corset (where, no doubt, the woolly ledge formed a sort of early Wonderbra), before being fitted into evening dress. Molly herself was driven to print by a need to augment her pitiful dress allowance. She believed that her sister's life had been ruined because her mother sent her off to her first dance in "a sort of tennis dress". Violet Martin spent all her earnings trying to keep up Ross House, and Maria Edgeworth killed herself attempting to help tenants who were victims of the famine.

In spite of hardship, there is no doubting the enjoyment in these writers of their lifestyle and their uniquely privileged position in society. Writing came a poor third to their serious concerns of hunting and country living. Molly Keane published 11 of her 14 novels under the pseudonym of M J Farrell. Her first novel, *Young Entry*, was written when she was 19, to fund a pair of hunting boots and a party at the Shelbourne Hotel. Had her publishers suggested a launch party at the same venue, she would have been appalled. Novel writing in a girl of her class would have been very *mal vu*, as she herself would have put it. Her commercial trade was piled strictly in secret. But within her own rarified world of dainty manners and blood sports, Molly was at the same time an eager participant and a starkly unstockinged lens. The nakedly black humour that delighted a later reading generation of Molly Keane's *Good Behaviour* and *Time After Time* was already evident in the novels of M J Farrell, which earned praise from such writers as Compton

Mackenzie. He described her *Devoted Ladies* (about a lesbian pair) as "infernally good".

The elite and talented group of writers to which Molly Keane belonged had an absolute certainty of their place in society, but to which society did they belong? They thought of themselves as Irish, but educated their children in England and sent their sons to serve in the British army. They were snobs (especially in regard to Catholics) and never for a second considered this a flaw in themselves. Yet they were closer to their Irish servants than to their English peers, whom they considered as somehow unqualified for Irish rural living. When Molly Keane praised her friend, Elizabeth Bowen, she said: "She wasn't just a brilliant writer. She was a proper countrywoman. She rode beautifully and gave great, ordinary hunting lunches." English people were unable to comprehend the voluptuous passion of the Anglo-Irish for their crumbling houses and the rough, unprofitable Irish countryside about which they wrote so beautifully.

Evelyn Waugh was once prompted to a failed bout of househunting in Ireland, after which he wrote to Nancy Mitford in 1952: "Among the countless blessings I thank God for, my failure to find a house in Ireland comes first. Unless one is mad on fox-hunting, there is nothing to draw one. The houses, except for half a dozen famous ones, are very shoddy in building and they none of them have servants' bedrooms because at the time they were built Irish servants slept on the kitchen floor. The peasants are malevolent. All their smiles are false as hell. Their priests are very suitable for them but not for foreigners. No coal at all. Awful incompetence everywhere. No native capable of doing the simplest job properly."

Englishmen like Waugh would have been equally nonplussed by the equivocal feelings of the Anglo-Irish towards the nationalist bands that burnt down their beautiful houses. When Molly Keane spoke of the torching of her

father's Georgian mansion, Ballyrankin, in Co Wexford in the 1930s, it was the fact of the Sinn Féin raiders that impressed her. "My father was a militant sort of man and he came at them brandishing something and they said, 'Please come quietly or we're afraid we'll have to kill you.' That's the difference between people then and now. People genuinely were better mannered. Nowadays they would kill you anyway."

Before she edited, Molly Keane, with her usual exquisite behaviour, closed the door on an era. Her Booker short-listed *Good Behaviour*, published when she was 76, stripped the last of the glamour from the big house, showing a world of petty cruelty and cultivated ignorance. Already, she was caricaturing her way of life in anticipation of its decline. *Time After Time*, her subsequent novel about aristocratic siblings growing old in a crumbling mansion, is about the death of that world. Her final novel, *Living and Giving*, depicts a beautiful young woman martyred to manners. "When I look back, I am astonished," she said then. "I can only see it all as a myth. Mostly we had a divine time, but what about others? We simply never thought. Nowadays, when I meet very successful, sensitive young poets and reporters and painters, I often think 'my God, in my day they would have been housemaids!'"

The straw of which Synge wrote has long been turned into bricks, and now the bricks have gone and all the people are dead; but the wild music made by the clash of manners, and by the reluctant entwining of the ruling classes and the rebel classes, remains a comic and compelling love story. It deserves to be re-read and enjoyed.

Two of Molly Keane's earlier novels, *Treasure Hunt* and *Young Entry*, have just been reissued this month by Virago at £6.99 each. *Loving and Giving* and *Time After Time* are published by Abacus at £6.99 on 6 June

Ding-dong with the dang

Robyn Davidson spent months trying to get under the skin of the nomads of Rajasthan. By Sara Wheeler

Disaster is the very stuff of life for the travel writer. In the finest books of the genre, if it misadventures jostle for recognition: if it had been plain sailing from Peking to Kashmir Peter Fleming would have written a very dull *Nothing Special to Report from Tartary*, and had Apsley Cherry-Garrard been obliged to call his book *The Most Comfortable Journey in the World* we would have forgotten him long ago.

A portion of adversity leaves the mix. If the entire journey, however, is a trajectory of misery, the writer's only hope lies in redemption. "I may have had a vile time, but look what I learnt."

You have to be a good writer to pull it off, and Robyn Davidson is almost up to the job. *Desert Places* is her second travel book in six years. The first, *Tracks*, which tells the story of a solo camel traverse through the Australian desert, became an international best-seller and is currently being made into a film starring Julia Roberts. The death of a dog and the irritating existence of a photographer are the irritating details of both books, but there the similarity ends. In *Desert Places* Davidson takes herself off with a dang of the little-known Rajasthan and northern Gujarat, and she has a very bad time of it indeed. Frustrated at every

turn by cultural barriers as impenetrable as the Himalayas, Davidson discovers "a reservoir of suspicion and fear", and in order to survive she learns to effect a psychic disappearing act.

When she set off she had 20 words in common with her new family, and her mute status bedevils the journey. Irredeemably different, when she tries to go into town alone the Rahari force her to hire servants. "How could I explain", Davidson says, "that being alone in cities was my natural state?" Nobody in the dang really wants her, though they are all very keen on her money. When she hates India and its wretched poverty, endemic corruption and rude citizens, Davidson is brave enough to admit it.

Intellectually and emotionally she struggles to understand the shifting sands of Rajasthani political culture and "that Indian patience tempered through millennia". Her attraction to the overall pattern of traditional cultures in general and the Rahari version in particular never falters. "How comforting it must be", she says, "to pass through life's storms always with the thought of the group infusing every action and every thought with one voice extending from the time of one's ancestors down through the generations saying, 'It's all right. We are all here. There is no such thing as alone.' Indeed, the relationship between landscape and

Desert Places
by Robyn Davidson
Viking, £18

character is central to Davidson's work, and she is strong on this notoriously treacherous stretch of the human landscape. Desert cultures, she writes, seldom have a word for thank you, because sharing is integral to survival. The poignancy of the narrative flows from the realisation that everything she instinctively admires is going down the drain. But then, her vision of the world is predicated on decline.

She is a gifted observer of human behaviour, noting, for example, "that mutual shyness brought about by an intensity of liking". Her prose is a model of clarity, and for that one can forgive its pedestrian rhythm and occasionally flaccid syntax. Davidson can be very good (she describes her stomach as "an organ of sabotage"), and then a desperate attempt to make it all hang together by dint of sheer stylistic felicity betrays her. "The world is divided", she blunders, "between those cultures which touch their own faces and those which don't." Bollocks it is.

In *Tracks* she said that the one question people asked before getting on to the perennially



Robyn Davidson: going solo

fascinating topic of dealing with bowels and periods in the wilderness was, "Why did you do it?" (and that was when she was enjoying herself). The answer, I think, is that she is on a quest to find meaning in the journey of life.

She wants to salvage something from tragedy of the human condition, just as obligations of a hook contract require her salvage something from a horrid journey. I heart that make this book worthwhile. I voice is of her generation: a female vo struggling not so much to be heard as to h itself.

She throws in the odd morsel for us to el on as we flail around in her general mala During the two years she spent on the s continent she endured a phantom menope (she was 41 when she went). "In the west", writes, "the cessation of egg-laying signa the end of female power, in India its be ning." In the end, though, she can't make n sense of her experiences with the dang, and residual pointlessness of the book is remd more acute by some rather beautiful tographs which are entirely out of tune t the text. The message of *Tracks* was that one, especially women, can do anything *Desert Places* Davidson is not so sure. She discovered the impossibility of making the into another person's consciousness. process is as painful on a journey tow northern Gujarat as it is on the other towards death. In the end, everyone else stranger.

books

A speculative stake in the future

Roy Foster says no fangs for the memory

Bram Stoker by Barbara Belford, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £25

Why does *Dracula* stay undead? Late 19th-century sadistic shockers were published in huge numbers but disappeared after their first outing. Vampires were a popular subject half a century before the Count flapped down the wall of his castle in 1897. But Stoker's masterpiece (and the word is well-advised) retains its pre-eminence and its uniqueness. Is this because it is the apotheosis of the genre, or because it is different? For a start, its author is atypical, and well recorded; one way of analysing the phenomenon might be through his life.

Stoker was a stage-struck Dubliner who migrated to the Lyceum theatre and organised Henry Irving's lecture-tours. Well established in the worlds of Victorian journalism and *haute Bohème*, he wrote hastily-constructed stories and novels, and was a popular and public figure, but remained slightly oblique, reticent and possibly arrested ("a great shambling good-natured overgrown boy", remarked one American newspaper). Only for *Dracula* did he spend years of preparation and consideration, and it raises echoes from his present and his past.

Notably, it might be related to a tradition of Irish Protestant writing about the occult: even to the insecurity felt by the Ascendancy in decline. Is the Count an Irish landlord, transporting his uncertainly-held acres about with him? And why is the magic that combats him, brought by Van Helsing, so specifically Catholic? Besides the implicit images of bisexuality, menstruation, penetration and fellatio which embellish the text, there is a background of social reference worth investigating, and good deal of biographical evidence to prod.

Belford has worked through much of the source material, but its significance often eludes her. Since her English editors let her get away with inventing a "Prime Minister Archibald Primrose" (aka Lord Rosebery) and listing as late Victorians interested in the supernatural Dickens, Tennyson, Carlyle and Keats (yes, Keats), it is

hardly surprising that references to her subject's Irish background demonstrate an impenetrably tin ear for the resonances of a subculture. Bram Stoker was a middle-class Irish Protestant from the professional classes – not, as Belford repeatedly states, Anglo-Irish. She also states that he "had a proper British accent but often put on a Milesian brogue", and that the feuding political parties arising out of the Parnellite split in 1890 "exist to this day".

Connacht appears as "the West Country" and the Holyhead mailboat is the "Channel ferry", while the *couche sociale* of Trinity College, Dublin, is hopelessly misread. Unsurprisingly, the fact that his family were buried in St Michan's church, whose limestone crypt famously preserves corpses "undead", is simply given a passing note, while his reading of travel books about Transylvania which specifically compare conditions there to Ireland goes unmentioned. So does the influence on Stoker of contemporary Trinity authorities on Mary Shelley and Polidori. For her, *Dracula*'s genealogy lies elsewhere.

In Belford's reading, the Count was conceived when Stoker left behind the family security of a civil-service career in Dublin Castle to become Henry Irving's theatre manager. She is happier with this milieu – the late-Victorian heyday of the Lyceum Theatre, the American tours, Irving's combined charisma and unpleasantness, the partnership with Ellen Terry, the emphy with Shaw – and there is much of interest about Irving's Jack Russell terrier, Fussie.

But the genesis of *Dracula* becomes lost among novelettish scene-setting ("the Decadent, Yellow, Naughty Nineties") and pointless speculations ("Perhaps Irving praised his acting manager – even said 'I could never have done it all without you.' And then perhaps not.")

Symbolically, much more space is devoted to the copyright-reading of a pasted-together dramatic version at the Lyceum, than to the publication of the novel itself. This arises from Belford's



The dangers of kissing by candlelight: Gary Oldman and Winona Ryder in Francis Ford Coppola's 'Bram Stoker's Dracula' (1932)

determination to link *Dracula* to Stoker's exploitation by Irving, who sucked him dry and for whom Stoker felt a fascinated reverence likened here to the madman Renfrew's for his "Master" the Count.

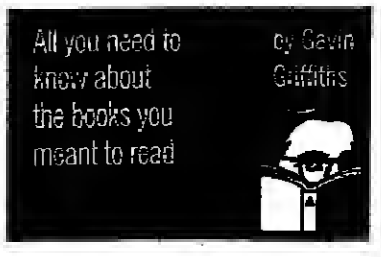
This is suggestive, as is the theory, borrowed from Elaine Showalter, that 1890s shocker-fiction demonstrates fear of women, dislocation of sexual relations, and homosexuality masquerading as homosociality. Belford adroitly works in Stoker's adulation of Whitman, as well as his uneasy relationship with Wilde, who had courted Stoker's future wife, the great Dublin beauty Florence Balcombe. "Florrie" remained affectionate about "poor O" throughout, but unfortunately for

Belford, there is no record of Stoker's reaction to Wilde's fall. Unwisely, on the basis of a "story" that Stoker brought him money in Paris, she "imagines" an encounter. ("They would go first to the Café de la Régence for Courvoisier, and Wilde would order a box of gold-tipped cigarettes...") For all Belford's unwise claims, this is very far from "definitive". It is the record of a life, lived in the shadows and margins of larger, more defined characters; even the legendary success of Stoker's creation came after his own death at the age of 64.

The character who remains oddly vivid is the enigmatic Florence: an independent spirit, obviously resentful of Irving and rather detached from her

husband. Belford's theory that she combines elements of *Dracula*'s frivolous Lucy and resourceful Mina seems well founded. Intriguingly, she converted to Catholicism in 1904. After her husband's death in 1912 she lived on for 25 years, still beautiful in her seventies, the terror of the Society of Authors as she implacably pursued the makers of *Nosferatu* for royalties.

Nothing was forthcoming, but the Bela Lugosi film was a moneyspinner and she died much better-off than Bram, after a merry Knightsbridge widowhood. A frankly speculative novel based on her life and influence might be more enlightening than a laborious but unsatisfying biography of her elusive husband.



COUSIN BETTE

by Honoré de Balzac (1846)

Plot: Bette is an avaricious spinster living with virtuous cousin Adeline and her rich husband Baron Hulot. The Baron is elderly but lecherous. Bette lives emotionally through a young Polish artist, who falls in love with Hulot's daughter; a marriage is arranged. Bette lusts for revenge. She joins forces with Mme Marneffe, the Baron's latest mistress, to undermine the Baron's wealth and wreck his daughter's marriage. The world learns that Hulot has embezzled millions of francs of government money. After some serpentine contortions of plot, the family's wealth is restored by the son's marriage. Bette is so disappointed, she dies. Ditto Mme Hulot, when she catches her husband groping the chambermaid. The novel closes with Hulot marrying the maid, who is "as well furnished with fat as a wet nurse".

Theme: The Baron's sexuality is crazily indulged; cousin Bette's is crazily repressed. Balzac also portrays a society that is endlessly acquisitive and where money corrupts absolutely.

Style: Balzac's voice "changes like an actor's". It is sanguine, sceptical, sensible... ready with the rash generalisation... it easily contorts the larynx in passages of lurid melodrama yet passes without a blush to asides that may be caustic, shameless or tender". (V S Pritchett).

Chief strengths: Balzac is a "Gulliver among pygmies". Seeming to work within the convention of the naturalistic novel, his imagination is ablaze and his lurid characters strut across their Parisian stage with Shakespearean grandeur.

Chief weaknesses: Sometimes Balzac's enthusiasm leads him astray; the magnification distorts and the drama collapses into gesture.

What they thought of it then: The novel restored Balzac's flagging reputation. It sold well; Balzac died soon after.

What we think of it now: In England, Balzac's genius has been underrated. (The comparison with Dickens damages both authors.) In France, he is ranked a bit below Flaubert, and far below Stendhal.

Responsible for: Zola's obsession with naturalistic detail; James's obsession with the corrosive power of money; Proust's obsession with the desolating torments of sexual love. All three recognised Balzac as their mentor.

These donnish things

Steve Logan reads the autobiography of a creative literary chancer

Not Entitled: A memoir by Frank Kermode, HarperCollins, £18

Frank Kermode is one of only two academics to be knighted for their services to literature. He is about as famous as dogs get: if you haven't heard of him, it tends to prove the point that you don't get very famous. One reason for this is that their 'h'ic image is so bad.

Back in the 1970s, John Carey, a Professor at Oxford, wrote an article called "Down with us". Carey was attacking the id of don personified by urious Bowra: keen on boys, addicted to guzzling lavish meals, filling expensive port, and delivering their opinions loudly in public with a plumrily superior air. The breed isn't extinct. It is moribund, and anyway Kermode doesn't belong to it.

The term "don", moreover, in its connotations of crotchety, jestered celibacy, is only regu-ly applied to Oxbridge academics. Kermode has held appointments at Reading, University of London and Harvard, so couldn't be fair to judge him if he'd always worked in nbridge, the setting for his unhappy job.

Again, Kermode has never the sort of snuffy pedant who is it vulgar to write for a big lic. On the contrary, he is a fre-at moonlighter in the literary as of the national press and responsible for founding *The don Review of Books*. He has a married twice, served in the and – a gesture that repels-ly forcibly the charge of nic introversion – he has en a memoir of himself.

Yet not all the features of the academic stereotype are gross, and there are a few of the subtler ones discernible in Kermode. Every profession constrains its members to act in ways that can be caricatured. To survive in academe, academics have to do things that endanger their survival outside it. The familiar signs of social maladroitness are not difficult to relate to endless hours in solitude, or with students, teaching, reading and writing.

Kermode has published many books; and in view of the seclusion this entails, it's a wonder he's remained so genial and outgoing. A wonder too, that, having mastered the self-disguise of academic prose, he should be so intent on revealing his weaknesses. His memoir is rife with rituals of self-deprecation. He tells of his fear of rabbits, his gullibility, his ham-fistedness when it comes to changing lightbulbs, and of a number of predispositions left over from his childhood which he regards as mildly neurotic.

Kermode's touches of neurosis align him with the psychopathology of academic life. What lifts him above it is his insight into its causes. That he should be compassionately perceptive about his father is not very surprising. Yet something like the same gift for empathy and insight is demonstrated in the portraits of friends and colleagues which crowd the pages of the book. Peter Ure, a fellow student at Liverpool, awed the young Kermode by the elegant perfection of his speech. But

then, as now, Kermode could see that the cultured environment of Ure's home entailed not only decorous speech but "a prohibition of the more demonic forms of expressiveness". The emotions not permitted to enter Ure's speech were consequently liable to erupt in fits of rage.

Kermode's memoir gives an account of his part in the row over post-structuralism at Cambridge which will be of interest to fellow-academics, to intellectual historians and to connoisseurs of donnery. But what makes the book so warmly attractive is the system of values underlying its tone. He realises that he hasn't written an autobiography and that there are crucial parts of his story which he has elided or suppressed. He mentions, but does not begin to analyse, the breakdown of his two marriages.

This seems an odd kind of flinching, in someone otherwise outspoken. Yet in flinching from such self-exposure, he exposes the vulnerability that makes him flinch: "The percentage of truth we leave out may after all show through somewhere, even if we fake the record." Such unfendfendness is rare among dons.

Kermode – as his dealings with literary theory show – is a responsible chancer, willing to make mistakes, yet unwilling to treat them as trivial just because he makes them. This attitude is in part a strategic antidote to perfectionism. But it also expresses allegiance to a past which has put Kermode creatively at odds with his profession.

The dark side of a cracker-barrel poet

Lachlan Mackinnon on the life of an assiduous self-promoter

Robert Frost: A Biography by Jeffrey Meyers, Constable, £20

A month before he was killed, President Kennedy spoke at the opening of the Robert Frost Library at Amherst, saying that "If Robert Frost was much honored during his lifetime, it was because a good many preferred to ignore his darker truths". Frost was indeed honoured beyond the fortune of most poets: between 1918 and 1962, for instance, he averaged one honorary degree a year. Yet no acclaim was ever enough, and behind the cracker-barrel popular image was a darker life, and a profoundly bleak body of work.

Frost was born in San Francisco in 1874. His educational career was unsuccessful but he acquired a considerable knowledge of Latin and Greek literature. In 1894 he published his first poem, "My Butterfly", but his first book, *A Boy's Will*, did not appear until 1913. It was published in London because Frost had taken his family to England in 1912.

England introduced Frost to the literary life. Among the writers he met were Ezra Pound and, most importantly, Edward Thomas. Their friendship was the closest of Frost's life.

Frost returned to America in 1915. In 1924 he won his first Pulitzer Prize, a sign of the popularity which made many other writers mistrust his work's apparent simplicity. In 1947 the poet-critic Randall Jarrell wrote for the first time about the true grimness of his work, but when Lionel Trilling made the same points in 1959 he was reviled by the literary press.

Few poets have promoted themselves as assiduously as Frost, or as



Robert Frost: existential dread

fraudulently. He pretended to be a simple countryman, but he had all the skills of the metropolitan literary politician. He was ruthlessly self-seeking and wrote amid family circumstances of appalling tragedy.

His sister, Jeanie, was confined to a mental hospital in 1920. His marriage to Elinor White lasted from 1895 to her death in 1938, but was intensely unhappy. The Frosts had six children. Two died in infancy, and an adult daughter in 1934. Their surviving son killed himself in 1940, and another daughter was in a mental hospital from 1947 on. The remaining daughter, Lesley, never forgave her father for the night in 1905, when she was six, which Meyers describes as follows: "Her father suddenly woke her up in the middle of the night and led her barefoot through the cold, dark house to the kitchen. Her mother, seated at the kitchen table, was holding her head and sobbing. Frost, pointing a pistol at himself and then at Elinor, screamed: 'Take your choice. Before morning, one of us will be dead!' Terrified and clearly unable to choose, Lesley was led back to bed by her mother."

After his wife's death, Frost became close to Theodore and Kathleen Morrison. The news Jeffrey Meyers brings us is that she

and Frost were lovers, which accounts for the often passionate eroticism of many later poems.

Although a little brisk and chatty, and at times uncertain about fact, this is a good account of the poet's life with some useful observations about the poetry. It is not entirely the author's fault if Frost remains enigmatic.

Frost's lifelong terror of the dark suggests an ambivalence about his self-destructive impulses. In the poem "Design", Frost wonders what brought a flower, a spider and a dead moth together: "What but design of darkness to appal? – / If design govern in a thing so small." That the universe might not even be malign, but simply meaningless, terrified the essentially non-believing poet. What his family saw was the existential dread his public persona was designed to mask. Frost aspired to stoicism, yet he never quite achieved it. He was too intent to leave the evidence of his own agonies which might have exonerated him: as things stand, I am not sure whether his human relations were forgivable, but he wrote at least a dozen poems which will always be read. That makes this sorry story worth the reading.

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What love has to do with it

Susie Boyt is gripped by two novels about passion and procreation

Venus Flaring by Suzannah Dunn, Flamingo, £9.99 | Common Ground by Andrew Cowan, Michael Joseph, £13.99

When I was at university, Jacques Derrida came and gave a talk about his ideas. When asked about the direction of his current work, he said he had been thinking about friendship. When two friends meet, he told us, the one thing they know for certain is that one of them must die before the other.

I thought of this while reading Suzannah Dunn's fourth novel, *Venus Flaring*, because the book charts the life and death of a friendship of such intensity and ardour that both the girls involved and the reader know that this degree of feeling cannot be sustained forever. What we feel is not that one friend will die first, but that one girl will cool towards the other, and to the one that is left this will seem like a death.

Ornella Marini is passionate, outspoken and mercurial, and her friendship for the quirky but sensible Veronica, the narrator, begins on the hockey pitch, when the two girls are so dismayed by the cold that it helps them develop a sort of Dunkirk spirit. As their friendship blossoms like a romance, Ornella is always at its centre, always the star. She has a glamour to her, engineering trips to Wimpys bars and being spectacularly cheeky to the teachers. In an English class, when told that Jane Austen is presenting Frank Churchill as a dandy who goes to London for a haircut, Ornella won't accept this. "He's a junkie," she says. "He's going to London to replenish his supply."

Ornella also demands a lot of care. When she takes an overdose after her boyfriend leaves her, Veronica goes to her house every evening and returns home to the prospect of long phone calls stretching

into the night – and yet Veronica relishes the closeness. Dunn presents a friendship that is obsessive, whilst making it quite clear that this is what friendships between adolescent girls are often like, when teenagers are working out whether it is possible to be everything to another person.

The chapters that herald the decline of the friendship are painful to read. The loss of Ornella seems intolerable to Veronica, and yet it becomes clear that their intimacy was sustained by moments of crisis, and as they grow up and settle into patterns of love and work, the crises diminish and there is little left to bind them to each other. I'm not quite sure that the history of this friendship is enough to sustain a whole book. I would have liked to have known more about the girls' families and what it was about them that caused this kind of dependency. However, this is a sensitive and often funny story, that impressively treats a friendship between young women with the sort of grandness and ceremony usually reserved (by novelists) for love affairs.

One of the most striking and admirable aspects of Andrew Cowan's writing is his ability to evoke subtle nuances of mood and atmosphere using an absolute minimum of words and hardly any adjectives at all. In his first novel, *Pig*, this withdrawn and poignant style exactly suited his subject matter, the sharp and unsafe world of adolescence, and the effect was a brave and quiet sort of magic. *Common Ground*, Cowan's second novel, has the same kind of integrity: a fidelity to ordinary words and ordinary occurrences, strong characters and a powerful feel for urban decay. And



Dunn: treating love affairs with ceremony

yet this book seems to lack something of the wonder of the earlier novel: at times it can seem too inward-looking, too bleak, as it charts 18 months in the life of a young couple – Ashley (a disaffected Geography teacher) and Jay (a printer in a community arts project) – and takes them from the first months of Jay's pregnancy to the birth of their daughter Maggie, and beyond.

The landscape of this novel is extremely grim. The view from Jay and Ashley's house can take in a man peeing into the

front seats of a car through the window; he has just smashed, or a young boy having the living daylight kicked out of him by a gang of youths. Used syringes pile up. Ashley's delight at seeing an adolescent dancing in the street with his mother is shattered as the son sticks his tongue in his mother's mouth and she swears at him.

The question that *Common Ground* seems to have at its heart is: what can you do for hope in an environment like this? The answers come from several directions. You can love someone and bring a child into this world. You can take a different stake in the future, as Jay does when she becomes involved in a campaign against a new motorway, or like Ashley's brother Douglas, you can throw in the towel and go travelling.

The brothers correspond with each other, sometimes humorously, sometimes crassly, as Douglas makes his way through Asia, allowing Ashley an outlet for his anxieties, disappointments and delight about the baby as Jay becomes increasingly consumed by the demonstration against the motorway. The minor characters are convincing, and importantly emphasise the way that having a baby can force one to review one's own experience of family life.

Jay's grey-plaited, hippy mother comes and goes in her bus, in a world of her own, contributing peaceful maxims, whilst Ashley's mother drops in for long cleaning sessions and acidic criticisms of his father, who sits in the car and is brought cups of tea by his son. This is a fine and acutely perceived novel. The final image of the new little family unit fleeing destruction is terrifying, but perhaps offers a thin promise of release.

Swaddledidaffs and blobtongues

Penelope Lively tries hard to believe in a mystical link between Australian aborigines and Cheshire peasants

Strandloper by Alan Garner, Harvill, £14.99

Fiction powered by Australia seems to be becoming a genre all of its own. The last couple of years have seen memorable novels by Julia Blackburn and Jane Rogers, among others. And now here is Alan Garner's first novel for adults, a reworking of the story of William Buckley, a Cheshire man who was transported in 1803, escaped into the hush and lived with Aborigines for 32 years before emerging and being granted a pardon. The theme is perhaps uncomfortably close to that of Patrick White's masterpiece, *A Fringe of Leaves*, the inventive treatment of a shipwrecked Englishman's similar ordeal. But there the similarity ends: Garner is his own man, and anyone familiar with his children's books *Eldor* and *Red Shift* will recognise the house-style within the first few pages.

This short book is tersely compartmented: Buckley in Cheshire, on the transport ship, in the hush, with the Aborigines, back in Cheshire. Terse in other ways, too – staccato and allusive dialogue, a narrative style that can seem both stark and portentous: "William was wearing his Sunday best. He

trimmed the freshly cut bough of oak with a hatchet. The young leaves glowed with a green that hurt. The light was in the leaves." This from the opening section, in which William and the other young people in the village take part in a pagan fertility rite in the church, conducted by the vicar, which precipitates William's transportation. There is folkloric incantation and prancing around, much tongue-twisting dialect, the obligatory mystic stone – called, I'm afraid, a swaddledidaff – and Granddad, who says: "My stars and garters and little apples! You blobtongue won't be told, will he?" The spirit of Stella Gibbons begins to hover – you fear that the subtext will rear its ugly head.

And then we get onto the transport ship and things pick up. At any rate, elliptical exchanges in thieves' cant are more intriguing, though it is wise to have a copy of Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang* to hand. The account of William's struggle to survive in the hush is better still – taut, powerful and credible. The gnomic hints of the first section are distanced – William's migraine vision of what sound suspiciously like

Aboriginal dot patterns, his outburst in the church – a "speaking with tongues" that the reader grimly recognises for what it is. There is some supple writing: something "black, heaving and changing shape" which "broke into tatters in all directions and settled as crows in the trees". Garner's cloying with language comes into its own here, creating pace and atmosphere.

William is rescued by the Aborigines, who believe him to be the ancestor Murrangkur, returned from the dead. Dialect and cant give way to the stately and formalised speech exchanged by the Aborigines, and William is subsumed into Murrangkur, his former identity apparently forgotten.

There is a scant 30 pages of life as Murrangkur. The coded hints dropped earlier are clarified – though always obliquely; Garner is never one to bang the reader over the head. The swaddledidaff fulfils its purpose. As we knew it would, in a puzzling experience which may or may not be a dream, but from which William surfaces with a peg through his nose, painted red. It is hard to know what to make of this.

Points are being made – about morality, about spiritual belief, about language, about aboriginal wisdom as opposed to the corruption which has landed William where he is. The abbreviated style conveys all this but also teeters on the edge of self-parody.

This is a book best appreciated in its entirety. Looking back, you recognise the careful intricacy of detail, the echoed-to-and-fro, a unity which is invisible as you work through the allusions and the stylistic mannerisms. But this reader's problem was less with the manner than the message. The unease induced by William's hallucinatory experiences had turned into full-scale dismay by the end when what you feared would happen does, in an oak tree back in Cheshire.

I have difficulty with the idea of some sort of mystical resonance between Australian aborigines and early 19th-century Cheshire peasants: "The People had known the oak. One tree was all, and all the world one Dreaming." It may be an attractive idea, but I'm afraid that for this hard-headed late 20th-century woman it came across as distinctly fey.

Killing time

E Jane Dickson learns about the hangman's soul

A Perfect Execution by Tim Binding, Picador, £15.99

The question at the heart of Tim Binding's second novel is: "What kind of person would want to be a hangman?"

Jeremiah Bembo, the terrible hero of *A Perfect Execution*, comes from "infected" stock, an itinerant family of showmen. His grandfather was "The Great Bembo", a Victorian Punch-and-Judy man; his cousin is an end-of-the-pier comedian. Jeremiah has "settled" as a market gardener, but, as his Uncle Jonas tells him: "Once you become a man, Bembo biology takes over." As Her Majesty's Executioner, Jeremiah, under his "stage name" of Solomon Straw ("Solomon for judgement, straw for human frailty"), carries on the family tradition of playing to the crowd.

Jeremiah fights hard against his inheritance. It is not a bid for fame but a complicated conscientiousness that leads him to take up the hangman's noose. As a young man, he witnesses

a captured German airman being taunted and mutilated by an English lynch mob. Wounded by shrapnel from the German's exploded plane, "Jem" is powerless to prevent the crowd's revenge. Later, as Jem recovers in hospital, his retarded friend, Loopy, is hanged for a crime he was unlikely to have committed. Haunted by these two helpless, friendless deaths, Jem finds his vocation. As hangman, he will kill men kindly; his efficiency will be a last, friendly office.

"And I will not harm them," he tells himself in the exaltation of his calling. "I will make their journey as peaceful as possible. Into my hands they will be received, and I will treat them gently, and without fear or favour."

Binding has not shirked his research, and the meticulous, almost obsessive detailing of procedure in the execution scenes are properly unsettling. By the end of the book, the least retentive reader must have a fair idea of how to hang a man and the knowledge weighs like a dirty secret you would rather not have been told.

And yet the author conjures a kind of serenity in the execution chamber that is conspicuously

lacking in the outside world. Ayckbourn in 1963 is a stew of small-town banality, a kind of Ealing comedy gone horribly wrong, with secretaries under siege from lecherous bosses, wives tempted by travelling salesmen and the constant, paying desperation for "a bit of home-sweet-home". Billy Baxter, a comedian in Mrs Miller mode (each phrase, "I'm a fancy man, I am," is a luridly unpleasant creation, defined by an endless stream of *Jabberwocky* that gets darker and darker as the story progresses).

A Perfect Execution is essentially a murder mystery, mined with moral fables. Binding employs a curiously overlapping flashback technique, which is perhaps better suited to the screen than to a novel, and can be heavy-handed with the imagery. Solomon Straw's glass eye, the one he turns on his victims' past lives, is a metaphor too far.

However, the reader's desire to know the truth of Solomon Straw's last case, the one that makes him hang up his rope for good, overrides literary quibbles. At times, the vicious sexuality which propels the book becomes positively Jacobean in its ferocity. The central murder takes place in the car of a court-coupled couple: "Colin lay dead in the front and now an unknown tongue began to creep over hers. It moved cautiously, like a young worm in a fresh corpse, working its way into the still, warm flesh."

Jeremiah, too, finds his cure in the condemned man's desire and fantasies. The odour of the charnel hangs over the narrative like napalm, and even when the whodunnit plot finally, horribly explodes there is no redemption. In a scary postscript, the literary equivalent of the hand coming out of the grave in *Carrie*, the hanged man's mother is seen hanging over the crib of Jeremiah's baby son with a gift.

In Binding's scheme, the kind of serenity of strangers is not to be relied upon any more than the protection of parents. Alone in an unknown world, the best we can hope for is the hangman's blessing.



Who's reading whom

Clare Francis reflects on the 'pity of war' through two First World War trilogies

There is such a poignancy in our need, as we approach the end of the century, to understand and come to terms with the Great War. In the most personal sense it is part of all our family histories: there are in every family grandfathers, great grandfathers, great

uncles who either did not return or who carried the scars of war to the end of their lives. Robert Davies reminds us of the foretold Canadian contribution in *The Despatch Trilogy* (Penguin); F Barker's *Regeneration Trilogy* (Viking) is unsurpassed.

Paperbacks

Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst

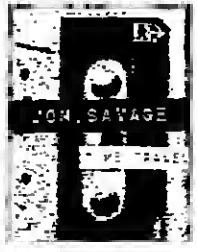
Rain Men by Marcus Berkman (Abacus, £6.99) A wonderfully droll, dehumouring account of the summer game by an inept devotee (baiting average: "a whisker under 4.2"). The book ranges from trenchant comment on our national side – the notoriously slow-scoring Tavaré is "a kindred spirit of Ingmar Bergman" – to the misfortunes of the author's own team, the Captain Sent Invitation XI (motto: "Semper Tristes", "always sad"). En route, he demolishes the bucolic myth of village cricket ("total hollocks") and puts the boot into commentators ("painfully prosaic"). Bile as sustained as a Lara innings.



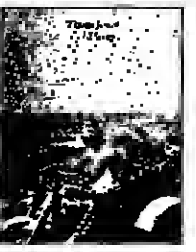
Somewhat against his will, a condemned man from a white-trash clan, which festers in the swamps of northern Florida, is saved from the electric chair by an ill-assorted pair of hot-shot Miami reporters: flashy stylist Yardley Acheman and dogged newswoman Ward James. Not a word is misplaced as Dexter pursues his brilliantly realised characters along dark, determined paths, where lust hovers like humidity and violence swirls up like a tropical storm. Though it's a sour pleasure, you won't put this book down until reaching its barbed conclusion: "There are no intact men."



succumbed to the temptation of issuing his collected clippings. This book starts badly (juvenile about the Sex Pistols) and gets worse, reaching a nadir with 13 pages devoted to a 1979 article on Gary Numan. Savage's pop pontifications, which he is still disgorging at the age of 42, might pass muster in magazines – but here they appear shrill, humourless and self-important. In a rambling introduction, he boasts that he is no longer has "to write stuff that makes me sick when I read it". Judging by what he has chosen to preserve, this may be the literal truth.



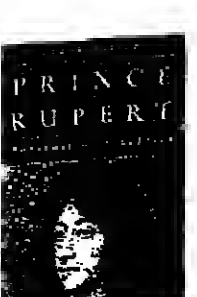
collection, *The Puglist at Rest*, Thom Jones delivers another batch of short stories about manic, violent characters in a world of extremes. Jones' "misfit individualists" include aid-workers in Africa, cosmetic surgeons in La-La Land, a card-playing baboon named George Babbitt, and an advertising genius with a bad case of the "Congo trots". Either they're on drugs, or they might as well be. As Johnny Pushe, a second-rate boxer in "Dynamite Hands", declares: "I don't know – having a bear chase you, you survive it, it's good information." If nothing else, Jones opens your eyes.



tangled English country gardens provide the backdrop for a novel of literary conceits and musical allusions. Two friends, dared by their perry tutor to seduce one another's lovers, quickly get lost in seas of cow parsley and thickets of young romance. A donnish read (scattered with significant references to Ovid, Mozart, Shakespeare) that will appeal to Irish Murdoch and A S Byatt fans, though may t little contrived for some tastes. First published in 1989, this should get more attention this time around – being a Booker-shortlisted author has its advantages.



Prince Rupert: Portrait of a Soldier by Frank Kitson (Constable, £10.95) One Commander-in-Chief of Land Forces (1982-85) gives an absorbing assessment of another (1664-65). In addition to being the paradigm of a dashing Cavalier – 6ft 4in, a sure-shot and ridiculously brave – Rupert was a superb strategist. An ardent Protestant who came to fight the puritans, he secured two years' ascendancy for the Royalist army, which might otherwise have crumbled in months. Kitson's strategic analysis is fascinating – but there is much more to this fast-paced biography, packed with action and drama. A sequel on Rupert's subsequent naval career is promised.



Life Among the Pirates by David Cordingley (Warner, £7.99) In this authoritative account of the real-life models for L J Silver and Captain Hook, Cordingley reveals that while loss of limbs was not uncommon, the average pirate was a fit and active 27-year-old, and that although Drake's capture of the galleon *Cacafuego* ("Shitfire") in 1579 netted around £1 million in today's money, the great era of piracy was between 1650 and 1725. The reality of the life of a buccaneer captain was that it was nasty, brutish and short – around two years before being retired by the noose. But Cordingley notes that the piratical myth answers a deep-felt longing in suburban swabs. *Time Travel* by Jon Savage (Chattr, £12.99) Acclaimed as a historian of punk, Savage has



The Tortilla Curtain by Coraghessan Boyle (Bloomsbury, £5.99) Forget that tricky middle name, just call him "T C" Boyle, and get on with the fun business of reading one of America's most adventurous novelists. Boyle delivers his best work in this social survey of both sides of contemporary southern California's economic divide – yuppies in gated communities, and disenfranchised illegal aliens sleeping rough in the canyons. The book's protagonist, Delaney Mossbacher, is the perfect liberal environmentalist – he loves nature, just so long as it doesn't move in next door. Funny, fast, sharp – a *Grapes of Wrath* for the Nineties. *Cold Snap* by Thom Jones (Faber, £8.99) Hot on the heels of his highly acclaimed first



Going Naked is the Best Disguise by Steven Jacobi (Minerva, £5.99) When his father loses money in the jewellery business, Steven Jacobi's young narrator offers to make perfume from the roses in his back garden, and wonders if *Blue Peter* might hold an appeal. In the end it's only Auntie Berty who invests in his browning petals. His next crisis involves the discovery that he is "a man's head in a pair of girls' slacks". A funny, bright and very readable first novel that recalls schooldays in Birmingham, a family's complicated Germanic past, and a mother who likes to hover in the nude. Despite the levity, he's prepared for some *My Life as a Dog* bedside tears. *School for Lovers* by Jill Paton Walsh (Black Swan, £6.99) Mannered Oxford quads and



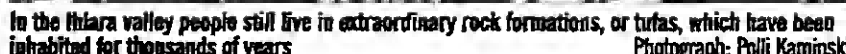
Woman's Hour 50th Anniversary Short Story Collection (Penguin, £6.99) A cosy pick n' mix selection put together to celebrate 50 years of *Woman's Hour* includes mainstays like Helen Simpson, Fay Weldon and Maeve Binchy, although an attempt at diversity has been made: Margaret Atwood ("The Hurricane Hazel") and Amy Bloom ("I is not a Pie") head up the transatlantic crowd; Sylvia Townsend Warner ("Heal Landscapes with Dormouse") and Elizabeth Taylor ("Flesh") the golden oldies; and Jeanette Winterson ("O' Br First Christmas") the right-on alternati. On the whole, it's the oldies that could done with a bit more space.



By Polli Kaminski

There is no gentle introduction to this canyon village - the taxi turned the last corner in a cloud of dust and we found ourselves plunged into the last century. Woodsmoke rose from rough stone houses. Corn and onions lay drying on the flat roofs in readiness for winter storage. Donkeys carefully picked their way down

We reached Selim as daylight was fading. It was a magical time to wander round this small village. Donkeys and goats came home unaccompanied from their day's grazing, and the setting sun cast long shadows over the tufa dwellings and the dispersed tufa churches.



There are two basic options: hotels, which are cheap, and *pansiyons*, which are cheaper. Turkey seems to have an over-supply of accommodation, so you need not book in advance. One exception is Istanbul, where many travellers prefer to have a room reserved in order to minimise hassle upon arrival. In Istanbul, a room in comfortable but not overly luxurious hotel will cost around £15 single, £25 double; elsewhere, you can expect to pay about half as much. *Pansiyons* charge around £3 per person per night.



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travel

Unless you like abuse (and lots of it) you should never ride a tandem alone

By Simon Calder



Simon Calder and "passenger"

Photograph: Andrew Haddon

Never ride a tandem alone. The higher the density of population and amount of passing traffic, the more you will be heckled. Everyone who yells "Oi - your mate's fallen off" believes it to be the first time anyone has coined this particular helpful hint. Reckon on hearing it about once every mile, until you find a companion to double the power, halve the heckling and maximise the pleasure of pedalling around Britain. If riding a bike is good, sharing a tandem is more than twice as good.

The rationale

Cycling is certainly not as consistently wonderful as it is sometimes supposed to be. For every long, downhill cruise through superb countryside, there is a wet and windy slog up a hill whose chief attributes, besides a gradient of absurd proportions, are excess traffic and dismal landscapes of supermarkets and obsolete factories. But there is no better way to see Britain than from a pair of handlebars supporting you at a stately angle, while you enjoy the 180-degree vision of the nation; next time you are in car, look at how restricted the view really is.

The good thing about a car (apart from keeping you dry, climbing hills effortlessly, etc) is that

you can share your view of the truck in front with a friend. Mostly, bikes preclude conversation except among the most loud-mouthed or reckless of cyclists. A bicycle made for two addresses this problem, enabling the sort of inconsequential exchanges that make walking such a joy. More practically, it also helps with the hills - the power-to-weight ratio of two people is higher than one.

The realisation

Before you can experience these benefits (and the inevitable heckling), you have to find your tandem. You need not enquire of too many cycle dealers to realise they are all pointing in the same direction: towards a small town in the extreme east of Kent, and towards Arthur Lock in particular. "No, we don't do tandems here - you want to see Arthur down in Sandwich" is the inevitable response.

Arthur Lock of Sandwich is the high priest of tandemism. He runs a family business that is twice as old as his 62 years. His premises comprise a sprawling old laundry filling the middle of Sandwich. Mr Lock sells, on average, one tandem a week to devotees brave enough to disentangle their choice from the muddle of machinery around them. About a decade's worth of tandems seem to be breed-

ing, given the number of child's tricks which surround them in a surreal "Tandems R'Us" family portrait.

"We don't want an image like Halford's - a proper hike shop has to look like a junk yard" says Mr Lock, surveying the quasi-organic heap that supports his assertion. He builds tandems himself, using wheel rims imported from India ("The only place where they know how to make them strong enough"), but they cost over £1,000 each. I wanted to be beat-tandemmed in time for National Bike Week (beginning today), but I wasn't even sure how much I would enjoy company. So I peered into the rusting gloom for something a little more, er, secondhand.

She shone back, the colour of ripe cheddar or bright piccalilli, her stout mudguards as yellow as her heavy-duty frame. She looked capable of 0-12mph in a couple of minutes, and old enough (about 20 years) to be open to a little negotiation on her £259 price tag.

Ten minutes and £220 later, we were united by a lurid purple padlock that Arthur Lock threw in either as a kind gesture or a poor pun. I continued the bad joke in a little private naming ceremony: given the town in which I bought her, and her dazzling colour, she had to be Cheese & Pickle.

The ride

She may lack the pulling power of a turbo-charged sports car, but anyone in possession of a bright yellow tandem need not wait long - nor sit up and beg - for a companion to take a sea.

From Sandwich, we set off towards the sea, with the tandem performing all kinds of tricks unavailable to those in sports cars, such as dodging the £3 toll for crossing the Sandwich Estate, and slipping through a narrow gate to the shore.

We scrunched along a shingle path above the beach. Where the land and the sea abandoned the horizon, the sky took over. On a laudably large stage, a repertoire of balletic cloud formations that would have been wasted on those in mere motor cars scudded by.

Deal slunk up out of the shingle, its double-yellow lines deterring motorists but merely mirroring the bicycle. Cars do not lend themselves to impromptu sightseeing. Drivers have to find somewhere safe to stop and park without penalty, a performance that is bound to deter casual bails. To the cyclist, though, a sudden heap of stones like Deal Castle is an invitation to further investigation.

The countryside is where the tandem begins to accrue grovelling points at a tremendous pace.

Noisefest we proceeded past fields of rape (neatly camouflaging the hike) and lambs grazing greedily on tufts of turf. Seawash gave way to birdsong and added another layer to the multi-media experience. And, miraculously, the distance of two feet between sets of ears meant that the gratifyingly inconsequential conversations that are usual among hikers were able to proceed naturally.

Occasionally a car would come along and disrupt the cosiness, but it was heartening to see how much extra respect a tandem commands - the only exception being an unnecessarily intrusive French coach, appearing as we began the long sweep around the White Cliffs into Dover. The momentum seemed sufficient to sweep us along the prom and into the railway station. Here's something else you can't do with a sports car: put it on a train and rest your legs, while feeling morally uplifted after a day out without poisoning the planet.

Cheese & Pickle's colour scheme clashed mightily with the train's livery, but the guard didn't mind a bit. Cheese & Pickle now sits in my living room, impeding (and impressing) guests and clashing with everything. But despite her inconveniently long wheelbase, my bicycle made for two adds an extra dimension to travel - and is forgiven everything.



something to declare

True or false

Jilly Cooper travelled to Colombia to research her latest book?

False. Even though part of *Appassionata* is set in Bogota, the capital of Colombia, Ms Cooper makes no secret of the fact that she preferred to avoid the place. In the acknowledgments for her latest "bonkbuster", she reveals that she relied upon the Lonely Planet *Travel Survival Kit to Colombia* for her research, and thanks the guidebook publisher from saving her a visit.

Yet by omitting South America's most misunderstood country from her travel plans, Ms Cooper missed out on a lot that could have enhanced her best-selling pages: the unusual system employed by customs at Bogota airport, for example, where you press a button and either a green or a red bulb illuminates according to some random pattern. A red light means you are going to be searched by some of the most inquisitive guards on earth; a green signal means you can walk out with

anything you like concealed in your Gucci luggage.

For shopping, the scene shifts to Medellin. What should, by all natural accounts, be a modest, down-at-heel city in the middle of the Colombian lake district, turns out to be one of the richest places on the continent. Ms Cooper's heroine may not be taken to the cleaners, but plenty of dollars are laundered there.

The most worrying aspect of fiction relying upon fact for fleshing out detail is that Ms Cooper's idea could catch on in reverse. A timid guidebook writer, unwilling to risk a city where, on average, one murder per hour takes place, could rely instead on the information included in *La Passionata* - itself adapted from a guidebook. The recycling of fact as fiction and vice-versa does not bode well for the intending traveller, best stay at home and read a good book.

Visitors' book

Glasgow tourist information centre

"Amazing place, yet bloody cold" - Gary Strudley, New Zealand

"Thank you for not closing everything on Sunday" - Mary Speight, Manchester

"Wonderfully helpful staff" - Anon

Bargain of the week

Fares from London City airport are usually well beyond the reach of the leisure traveller, in order to make the Docklands terminal the preserve of busy executives. But the new service to Mönchengladbach (just 12 miles from Düsseldorf) enables you to sample 10-minute check-in, wonder at the wide open spaces - and get to Germany and back for £85. Contact VLM on 0171-476 6677.

Trouble spots

Advice from our source in the Foreign Office:

El Salvador: There is significant lawlessness throughout the country. Victims of robberies are likely to be murdered even if they do not resist their attackers. Robberies occur on private and public transport, on main roads or in towns. Avoid travelling outside the capital after dark.

Indonesia: Avoid the following areas - the island of Krakatau, Mount Merapi and surrounding area in central Java, and Mount Marapi and its surrounding area in Sumatra.

Central African Republic: We advise against travel to the CAR until the situation improves. The recent army mutiny has made the security situation in Bangui very unsafe.

CYCLING DEPARTURES

The climb is steep, but the views spectacular and the descent to the north less challenging. Whilst ascending, ponder the fact that the Mendips were the 'mountains green' in Blake's 'Jerusalem'.

This is a description of the Wells to Bristol stretch of *Land's End to John O'Groats - the Great British Bike Adventure* by Phil Horsley, just published by Cordee. It coincides with the AA's first venture into two-wheeled transport with the book *Britain's Best Cycle Rides*.

One of the safest parts of Britain for cyclists is the Isle of Wight, and *Cycling Wight* by John Goodwin and Ian

Williams (Off Cliffe Publications) is a good introduction to the island's back roads. Isle of Wight Cycle Tours (01983 292723) offers a range of two- to seven-day holidays on the island.

Several stretches of the Sustrans National Cycle Network are now supported by 1:100,000 scale contour maps. So far, the sections from Cardiff to Holyhead and Carlisle to Inverness are mapped out - each with two mapbooklets sets, costing £4.95 each. Call Sustrans on 0117-929 0888 for more details.

Country Lanes' programme of one-day rides in the New Forest is based upon the

8.30am from Waterloo. If you catch this train to Brockenhurst, the company (01425 655022) will meet you with a 21-speed bike and a choice of circular rides. After your exertions, the train home is prefaced by afternoon tea. Bicycle Beano (01982 560471) has a straightforward response to people who fear their rides in Wales and the Borders may be too demanding: "We have a completely non-macho approach to the rides." Furthermore, they promise tea and cakes when you get back from the day's ride of around 35 miles. You pay about £30 for board and guiding, plus £50 for bike hire if required.

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Florida for £99: is this for real?

Continuing our monthly series, Jeremy Skidmore answers readers' travel queries

I looked at Teletext the other day and saw 40 pages of bargain holidays to Florida. There are fly-drive holidays advertised from as little as £99. Why is this, and are the holidays really that cheap?

Holidays to Florida are cheap this summer: it's the old story of supply outstripping demand. It's not as though the sunshine state is unpopular - in fact summer sales are up around 7 per cent. However, capacity has risen by 15 per cent. Laker Airways has introduced flights from Gatwick and Manchester to Orlando and Fort Lauderdale; Virgin Atlantic has started flights from Manchester to Orlando; and existing charter operators have stepped up their services. The result is that there are lots of companies trying to sell seats cheaply and Teletext is an effective way of doing this.

However, the published prices are excluding all the extras such as taxes, collision damage waiver on rented cars, and all insurance. After you've paid for that lot, the cheapest deal you will get will be nearer £200. But that's still pretty good value for money.

I'm due to go to Penang shortly, but I'm worried because I've heard stories about cholera on the island. What is the situation?

Several hundred cases of the disease have been reported but, according to government officials in Malaysia, it is being contained. The source of the cholera outbreak has been traced to an ice-making factory in the commercial district of Penang. Most UK tour operators are currently offering their clients cancellations without charge, or a different holiday without an amendment fee. Holiday-makers who do decide to go to Penang have been told to drink bottled water only and to eat in their hotels. It is best to contact your tour operator or travel agent for the latest information if you are still thinking of going to the island.

I went into my local Marks & Spencer the other day and was encouraged to buy foreign currency. Does this mean they will soon be selling holidays as well?

No, because Marks & Spencer can probably make far more money selling clothes than holidays. However, the sale of foreign exchange has proved very lucrative for many travel agents and Marks &



Florida is cheap this summer - but published prices usually exclude all the extras, such as tax and insurance. Photo: Brian Smith/Matix

Spencer has simply decided it wants some of the best deals. But then one of my friends told me that they have little choice and I'd be better off going to a small, independent travel agent. Is my friend right?

The independent travel agent will probably be able to offer you a larger number of tour operators to choose from, because the big chains, or "multiples", are more selective about who they do business with. Many multiples are tied to tour operators and will usually recommend their sister or parent companies first. For example, Lunn Poly will recommend sister company Thomson, and Going Places will recommend parent Airtours.

Often it appears that the multiples can offer you a better deal than the inde-

pendents. Because of their size and strength, the multiples can demand higher commission levels from tour operators and pass them on to holidaymakers in the form of higher discounts. But it is important to remember that often a condition of the discount is that you buy the multiple's insurance policy, which is usually more expensive than an equivalent one offered by an independent.

The best thing to do is to shop around and then stick with the agent that you feel gives you the best service and advice, whether it is a multiple or independent. At the end of the day it is better to get a holiday that is right for you than to save a few quid and go on an unsuitable trip.

The museum at the bottom of the garden

Terry Brown visits an unusual French collection

On the D147, half-way between Chartres-sur-Cher and La Ferté-Macé, the forest suddenly thins and you come across what looks, at first glance, like an impressive chateau from the 18th century. The owner, though, will cheerfully tell you that the main building was constructed only about 100 years ago and, rather than showing you to a fine art collection of stately grandeur, he will take you to a collection of farm buildings.

You are unlikely to come to this place by chance. Nestling in the Sologne region of Loir-et-Cher, the small chateau of Douy is surrounded by forest, fields of sunflowers and artificial lakes. You come here with a purpose, for the farm outbuildings house a remarkable collection of artefacts from two world wars. These have been brought together by one man - Monsieur Patrice de la Rochefoucauld, the owner of the chateau.

According to his American wife, Monsieur Rochefoucauld has been a compulsive collector, with his energies focused on the two world wars. Over the last 25 years, he has amassed a huge collection and, as word spread, other people have brought objects to him. A week or two before our last visit, a neighbour (I use the term loosely; houses are sparse hereabouts) donated part of a Lancaster bomber wing that had been in his garden for half a century.

The result of all this is a museum which we thought showed more effectively than any other we had visited, what life for ordinary people was like in France during the wars.

The collection is displayed in a long raffered room stretching the full first-floor length of one of the old farm buildings which, together with the main house, make up an open quadrangle. There are no gimmicks. On one side of the room is the First World War; on the other is the Second World War.

In glass-topped cabinets are the medals, cap badges, insignia, belt buckles, hand weapons, all the paraphernalia of the soldiers on both sides of the struggles. But here also are the books of coupons, the identity cards, the passes - all the documents needed by people in their everyday lives.

Above, fastened to sloping ceilings, are some of the posters Monsieur Rochefoucauld has collected from both wars. They form an impressive display of crude propaganda. Smiling German officers hold French babies; the Vichy government urges acquiescence; call-up posters make explicit demands. On a lectern is a book containing newspapers. These are the actual reports of the day, giving details of the events of the wars as they happened.

In the run up to the anniversary of D Day this Thursday, memories of war become all the more poignant. And the value of a place like this becomes all the greater. You'll have to wait, though, before coming to visit. The Douy chateau museum is open only on Saturday and Sunday afternoons (2-7pm) during July and August. You pay an entrance fee of about £3 to Monsieur or a member of his family who will happily try to answer any of your questions, although for the most part, you'll find the exhibits hauntingly self-explanatory.

Douy is almost directly south of Orleans, about 350 km from Cherbourg, 300 km from La Havre, and 520 km from Calais.

If you want to see other war memorabilia, Holt's Battlefield Tours (01304 612248) runs a number of holidays to places in Europe associated with the Second World War. For more general information, contact the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London W1 (0891 244123).

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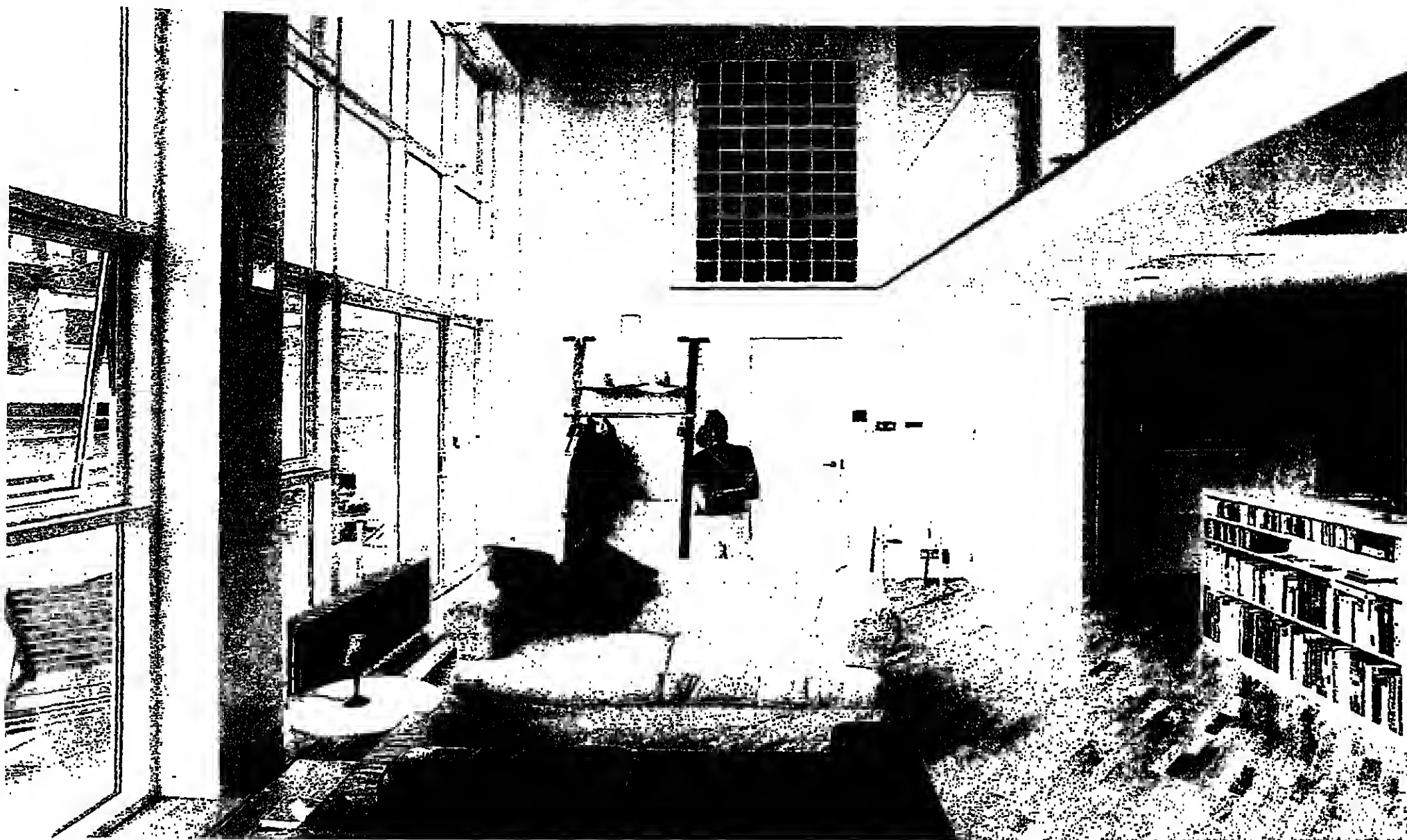
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What to do if your dream is a loft

Turning an empty space into a home needs imagination and money. Why not let an expert fit you up? By Penny Jackson



Margaret Williams in her Clerkenwell loft. She reckons that fitting it out has added more than £80,000 to the price of the raw shell

Photograph: Dillon Bryden

Buy a loft and you buy yourself a dream, is the message of the developers who are aware that the word "loft" performs a kind of alchemy on sales figures. Loft conversions have been the great success story of the last couple of years, not least to do with being part of a bigger picture of regeneration. As old industrial buildings take on a new life, so too do their neglected urban pockets.

Certainly there is nothing like an empty space to fire the imagination, and the first to embrace loft living took it on with a gusto and certainty of self-expression that blazed a trail. But there are those less sure of their dreams and with little relish for spending Saturdays in builders' merchants. Aware of this, some developers are now offering bespoke deals - complete fit-outs modelled on a show flat. Others, though, continue to organise their space the hard way.

Margaret Williams is a film director with her own production company in London. She moved into her raw "penthouse loft" in Clerkenwell, on the northern fringes of the City, last autumn - and was, at the time, on the rebound from being gazzumped on a Georgian house in Marylebone. Fitting out her loft has proved to be a perfect marriage of per-

sonality and place, she says, while looking out over a forest of rooftops towards the clean lines of Norman Foster's ITN building.

But it has not been easy or cheap. She reckons it has added more than £80,000 to the price of the shell. Each stage had to be costed and fine-tuned. She had a close working relationship with her architect, Patricia Pearson.

"It was terribly important to me how the place functioned because it was to be my workplace as well as my home," Ms Williams explains. "I couldn't have done it completely on my own. It isn't just the big things you need to get right, such as having an entrance on both levels. Small things matter as well, like having a cupboard to take my tripods. The gradual approach may have been chaotic, but I haven't made any mistakes. I changed quite a few crucial designs since living here."

Nor is the loft finished yet. Until a few weeks ago, Ms Williams was clambering up a ladder from her living space to her work area. "It's taken eight months to get the perfect staircase. I don't know if anyone else could get so excited by the fact that the bottom two steps line up with the floorboards. The aesthetic pleasure is absolutely gigantic."

Living through the evolution of her home,

though, has been stressful. "I'm not sure we are good about the detail of living in apartments in this country. I have had real problems with the rubbish disposal arrangements and the ludicrously small size of our postboxes downstairs."

Neither could she avoid getting caught up in any conflict between her architect and the builders. "Anything out of the ordinary and British builders seem to have a real attitude problem. I was driven mad at times. The bathroom was the biggest struggle. I wanted two showers - not uncommon in America - instead of a bath. Impossible, I was told. In the end I got my way, but also a bulky extra tank that I didn't want."

British plumbing has proved to be a bone of contention for David Berger, a managing and marketing consultant from Germany, and his girlfriend, who are in the process of buying a fitted-out loft from the Manhattan Loft Corporation. "We really wanted to have a toilet with an economic flush, but we were amazed to find it is not available here," Mr Berger said. "We are used to a high standard of work and fittings, and it is not always easy to find it in Britain. When we saw the quality of Manhattan's show flat, we agreed to buy the apartment only if we could use their architects. We want to

walk into a completed apartment; we don't have time to bother with builders - and how would we know how good their work is?"

It was this all-or-nothing sentiment that prompted Manhattan, the first company to bring over the idea of loft conversions from the United States, to offer the fit-out service at its Bankside development. Harry Handelsman, chairman of the company, said that some people who wanted to live in a loft were daunted by the undertaking. "Our architects are familiar with the building and can come up with the answers quickly. The show flat is a point of reference; before, all we did was put in the mezzanine."

David Berger spent three weeks discussing ideas with the architects before he agreed to go ahead. "There were some major changes we wanted, such as losing a bedroom and opening up the space, but there was a lot we wanted to keep."

In Manhattan's Bankside development, close to the South Bank complex, £113 would buy the shell of a studio-type loft; fully fitted-out the price is £135,000. Other developers are also beginning to offer fit-outs. In Clerkenwell, Bee Bee Developments is offering apartments ranging from £170,000, pre fit-out, to £220,000 finished.

Househunter Fitzjohns Ave, Hampstead



A house in Hampstead that has hidden its north London origins behind a new Japanese personality, has just come on the market. Two adjoining houses in Fitzjohns Avenue were replanned and redesigned with specially selected materials. A stream runs along the full length of the properties (which are reached by means of a slatted bridge) and a sunken Japanese garden is filled with pebbles, ferns and bamboo. One of the houses only is for sale at an asking price of £435,000 through Goldschmidt & Howland (0171-435 4404). The main bedroom has a low-level custom-made Japanese platform bed and sliding shoji cupboards made from yellow rice paper.

For what it's worth

Householders have just had their busiest month for two years and the prospects look good, according to the latest report for the House Builders Federation. New homes have increased their market share to almost 13 per cent from the 10 per cent at which they had been stuck since 1988. John Stewart, an independent housing economist and author of the report, says they are managing to fill a gap in the market because of sensitive prices and attractive marketing. "When I did some research with the Halifax we found a lack of confidence among intending homebuyers; they were not sure they would be able to sell their present homes. In buying a new home the hassle-free factor is very important," he said.

This bears out evidence from builders such as Barratt of a new breed of buyer at the top end of the market who, frustrated by the lack of good property available, is turning to developers for the first time. The success of Barratt's award-winning development, Lakeside Grange, in Weybridge, Surrey, looks like being matched by his latest enterprise on the River Thames at Chiswick. At the recent opening of Royal Thames Crescent, all but three of the 19 five-bedroom houses and 13 two-bedroom apartments, with prices ranging up to £600,000, have been sold.

The price to pay for renting out your house

You may think it's fit to live in, but would a tenant agree? By Margaret St John

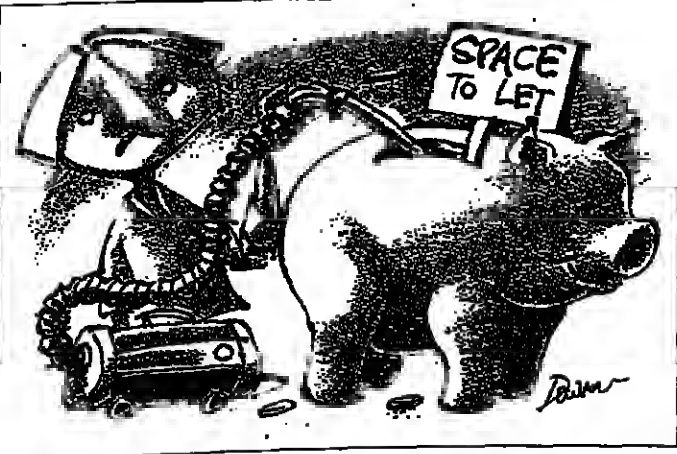
Faced with the possibility that I may have to rent out my house at the end of the year, I started asking questions about what I should do. A first-time landlord, I was astonished to discover a set of stringent regulations which, if not followed, could land me with a fine of £5,000, up to six months in prison - or both.

The principle is fine. Tenants need to be protected from unscrupulous landlords. But getting an ordinary family home up to scratch can be a very pricey business.

The scary regulations concern gas, electricity and soft furnishings. If you are buying any piece of soft furnishing, it requires a label with a triangle on it showing that it is fire resistant. You need to be particularly careful with any item bought before 1988 which would have been perfectly legal then but may now fall foul of the new laws.

You need safety certificates for gas and electricity (there is a fee for both). Gas appliances and associated pipework need to be in perfect working order with adequate ventilation. They need to be checked at least every 12 months by a CORGI (Council for Registered Gas Installers) engineer. It's a similar approach with electricity, taking care to avoid frayed wiring and badly fitted plugs.

Having cleared all the legal and safety hurdles, you still have to cater for your tenant. My house is, according to the letting agents, very desirable. A modern, three-bedroom townhouse in Fulham in a development that already has



many tenants from overseas. Meeting the expectations of the "right kind of tenant" will nevertheless set me back quite a sum.

The kitchen is new so thankfully I don't have to worry unduly about any of the appliances as they are covered by their guarantees. The paintwork is the sort that I could live with but must be redone, both outside and inside, at a cost of £2,000. All three bedrooms need new carpets (£800). I don't have a freezer so I'll probably have to buy one - and a tumble dryer. It's a pity about the shower room not being tiled; perhaps I'll end up doing that too because, in the words of one agent, "you want your tenants to get cosy and not want the bother of moving".

No, I don't want any tenants to move because if they do, I will have to get in touch with the Independent Inventory company immediately. For a house like

mine, an inventory can cost up to £140. There is also a check-in fee of around £58.

Before new tenants move in, the house has got to be spotless. Contract cleaners would charge me about £250. This fee would include cleaning the carpets, windows and paintwork but not taking down and putting up curtains. These would need to be taken to the cleaners. Cleaning soft furnishings would also incur an extra fee.

Everybody tells me that it's money well spent to use an agent as interviewing tenants can be a nightmare. This is where someone like Tish McVitie, Lettings Manager at Vanstons Rentals in Fulham, can take over. She will tell you how much you can expect to get for your property, show tenants around, check the references, collect the first month's rent and deposit and arrange for the Independent Inventory com-

pany to check the tenant into the property. The fee for this service is 10 per cent of the rental agreed for the period of the tenancy. Vanstons would also prepare a Tenancy Agreement for an extra fee of £60 (plus VAT).

My next jolt came from my building society. It is essential that you inform them of your movements - and remember that you are no longer entitled to any tax relief (MIRAS). You need to fill in a Letting Enquiry Form and if my society was satisfied with all the details, I would then be charged an £80 administration charge plus a staggering 2 per cent extra on my monthly payments. Not all banks and building societies make this charge, so I am definitely looking into remortgaging.

Insurance is another tricky area; many companies increase your premium when you rent out your home, but take away any accidental damage cover. Most importantly, you are not covered for anything your tenants may do deliberately.

Finally, Income Tax. There are different rules for residents and non residents and you need to be very careful to comply with them. Some things (for example mortgage interest and repairs) can be charged against tax so it is advisable to contact your tax office, who print a number of helpful leaflets.

So, there you are. You have got your house into a better and safer condition than it ever was when you lived in it; you are paying more for the mortgage and insurance - and you're no longer even living there.



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The Magellan affair is a reminder that the stock market is becoming dangerously overheated

Nine days ago, a portly middle-aged man by the name of Jeff Vinik resigned from his job as manager of the Magellan mutual fund. Not only did this news make all the front pages in the US, but it also "stunned" the stock market, reported the *Financial Times*. Within an hour of the announcement being made, the share price of eight of the 10 largest holdings to Mr Vinik's fund had fallen sharply.

The Magellan fund has now reached the kind of size where out-performance becomes by definition harder and harder. The kind of huge portfolio shifts that Mr Vinik was making - moving billions of dollars into and out of a single sector in a matter of months in order to keep one step ahead of the latest fad on Wall Street - may have been necessary to keep his job. No doubt it required the skill and daring for which Mr Vinik was known among his peers.

But to call it investment is to stretch the meaning of that term to its limits. Institutionalised gambling seems nearer the mark. At a time when shares account for a higher proportion of US household assets than at any time in living memory, the Magellan affair is a reminder that the stock market is becoming dangerously overheated. No wonder many older heads on Wall Street think the mutual fund



JONATHAN DAVIS
INVESTMENTS

revolution and the associated cult of performance is a worrying development.

The circumstances of Mr Vinik's departure remain unclear. Some suspect that he may have been asked to leave by his employers, the Fidelity group, one of Boston's leading investment groups. The latter, however, was at pains to say that this was not the case. Mr Vinik himself said he was leaving to start his own investment management business. The Securities and Exchange Commission had earlier taken the unusual step of publicly repudiating another newspaper story which suggested it was investigating Mr Vinik's share-dealing activities. It is hard for us in this country to

comprehend how important mutual funds are to the American investment scene. The nearest equivalent in this country is the unit trust. But like most things in America, the mutual fund business is an order of magnitude bigger than anything we do over here. The total amount invested in mutual funds now tops \$2,000bn. That is more than the capitalisation of the entire London stock market, and more than 10 times the amount of money managed by UK unit trusts.

The amount invested in mutual funds has been growing steadily for 30 years, but more recently the flow of money has turned from a tide into a torrent. As interest rates have fallen, millions of savers in America have taken their money out of their deposit accounts and, in a search for higher returns, invested them instead in mutual funds.

The Magellan fund has been one of the main beneficiaries. The pot of money formerly run by Mr Vinik is the largest mutual fund in the US. It has an estimated \$56bn (£37bn) of funds under management.

The man who put Magellan on the map was a remarkable fund manager called Peter Lynch. In little more than a decade, this ferocious stock-picker - he liked to have hundreds of stocks in his portfolio and turn the whole thing over at least once a year - turned

an unknown backwater of the business into the hottest and most successful mutual fund of all time.

But when he retired, still in his forties and with his reputation intact, Mr Lynch left his successors not just a huge portfolio of stocks, but also a huge problem - how to sustain the momentum of a fund that had rapidly outgrown anything the mutual fund business had ever seen before.

Mr Vinik's track record doesn't look too bad, at least on the face of it. He was aggressive, and more than willing to take big bets. At one point last year, he had more than 40 per cent of the fund in technology stocks - a shrewd-looking move as technology stocks led Wall Street higher. But then late last year, he reversed tack, dumping nearly all his technology stocks and going overweight in cash and bonds instead.

That didn't look so smart as Wall Street continued to power ahead. In a business where performance is now measured quarterly, Magellan suddenly started to slip down the rankings. Combined with the poor publicity, the warning bells began to toll. Now Mr Vinik has gone. It is hard not to see him as, in part, a victim of an industry which has become increasingly competitive and in which the burden of meeting unrealistic expectations is beginning to take its toll.

Self-invested pensions, a user's guide

By Michael Royde

Robert is a partner in a big firm of City accountants, and is due to retire shortly. He is setting up a farming enterprise close to his home and wished to buy some agricultural land. As a result we decided to kill two birds with one stone, and set up a self-invested pension plan (Sipp), in considerable haste, to catch the end of the tax year.

Unlike conventional pension plans, Sipp can invest in commercial property and farm land. The payment for the agricultural land was made into the Sipp and thus the purchase price became the premium and obtained tax relief.

This represents a substantial benefit to Robert now, while he is a top-rate taxpayer as his income is likely to drop from his current 40 per cent tax rate to 24 per cent.

We spent a lot of time comparing the merits of contributing to a pension or investing in a Personal Equity Plan. I believe that generally PEPs represent better value than additional voluntary contributions to a pension plan (AVCs), especially if the time to retirement is short.

However, the situation changes when personal pensions are in the ring because of the opportunity to take 25 per cent of the pension as a tax-free cash sum on retirement, and the opportunity to use the balance for income withdrawal rather than having to buy an annuity immediately on retirement. Pensions show up even better when there

is likely to be a fall in tax rates in retirement.

The second call was from a friend of another client who wished to buy his business premises from a receiver. Unfortunately he has a small Self-Administered Pension Scheme. Had been in a personal pension instead he too would have been able to make use of carry-forward and been able to purchase the building in his Sipp fund and obtain tax relief on the contribution.

The third client, Rose, is the god-daughter of another client of mine. Her flat is above a shop and the shop was put up for sale in an auction. The shop failed to reach its reserve price of £24,500 and she was able to buy it post-auction at a substantial discount to the reserve.

The question was whether it would be better to buy the shop through a Sipp or in her own name. The reason for wishing to buy the shop was to protect the value of the flat and to ensure that the premises would not be used for a restaurant or takeaway.

Because Rose did not have enough capital, a loan of two-thirds of the purchase price was arranged. The advantage of purchase through a Sipp would be that tax relief would be obtained on the cash contribution towards the purchase price (ie one third). Because a loan was required to purchase the shop, the loan interest would also be tax-deductible because it would be paid as a pension contribution. As Rose is a 40 per cent taxpayer and does not make full pen-

sion contributions, this advantage in effect reduced the risk if it proved difficult to let.

However, there was pressure to exchange quickly, because the landlord had found someone to rent the shop and because the costs of setting up a Sipp for a small purchase seemed too high, the decision was made to buy the shop in Rose's own name.

The shop was being sold as a freehold, with a lease on Rose's flat. It would therefore have been necessary to split the deeds of the flat away from the shop if the shop had been bought through a Sipp, because it is not possible to purchase residential property in any form in a personal pension.

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£50,000+	6.75	5.40
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Call us free any time from 9am to 5pm weekdays, or from 10am to 3pm weekends (you can leave a message at other times).

We'll send you full details and your application form.

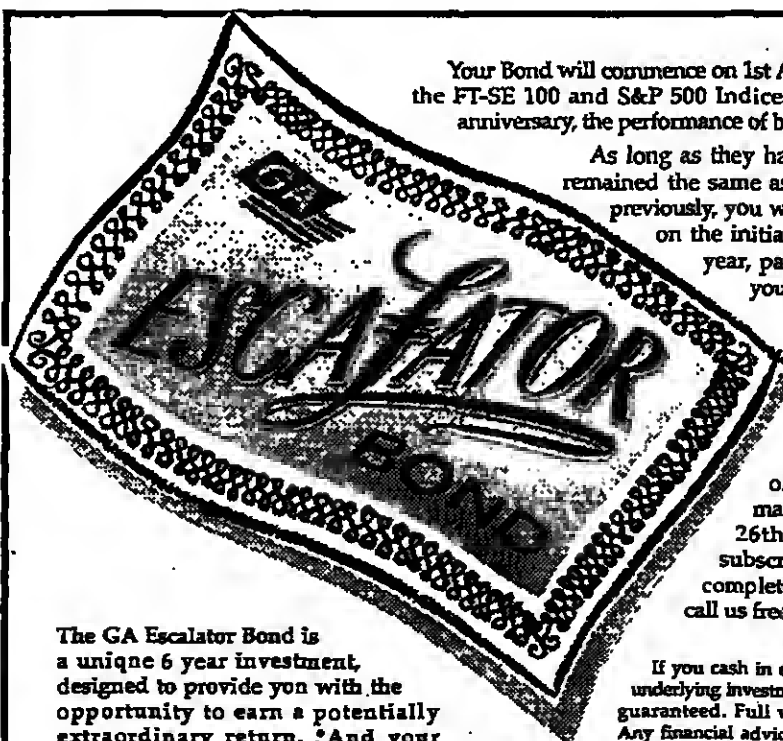
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Great North Postal Deposit Account

NORTHERN ROCK

Northern Rock Building Society.
Principal Office: Northern Rock House, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne NE3 4PL.
www.nrock.co.uk

*Net interest (11.11%) Rates are correct as at 1.4.95 but may vary. The circumstances in which the rates may vary are described in our Great North Postal Deposit Account Terms and Conditions. Charges apply. Interest will be paid after deduction of income tax at the basic rate of 20% on the interest earned. Where the tax deducted exceeds an investor's tax liability (if any) claim may be made to the Inland Revenue for repayment of 10%. For individuals whose income tax falls within the lower or basic rate bands, the tax deducted will match their liability to tax on the interest. They will have no net tax to pay on it. Individuals who are liable at the higher rate of income tax of 40% will have to pay additional tax on the interest to cover the difference between the tax deducted and the higher rate tax due. Account balances below £5,000 will receive interest at the prevailing basic rate. Interest is paid on balances below £5,000, unless the account holder is registered as a saver 25 years or over. The account is for personal use only and is open to permanent 1% reduction. Full written terms and conditions will be sent with your application form. Following receipt of a completed application form, your postcard will usually be sent to you within five full working days. Great North Postal Deposit Account is a Limited Issue. Opening an account is subject to credit administration will be required. Depositing in Great North Postal Deposit Account does not create any membership rights in the Society. Maximum account holding with the Society £500,000.



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Your Bond will commence on 1st August 1996. On this date the value of the FT-SE 100 and S&P 500 Indices will be measured. Then on each anniversary, the performance of both these Indices will be reviewed.

As long as they have both either grown, or even just remained the same as their respective values 12 months previously, you will automatically receive 15% growth on the initial value of your investment for that year, payable at the end of the term giving you an outstanding potential return.

And what's more, if either should have fallen, your initial investment plus any growth previously allocated will be totally protected on maturity.

The minimum investment is only £2,500 - with absolutely no maximum! So hurry, the closing date is 26th July 1996, or before if fully subscribed. To secure your Bond, simply complete the coupon and send it to us - or call us free.

If you cash in early, you will get the market value of the underlying investments. This value can fluctuate and cannot be guaranteed. Full written details are available on request. Any financial advice given will relate only to the products of General Accident Life. The FT-SE 100 and S&P 500 Indices do not include reinvestment of share dividends.

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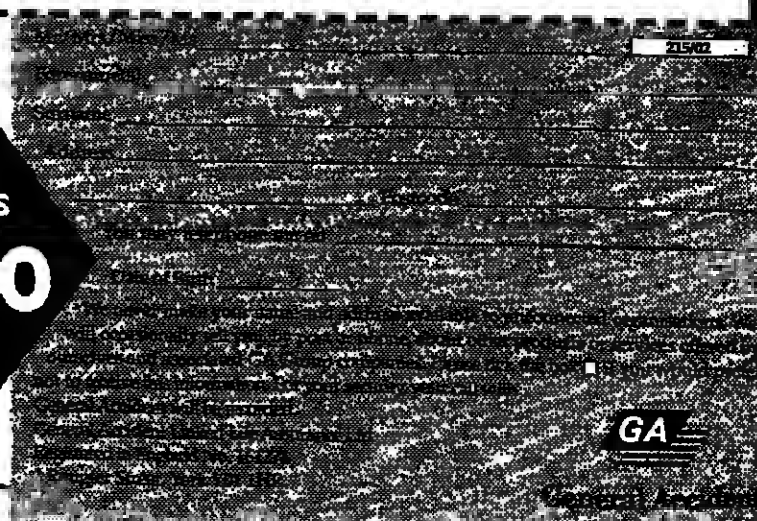
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Beyond the point of low return

With interest rates on savings at ground level, Clifford German looks at alternatives

If you have divided up your savings and put the minimum qualifying amount into accounts with all the top 20 building societies, you are probably happy to put up with derisory rates of return of 2-4 per cent while you wait for your windfall. But interest rates on small sums in most banks and building societies accounts have shrunk to levels which, especially after tax, are unacceptably low.

If, like most people, you are looking out for a better rate of return without running any real risk, you will have heard of guaranteed income bonds, offered by a dozen or so insurance companies. They guarantee to pay your capital back in full, plus a fixed rate of return over the life of the bond, which is usually not less than five years. Premium Life (0800-414111) currently offers the widest range of rates, from 3.9 per cent on £1,000 for a year up to 5 per cent for three years and 5.6 per cent for five years. On £10,000 the rates range from 4.9 per cent for a year to 6.5 per cent for five years. Guaranteed growth bonds are similar but pay out a lump sum on maturity, currently anything from 30 per cent over five years on small sums to 35 per cent on £10,000, instead of a regular income.

The returns are better than a bank or building society would offer. But the return is firmly fixed, and there are penalties to pay if you want your money back early. If you are concerned that either for political or economic reasons the next

move in interest rates will be up, then you will not want to lock your money up for more than two years at the most, and if you also think the rate of inflation is likely to rise then you should not be looking at a GIB.

A better bet for the risk-averse investor might be a guaranteed equity bond, which pays no income but guarantees the return of capital plus a variable return based not on interest rates but on rises in the FT-SE 100 share index during the life of the bond. Most GEBs only pay out part of the gain, however.

Rather more adventurous is the 24th issue of the TSB's guaranteed stock market bond, which guarantees the investor the full return of all money invested, plus any gain in the FT-SE 100 share index in full, with the finishing level averaged over the final year to spread the risk, and any increase in excess of 25 per cent during the life of the bond guaranteed in full even if the index subsequently falls back below that level. Gains are normally paid tax-free to basic-rate taxpayers.

The downside is a 5 per cent initial charge, which reduces the base for both the guarantee and the gains to 95 per cent of the sum invested. The minimum investment is £2,000 (call 0345-123900 24 hours a day).

Better still might be a guaranteed unit trust, which is set to become the next new mainstream investment for private investors and pension

funds, according to Richard Boleover, deputy managing director of Close Fund Management, part of the Close Brothers merchant bank. These are unit trusts, which can be bought and sold daily, but by using derivatives managers can protect against falls and lock in any gains at the end of each quarter.

Guaranteed unit trusts could appeal to risk-averse investors, especially those approaching retirement, but they are equally intended to appeal to the £600bn pensions industry including providers of personal pensions, group personal pension plans, self-invested pension plans, group money purchase and defined benefit pension schemes and additional voluntary contributions by protecting money-purchase pensions from a slump in stock market values just as individuals reach retirement.

The Close UK Escalator 100 offers complete protection against a falling market, the slightly riskier Escalator 95 the maximum loss in any one quarter is 5 per cent, and for this the index has to fall 15 per cent. Derivatives allow investors to share the risk premium and benefit from accrued dividends.

There is an up-front charge of 5 per cent before the balance is invested. No dividends are paid out but all profits are treated as capital gains. Minimum investments are £1,000 or £100 a month (call 01277-690455 or contact an independent financial adviser).



An uncertain quantity: Many investors are concerned about interest rates after the next election

Make sure your holiday doesn't become a nightmare

How to get the best insurance. By Ian Hunter

The holiday season is gradually easing itself into gear as many take advantage of bargain holidays. Yet for thousands every year, the hope for paradise in the sun turns into the holiday from hell. There are a few practical points worth bearing in mind. They will not save a holiday but they might minimise the misery.

When booking the holiday, check carefully the cancellation provisions. The financial penalties increase as the departure date nears. If you think you may have to cancel it may be better to wait until you are sure you are free to travel before booking.

It is usually best to book by credit card. By this method holidaymakers can secure extra protection. Under section 75 of the Consumer Credit Act 1974, credit card companies are jointly liable if the agreed goods or services, costing at least £100, are not supplied.

This provides the traveller with the option of seeking reimbursement from the credit card company as an alternative to the tour company. The right is particularly useful if the tour operator has gone out of business. It is important to remember that charge card issuers, such as American Express, are not bound by the same obligations although, in practice, they may be prepared to consider compensation as a goodwill gesture.

What protection do the travel regulations provide if the tour operator goes bust?

The Package Travel Regulations, which came into force in December 1992, have increased the liability that tour operators must accept if a holiday goes wrong. The effect of the regulations, subject to a number of exceptions and defences, is that tour operators must now accept liability for the actions of



Tranquil scenes: Delayed or cancelled flights can destroy a holiday

their suppliers, including hoteliers, airlines and excursion organisers.

Additional protection is provided in cases where holiday companies go bust and holiday-makers either lose their deposits or find themselves stranded abroad.

What advantage is there for me if the tour operator is a member of the Association of British Travel Agents (Abta) or the Association of International Tour Operators (Aito)?

All tour operators are covered by the travel package regulations, which aim to protect all holiday-makers. However, both Abta and Aito provide in addition, for holiday-makers

booking through one of their members, a procedure for settling disputes short of court action.

Aito operates an independent dispute-settlement service. Abta provides an independent arbitration service to its members' clients. The service is administered by the Chartered Institute of Arbitrators. Abta points out: "It is a simple, inexpensive way to reach a legally binding solution and does not require you to attend court as it is all done by paperwork."

What should I do if things go wrong while I am on holiday?

It is essential that you raise any complaint with the tour representa-

tives at the earliest possible opportunity. The tour operator must be given the chance to remedy any shortcomings as soon as possible. This is because when a breach of contract has occurred the holiday-makers are under a duty to try and mitigate their loss, so the tour operator must be made aware of any problem in order to have a chance to remedy it. Remember to keep receipts in respect of any expenses incurred in order to establish the loss suffered in any subsequent claim.

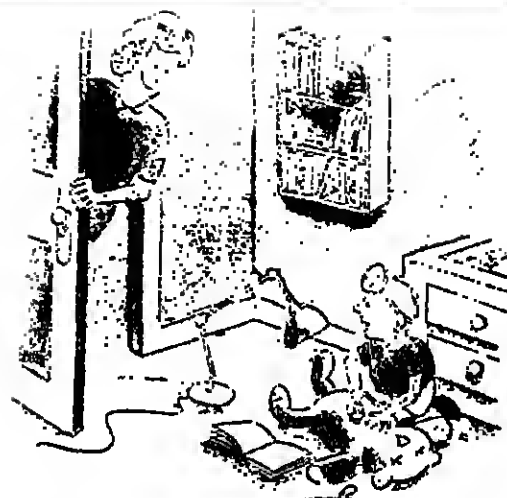
What can I claim for?

Usually the law does not provide for an award of damages purely for an injury to feelings, annoyance or any social embarrassment caused by the breach of contract. Damages are usually only awarded for an identifiable financial loss. However, the Court of Appeal has allowed an exception to this principle if the tour operator fails to provide the facilities promised. In one case a tour operator had promised accommodation to its clients for 14 days but in the event provided it for only a single day. The holiday-makers were awarded £250 for general damages, mental distress, inconvenience and loss of enjoyment.

Is there any real difference between insurance policies?

There are several different types of standard policy. If you travel a lot it may be cheaper to obtain season-long or all-year cover. Ensure that the medical cover is adequate. Check that the personal baggage allowance is high enough to cover all losses as the standard cover is sometimes unrealistically low. Delayed baggage is just as capable as lost baggage of ruining a holiday. It is advisable to check how long baggage must go astray before compensation is available to buy replacements.

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Telephone	% Rate and period	Max. adv. %	Fee	Incentive	Redemption penalty
MORTGAGES					
Fixed rates					
Scarborough BS	0300 590547	0.05 for 1 year	70	0.75% —	1st 5 yrs: 7.19% of sum repaid
West Bromwich BS	0121 525 7070	5.99 for 1/6/99	85	£295 £300 cash rebate	1st 6 yrs: 6% of advance
Northern Rock BS	0800 591500	7.24 for 1/6/01	95	£295 —	1st 6 yrs: 5% of sum repaid
Variable rates					
Scarborough BS	0300 590547	0.95 for 1 year	95	£150 —	1st 5 yrs: 6.29% of sum repaid
Halifax BS	0800 101110	4.39 for 30/6/99	90	—	To 30/6/03: 2-6% of advance
Bradford & Bings BS	0800 252993	5.79 for 5 years	85	—	1st 5 yrs: 6 mths int
First time buyers fixed rates					
Bristol & West BS	0800 100117	0.95 for 30/4/97	90	£275 —	To 30/4/01: 8/6 mths interest
First Mortgage	0800 080088	4.25 for 1/7/98	90	£275 —	To 1/5/01: 5% of advance
Lambeth BS	0800 225221	7.55 for 1/9/01	95	£295 0.5% of adv rebated	1st 5 yrs: 6 mths int & rebate red
First time buyers variable rates					
Principality BS	01222 344188	1.00 for 1/7/97	90	—	To 30/6/01: discount reclaim
Coventry BS	0800 128125	3.76 for 1/7/98	95	—	To 1/7/01: 6 mths interest
Halifax BS	0800 101110	5.69 for 30/9/01	90	—	To 30/9/03: 1-4% of advance

PERSONAL LOANS

Telephone	APR	Fixed monthly payments (£3,000 over 3 years)
Unsecured		
Direct Line	0141 248 9966	13.90E
Yorkshire Bank	0345 181920	14.60
Midland Bank	0800 180180	14.90
Secured (second charge)		
Clydesdale Bank	0800 240024	7.40
Royal Bank of Scotland	0800 900929	9.00
Barclays Bank	0800 000929	9.0/10.0

OVERDRAFTS

Telephone	Account	Authorised % pm	Unauthorised % pm	APR
Woolwich BS	0800 400900	Current	0.76 9.5 2.18	29.5
Alliance & Leicester	0500 959595	Alliance	0.76 9.5 2.20	29.8
Abbey National	0500 200500	Current	0.94 11.9 2.18	29.5

CREDIT CARDS

Telephone	Card	Min. %	Rate %	APR	Annual period	Int. free
Standard						
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.92	11.50	nil 0 days
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	Access	—	0.95N	12.00N	nil N 56 days
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.00	14.00	£12 56 days
Bold cards						
Co-operative Bank	0345 212212	Visa	£20,000	0.50	10.50	£120 46 days
Royal Bank of Scotland	01702 362890	Visa	£20,000	1.05N	14.50N	£35 46 days
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	Visa	£20,000	1.14	15.90	£35 56 days

STORE CARDS

Telephone	Payment by direct debit % pm	APR	Payment by other methods % pm	APR
John Lewis	in store	—	1.39	18.00
Marks & Spencer	01244 681681	1.87	24.80	1.97 26.30
Sears	in store	1.94	25.90	2.20 29.80

APR: Annualised percentage rate. B+C Buildings and Contents Insurance LTV Limit to value. ASU: Accident, sickness and unemployment. E: Available to co-operative bank insurance policyholders aged over 22 years. N: Introductory rate for a limited period.

All rates subject to change without notice.

Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677

30 May 1996

Best savings rates

Telephone number	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
INSTANT ACCESS					
Portman BS	01202 292444	Instant Access	Instant	£100	4.80 Year
Co-operative Bank	0345 252000	Post Office	Instant	£5,000	5.00 Month
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	Liquidity	Instant	£25,000	5.25 Year
Slipstream BS	01756 700511	High Street	Instant	£30,000	5.50 Year

INSTANT ACCESS SAVING ACCOUNTS					
Yorkshire BS	0800 378836	First Class Access	Postal	£1,000	4.90 Year
Alliance & Leicester BS	0645 645660	Instant Direct	Postal	£5,000	5.40 Year
Bristol & West BS	0800 901109	Instant Access Postal	Postal	£10,000	5.75 Year
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Great North Postal	Postal	£25,000	6.50 A Year

NOTICE ACCOUNTS & BONDS					
Coventry BS	0345 665522	Postal 50	50 day P	£2,000	5.45 Year
Coventry BS	0345 665522	Postal 50	90 day P	£10,000	6.10 Year
First National BS	0800 558844	90 Day Notice	90 day P	£10,000	6.20 Year
Cheltenham BS	0800 272505	120 Account	120 day	£25,000	6.50 Year

CHEQUE ACCOUNTS					
Kleinwort Benson	01202 502404	HICA	Instant	£2,500	5.25 Month
Halifax BS	01422 333333	Asset Reserve	Instant	£10,000	4.30 Quarter
Cheltenham BS	0800 272505	Classic Postal	Instant	£10,000	4.75 Year
Cheltenham BS	0800 272505	Classic Postal	Instant	£25,000	5.00 Year

FIXED RATE BONDS					
Cheltenham BS	0800 272505	Fixed Rate Bond	1/8/97	£5,000	6.25F Year
Universal BS	0800 281496	Fixed Rate Bond	2 Year	£5,000	7.00F Year
Nottingham BS	0115 956 4422	Fixed Rate Bond	1/6/99	£1,000	7.25F Year
Birmingham BS	0800 132304	High Income Bond	1/10/2001	£50,000	7.75F Year

FIRST TESSAS					
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	5 years	£5,000	7.45F Year	
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	5 years	£8,575	7.50F Year	
Birmingham Midshires	0645 720721	5 years	£1,000	7.25 Year	
Principality BS	01222 344188	5 years	£500	7.00 Year	

FOLLOW ON TESSAS					
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	5 years	£9,000	7.50F Year	
Northern Rock	0500 505000	5 years	£9,000	7.50 Year	
Halifax Bank	0800 200400	5 years	£5,000	7.45F Year	
Birmingham Midshires	0645 720721	5 years	£1,000	7.25 Year	

GUARANTEED INCOME BONDS					
GAN Life & Pensions	01279 462839	1 year	£10,000	4.90FN Year	
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	2 years	£3,000	5.70FN Year	
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	3 years	£3,000	6.10FN Year	
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	4 years	£3,000	6.40FN Year	
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	5 years	£3,000	6.75FN Year	

OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS					
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Offshore Instant	Instant	£10,000	6.30 Year
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Offshore Instant	Instant	£50,000	6.60 Year
Birmingham Midshires	01481 700680	Fixed Account	31/1/98	£5,000	6.75F Year
Slipstream, Guern	01481 727374	3 Year Bond	31/5/99	£10,000	7.40F Year

NATIONAL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS					
Investment Accounts		1 month	£20	5.00 Year	
			£500	5.50 Year	
			£25,000	5.75 Year	
Income Bonds		3 months	£2,000	6.25 Month	
			£25,000	6.50 Month	
Capital Bond	Series J	5 years	£100	6.65F Maturity	
First Option Bonds		12 months	£1,000	6.25F Year	
			£20,000	6.50F Year	
Pensioners' Guaranteed Income Bond	Series 3	5 year	£500	7.00F Month	
NS Certificates (tax-free)	43rd issue	5 year	£100	5.35F Maturity	
	9th Index linked	5 year	£100	2.50+api Maturity	
Children's Bond	Issue H	5 year	£25	6.75F Maturity	

P: post only F: fixed rate
N: nil and nil A: All withdrawals subject of 30 day loss of interest
All rates are shown gross and are subject to change without notice.

Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677

30 May 1996

FEAR OF FINANCE
Clifford German

House-buyers think the housing market will actually fare worse next year under Tony Blair than under a new Tory government, according to a straw poll conducted by First Mortgage Securities, which sells mortgages over the phone. It only asked 105 applicants, which may be on the small side for a sample, but those who replied certainly appear to be a cautious bunch. The main industry forecasters are now expecting property prices to rise by 2-5 per cent this year, but over 60 per cent of the FMS sample were expecting only 1-2 per cent and 20 per cent believe there will actually be no change at all in property prices in 1996.

This must be depressing news for the housing market optimists, and especially for mortgage lenders, who have been frightening the Governor of the Bank of England by priming the housing market with ever more generous cash-back, discount and fixed-rate deals. Property is historically cheap but confidence is still feeble. The modest upturn in prices over the last nine months is almost certainly the result of the flood of special offers lenders have been pushing onto the market, and if the Governor gets his way and the special offers dry up and/or interest rates go up again property prices could stall or even start to fall again.

There is anecdotal evidence that demand for mortgages and remortgages has slowed again in the last two weeks, either because of the continuing poor weather, or more likely a less optimistic view of the economic outlook in general and personal circumstances in particular.

It also seems likely that rather more borrowers are applying for mortgages through intermediaries.

This in turn implies their anxiety to win share lenders are as more business from poorer risks, those with active equity, a history of arrears or country judgements, and those for large loans in connection to their borrowing, all of whom tend to be a cautious bunch. For 1997, 52 per cent of the FMS sample forecast a rise of 1-2 per cent and 24 per cent expect a market if the Tories again. That suggests any hopes the Government may have had that a but unmistakable upturn in the housing market will help to spread the mild feel-good factor are again misplaced.

But if Labour wins, punters are even more cautious. Only 36 per cent expect a rise of 1-2 per cent and 48 per cent think the market would be static. FMS managing director Nick Deutsch admits we were not asked to expect their predictions. It could be that they expect a sterling crisis, which might force Labour to raise interest rates and adversely affect the housing market. Or it could be that Labour expect to embark on a public spending boom, which would have the same effect. But it is equally possible they think Mr Blair will be even tougher on inflation than the Tories and push rates to beat off any possible crisis.

The other explanation simply that house-buyers are conditioned to fear the Labour government will harm the housing market and are reacting instinctively to those fears rather than interpreting events rationally. Either way the poll is just as much food for thought for Messrs Blair and Mandelson as it is for Major and Clarke.

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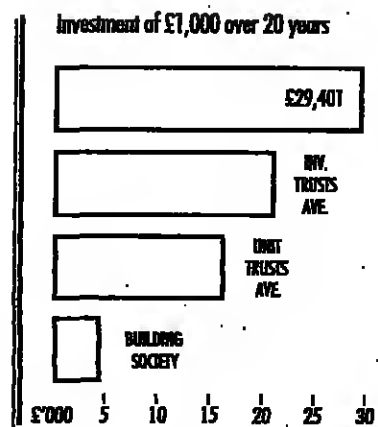
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5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount invested. Past performance is not a guide to the future. All figures sourced from the F&C Inv. Trust PLC 5 year performance of £1,000 invested in F&C Inv. Trust PLC £2,028; investment trust average £1,496; unit trust average £1,691 and Bldg. Soc. £1,312. The value of shares and the income from them can fall

Newcomers bid for a future based on trust

Investment trust companies are gaining ground from traditional providers in the pensions market. By Clifford German

Investment trust companies are pushing strongly into the pension business, taking advantage of the opportunities which traditional pension providers have, for a variety of reasons, failed to take. Foreign & Colonial has offered a pension scheme based on investment trusts rather than the traditional unit-linked or with-profits pension schemes since 1994.

Edinburgh Fund Managers has also been in the business for two years. Earlier this year Flemings joined in and EFM has now come back with a new scheme offering a choice of two in-house pension plans investing in investment trusts and the option to switch into investment trusts offered by half a dozen other leading managers if required.

It features a commitment to clear and comprehensible explanations of what precisely is involved, a transparent charging system, low actual charges, flexibility, and a significant absence of penalties for switching assets once they have been invested. In its way this trend could be as influential in popularising personal pension plans and additional voluntary contributions as the trend toward abolishing initial charges, which has revolutionised the unit trust and PEP scene over the last two years.

If so it is not before time. There is a crying need for investors to build up their private pension provisions to cope with the trend away from lifetime careers and company pensions towards frequent job

changes and early retirement. The Government does its bit by allowing full tax relief on all earned income invested in pension plans. Anyone paying tax at 40 per cent can in effect reclaim the tax and invest £100 in a pension scheme at a net cost to themselves of just £60.

But people are simply not putting anything like enough into pension plans. This is not just the result of lack of money although it is a fact that most young people still prefer to spend rather than provide for old age, and most people with spare to put into a pension plan at least until their children are off their hands.

The insurance companies which have provided the vast bulk of personal pension plans and additional voluntary contribution schemes for the past 30 years must bear much of the blame. There is still a cloud of suspicion over insurance companies, which were all more or less involved in selling inappropriate personal pensions to punters who should have stayed with their company pension schemes.

Traditional providers have not helped themselves by sticking to a complex system of charges which the vast majority of punters still does not fully understand. The illustrations that providers tend to offer to would-be buyers are usually combined with the projected returns based on assumed rates of return, and it is only by comparing the projections that buyers can begin to appreciate the impact of charges.

Thanks to the Financial Services Act and the partial disclosure it requires, investors are increasingly aware that charges can be high and significantly erode the long-term performance of a pension fund. But most punters still do not twig that the money they put into a traditional with-profits or unit-linked pension is subjected to a variety of up-front deductions to cover administrative costs and commission paid to agents and salesmen. Older investors may find that less of their funds are invested than younger investors. Most traditional funds invest in unit trusts and are subject to the standard 5 per cent bid-to-offer charge which applies to unit trusts.

Annual management fees of up to 1.5 per cent a year are quite normal and in some cases there are a series of penalties for transferring to another fund before retiring, for retiring early and for taking the fund elsewhere on retirement.

Investment trusts are cheaper because there is no bid-to-offer spread, although all purchases and switches between trusts incur the standard stamp duty charge of 0.5 per cent which applies to all share purchases. The long-standing disadvantage of investment trusts that the trusts were at a discount to the assets they invested in has largely disappeared.

Flemings levies a flat £100 fee to set up a pension, and the annual charge is £50 plus 0.5 per cent of the value of the fund, reducing to 0.25 per cent when the fund reaches £10,000. Funds can be invested in

a managed fund where the investment decisions are taken by Flemings, or in a choice of Flemings' 18 investment trusts. The minimum investment is £1,000 or £100 a month.

Edinburgh Fund Managers has gone even further. It guarantees that 100 per cent of all contributions to its new funds will actually be invested into investment trust shares. Investors can choose to leave all investment decisions in the managers or to switch between 10 different EFM investment trusts or even to buy investment trusts managed by a dozen other providers including F&S, Fleming, and St.

The minimum investment is £50 a month or a single lump sum of £1,000, which can be added to at any time. Investors will have to pay a fee to cover commission if they buy from a commission-earning independent financial adviser but no commission is charged if they buy direct from Edinburgh itself. The initial charge is a flat £100 rather than a percentage. There is a flat £50 annual management fee plus a percentage charge of 0.25 per cent every six months. That adds up to £100 or 1 per cent on a fund of £10,000, £150 or 0.75 per cent on a fund of £20,000 and £200 or 0.5 per cent on £40,000.

In a perfect world perhaps the managers might have tailored their charges fully to the performance of the investments, but the system they have brought in is a big improvement on the traditional methods used by the insurance companies.



LOOSE CHANGE

Skipton Building Society has introduced new discount mortgages, including a discount of 6 per cent on the current standard variable rate of 6.99 per cent for five months and 0.75 per cent off for a further 12 months, or 3 per cent off for two years.

A 1 per cent discount for a year, a £250 cashback and a loan of up to 95 per cent is also on offer without the need for a mortgage insurance guarantee.

Halifax Building Society has extended the life of its incentive packages by a further three months and introduced a three-year discounted first-time buyer and remortgage with 1 per cent off the standard

variable rate of 7.25 per cent and on repayment penalties.

Alliance & Leicester is offering a new specifically remortgage product combining a 3 per cent discount for a year, no arrangement fee, a refund of valuation fees and up to £350 towards legal expenses.

Cheltenham & Gloucester has launched a three-year fixed-rate bond paying 7 per cent annually on a minimum investment of £1,000. A monthly income option pays 6.78 per cent.

On a minimum investment of £500 Abbey National is paying 6.5 per cent annual or 6.31 per cent on a monthly income option.

Can Bank Corporation is raising rates on its fixed-rate Tessa from 7.4 per cent to 7.5 per cent. Royal Bank of Scotland has launched a fixed-rate follow-on Tessa paying an escalating rate rising from 6.75 per cent in year one to 10.75 per cent in year five but not compounded.

Mercury Asset Management is offering shareholders in UK privatisations the opportunity over the next three months to switch into Mercury's Privatisation Trust at a flat fee of £10 plus VAT for each holding. The minimum investment is £1,000 in shares and/or cash.

Scottish Equitable and Guildford-based Premier Fund Managers

are launching International Portfolio, a low to medium-risk investment fund. Some 80 per cent of the fund will be invested in a world-wide portfolio of unit trusts. The balance will be invested in FTSE 100 shares using derivatives to limit the downside to 2.5 per cent a quarter.

NatWest is launching Safeguard, a "guaranteed" unit trust designed to limit the downward impact of falls in major stock markets. Falls are limited to 5 per cent a year and gains of 10 per cent are locked in.

Share shops are accepting registrations for the British Energy privatisation. The pathfinder prospectus is published on 10 June.

PERSONAL PENSIONS

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trust us to deliver

pick of the week



CHANGE

Stephen Davies (*Gayle*) Pursue of a new work by the renowned choreographer with a piece to music by Scarlati. *Newcastle Playhouse, tonight*

John Burrows *Exquisite speed, rhythm and technique, Burrows's Stop Guarded plays in three parts. Articulate and visually compelling, Burrows and company are about to embark on an international tour which starts here while you can. Crucial Theatre, Sheffield, 19*

Stoller at places French choreographer Martine Monnier has removed the seats and decorated the theatre with people paper to create a unique space for this sell-out show, based on her observations of psychiatric wards. Dancers now stand a while not to a pastiche score by David Mass. *The Place London, 19*

BBC1

re

Ball
10:15-11:15pm
The Ball at Easting restoration of the Phoenix Theatre's production of the 1930s musical. For ages three to nine. *Cherry Hall* Festival. (01932-5771654) Sun. 3pm, £20.

Clacton-on-Sea
Ball, Jazz & Frindley The popular TV trio are back for another night of relaxing entertainment. Join *Chuff Theatre* (01255-234179) Tuesday 2.30pm, £4.95.

Cotchester
My Darling Clementine Story of heartland Kingdom (Brunel) inspired by the highly acclaimed American western company Populus. For ages six and over. *St James Centre St Mary's-at-the-Walls, Church Street* (01262-577401) Tuesday 3pm, prices vary.

Lewesdown
From Rags to Riches Band of East-acting stunts derived by the young cast involved. *Regent Theatre Band Festival* (01240-653178) Sun. 4pm & 7pm, £3, child £1.

London
London A group of varied images featuring the Upply Popping and the bear who wants to reach the moon. Ages three to seven. *St James Centre St Mary's-at-the-Walls, Church Street* (01262-577401) Tuesday 3pm, £25, £20-25.

Stoke Newington
Stoke Newington A group of varied images featuring the Upply Popping and the bear who wants to reach the moon. Ages three to seven. *St James Centre St Mary's-at-the-Walls, Church Street* (01262-577401) Tuesday 3pm, £25, £20-25.

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AUCTIONS

Galleries: Garden machinery, nursery stock, new and old tools and furnishings, at the Cattle Market, Skyline Green, Tuesday 10.30am-1pm. East Coast Horticultural Centre, Woking: A part of wrought iron park gates, garden ornaments, modern vases, pottery, porcelain, glass, pictures, objects, Thurston (H336). Ebbw Vale, Glamorgan: Garden furniture, London Road, Sat (0187-22391).

Estates: A collection of scenic postcards to general antique and art sale, Tuesday 12 noon and Wednesday 12 noon, The Old Rectory, Northcote Avenue (0161-5797466).

Bonneting: 700 lots of anti-fur and modern books and ephemera, photographic albums, paintings, ceramics car and motor vehicles, Wednesdays 10.30am-12.30pm, 53 High Street (01843-423267).

Religious: Private collection of 4,300 butterflies, moths (some stained) and other insects, plants and pure furniture, old jewelry and agricultural tools, ceramics, ichthyofilia, fire

Transport

Antiques: New Rochelle, Connecticut
Catering, equipment, restaurant and pub fu-
niture, including refrigerators, chaffers, griddles, cupboards, bar stools, and other
kitchenware. Hilditch & Co., Gloucester Road
Tring, Hertfordshire (01666-822577).

Architects: Building materials and equipment,
including timber, claspboard, pine block-
board, doors, window frames, and other
building materials. Thea, 10000
Thousand, GA Key, Palmetto Lane
(813-243-7419).

Antiques: Sale of traditional and con-
temporary art, Thursday (11am). David Lay,
The Penzance Auction House, Alverton
(01736-41414).

Bedroom: 200 beds or carpet - Wilson, Adminis-
trative, American Shady, steel, stainless, con-
tract, at Bedford Avenue, 35 New-
bern Street, next Saturday (11.30am). Wilson
Peacock, (01234-366366).

Antiques: Selling literature and pictures, with
furniture, Tuesday (11am), Lawrence Fine
Art, The Cornfield Hall, Magdalen Street
(01623-336677).

Antiques: Selling, peripherals and software
at Park South Junior School, Priory

7.

Computer Auctions (019-54-64373).
Reading area: 137 lots of antiques, with Gove and crested china, as well as Padworth Court, Flood, and Saturday (11:00-12:00) at the Ball collection of Staffordshire pot lids and Fruit ware. Sunday June 9 (12:00-2:00). Special Auction Services (0118-971 2249).

Antiques Trade Gazette (0171-530 4597, Government Auction News (0171-537 7304, Flat-Back Book (024-32680).

FAIRS
Wynpyle Fine Art and Antiques: Earls Court Exhibition Centre, Warwick Road, Thursday 6 June 11:00-5:00 and (R&D) Events (0171-370 8185/8186).

Newman Antiques and Collectors: Country's biggest, Nottinghamshire Showground, Newark and Retford (0430-710336-703234).

London Week Market Over 100 dealers. Piccadilly, Park Lane W1, tomorrow (Continental Antique

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MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
Television Gerard Gilbert The 1966 World Cup Final BBC2, 8pm. "They think it's all over" and all that - the full two hours with contributions from Geoff Hurst and Kenneth Wolstenholme (6970). Astronauts Open C4, (above) it's "access all areas" for film-maker Paul Bonfield as he takes Space Shuttle astronauts are put through their paces (9203). Panorama 9.30pm BBC1. Are our primary school children being let down by "progressive" teaching methods? (550999). Radio Robert Hanks Letters from a Diplomat 8.40am R4. First of five letters by Douglas Hurd in which he describes his life in the Foreign Office, from typing pink ribbons on files as a junior civil servant to running the whole show.	Police Economy Spies C4. Firsty launch the TV series of the police's economic background of the country. The Spies (1991). The first in a series of three. (106579). Film: The Usual Suspects 10.30pm C4. A thriller about a man who claims to be the only survivor of a shipwrecked cruise ship. (106579). Baywatch 10.30pm C4. A series of adventures on a beach. (106579). I Wanna Be Loved By You 9pm R2. Rather than being a love story, it's a comedy about a man who has to pay for his love. (106579). A Merry-Go-Round Thing 9pm R4. Possibly the best of the Radio 4's new four-part series on how your memory works.	Jokes from the Westland Spies C4. Three-part series bringing us tales from the frontlines of the shrinking welfare state - from a Leeds council estate to middle-class Norfolk. (7495). American Gothic 10pm C4, (above) Exit Dead director Sam Raimi is executive producer of this 20-part, post-1995 Peers drama set in South Carolina. Gary Cole from <i>Midnight Caller</i> is in good form as the evil local sheriff (7722). Airplane! (David Zucker 1980) US 10.20pm BBC1. Don't call him Shirley (5079582).	The Death of Yugoslavia 9.30pm BBC2. The team behind the superb series about the war in Bosnia returns with this code, taking to the participants in the Dayton peace talks (388631). QED 10pm BBC1. Meet the 61-year-old Texan franchising research into "the biological clock", the DNA which decides when we die (46815). Film: Track 29 Nicolas Roeg 1988 UK/AUS 11.30pm C4, (above) Dennis Potter's bonkers Freudian psychodrama with Theresa Russell and Gary Oldman as mom and son (443983).	Euro 96 - the Preview 8pm BBC1. Des, Alan and Gary show off their new signing, Raul Grijia, as the Bees gear up for the month-long orgy of football (2113). Film: Parenthood (Ron Howard 1989 US) 10.25pm BBC1. Steve Martin in good form, as the parent determined to repeat his own father's neglectfulness. Dianne Wiest co-stars (306552). Film: Simon of the Desert (Luis Buñuel 1965 Mex) 12.45am BBC2. Satan is a surrealist Buñuel's short anti-clerical fantasy (420608).

Sunday television and radio

BBC1

7.30 Jim Henson's Animal Show (1450734).
 7.55 Playdays (R) (7887395).
 8.15 Italianissimo (R) (706731).
 8.30 Breakfast with Frost (10260).
 9.30 The Good Book Guide. Tony Robinson thumbs through his Bible (R) (9121192).
 9.45 First Light (R) (410002).
 10.15 See Hear! Why some tour operators do not welcome deaf customers (S) (435111).
 10.45 This Multimedia Business. Life on the World Wide Web (R) (S) (4085376).
 11.00 Local Heroes (R) (S) (9840).
 11.30 Gardening from Scratch (R) (7869).
 12.00 Countryfile (S) (52802).
 12.30 On the Record (15996).
 1.30 EastEnders Omnibus (R) (S) (6300821).
 2.55 Heston 50: The Anniversary Flypast. Some 30 aircraft salute the 50-year-old airport, which should really screw up the air-traffic controllers. Juliet Morris, Raymond Baxter and Julian Tuti play around with the adjectives (S) (564937).
 3.45 Carry On Up the Khyber (Gerald Thomas 1968 UK). One of the best of the Carry Ons, with Sid James, Kenneth Williams, Charles Hawtrey, Roy Castle, Joan Sims and Bernard Bresslaw, posted to the North-West Frontier (9976647).
 5.10 Masterchef 1996. Loyd Grossman is joined by Jonathan Wicks, executive chef of the Q&Q, and Woman's Hour host, Jenni Murray (S) (4308753).
 5.45 News, Weather (891024).
 6.05 Regional News (249208).
 6.10 Songs of Praise. Hymns from Heathrow Airport (S) (502003).
 6.45 Antiques Roadshow. Hugh Scully travels back in time to Islington, 1990 (R) (S) (843024).
 7.30 No Bananas. Rose Grant makes a dashing Polish officer in the continuing wartime soap (171579).
 8.20 Birds of a Feather (R) (S) (411043).
 8.50 News, Weather (451821).
 9.05 Shirley Valentine (Lewis Gilbert 1989 UK). Liverpool housewife Pauline Collins has more than a holiday romance with Greek local Tom Conti in Willy Russell's popular drama. With Alison Steadman, Joanna Lumley and Bernard Hill (S) (9313531).
 10.50 Stepping Out (Lewis Gilbert 1991 UK). Could-been tap dance teacher Lisa Minelli tries to turn a bunch of no-hopers into a crack routine for a charity show in this opening out of the Broadway hit. Shelley Winters and Julie Walters co-star (2629444).
 12.35 Weather (5279135). To 12.40am.
 REGIONS. Wales: 12.00pm Homeland. 10.50 Answering Back. 11.20 Football - World Cup 98. 12.05 Film: Stepping Out. 1.50 News.

BBC2

6.15 Open University: Maths (5919550). 6.40 Integrated by Numbers (5475444). 7.05 The Write to Choose (429262). 7.30 Mammals in Water (1458376). 7.55 The University of Salamanca (7876289). 8.20 Running the Country (4481573). 8.45 Play and the Social World (5027014).
 9.10 Rupert (R) (7008024).
 9.15 The Littlest Pet Shop (S) (2776802).
 9.35 X-Men (S) (1684227).
 10.00 Willy Wonka & Chocolate Factory (S) (97463). Includes: 10.15 Bump in the Night. 11.00 Fingus. 11.30 Buried Treasure (S) (97463).
 12.00 Sunday Grandstand. With Steve Rider. 12.05 Athletics: highlights of the first day of the European Cup Final in Madrid. 12.35 Motor Racing: live coverage of the Spanish Grand Prix from Barcelona. 2.50 Rowing: action from the Lucerne Regatta. 3.10 Racing: from the French Derby meet at Chantilly, with live coverage at 3.50. 4.05 Athletics: further coverage from the European Cup Final in Madrid. 6.15 Rowing. 6.30 News Round-Up (S) (21818005).
 6.45 Dusk the Badger. A male badger and his woodland lot (R) (S) (743078).
 7.40 Nabucco. Rabbi Hugo Gryn introduces the Welsh National Opera's production of Verdi's opera for the company's 50th-anniversary season. Carlo Rizzi conducts the WNO Orchestra and Chorus, with baritone Jonathan Summers as Nabucco, bass Willard White as Zaccaria (S) (71077482).
 9.50 Spanish Grand Prix Highlights of the Spanish Grand Prix from Barcelona (S) (658531).
 10.30 Equinox (Alan Rudolph 1993 US). The wonderful mix of American cinema at its best with this strange tale of separated-at-birth twin brothers, both played by Matthew Modine. One is a conservative-minded gangster, the other a wing who can't bring himself to date his best friend's sister, Lara Flynn Boyle (S) (26220550).
 12.15 The Exterminating Angel (Luis Buñuel 1962 Mexico). Buñuel takes a prolonged poke at the bourgeoisie in his tale of a dinner party at which the servants have been just walked and the diners find themselves under a strange compulsion not to leave. Full of memorable scenes and set-pieces, and starring Silvia Pinal, Jacqueline Andere and Augusto Bonafant (Then Weatherwise) (445244). To 1.50am.
 2.00 The Learning Zone: FETV Short Cuts: Artists (84406). 3.00 Design (81406). 4.00 Languages: Discovering Portuguese (19777). 5.00 Business and Work: Walk the Talk (41932). 5.30 Winning with Leadership (26777). To 6.00am.

ITV/London

6.00 GMTV. The Sunday Review. 6.30 News. Sport and Weather. 7.00 The Sunday Programme (76314).
 8.00 Disney Adventures (106579).
 9.25 The Adventures of Grady Greengrass (1457395).
 9.50 James Bond Jr (2779463).
 10.15 Sunday Heroes. Ben-Hur (S) (8849918).
 10.25 Sunday. 10.45 Morning Worship from Wesley Hill, Selly Oak, Birmingham (S) (92968956).
 12.10 Link. Disability magazine (S) (8952173).
 12.30 Crashtalk (15369).
 1.00 News, Weather (45203482).
 1.10 Crime and Punishment. Trevor McDonald presents a series examining law and order in Britain today (2057821).
 2.00 The Scarlet Pimpernel (Clive Donner 1982 US/UK). Breezy enough made-for-TV swashbuckler packed to the rafters with British "quality" thespians, Anthony Andrews - then surfing his post-Brideshead fame - as Baroness Orczy's foppish saviour of the French nobility supported by Jane Seymour and Ian McKellen (4889208).
 4.40 Upstairs, Downstairs - Remembered. Portrait of Upstairs, Downstairs, on the occasion of its 25th birthday, presented by Gareth Hunt (7271463).
 5.40 London Tonight (887821).
 6.05 News, Weather (725043).
 6.15 Surprise! Surprise! (S) (283005).
 7.15 Memphis Belle (Michael Catron-Jones 1990 UK). Solid, old-fashioned piece of film-making following the fortunes of an American B-17 Flying Fortress bomber crew as they try to complete their 25th and final mission over Germany. Not too many clichés, some stunning aerial photography, and a strong cast. Matthew Modine, Ian Donnan, Billy Zane, and John Lithgow (4129821).
 9.05 The Knack (S) (785463).
 10.05 News, Weather (581482).
 10.20 The Clive James Show (S) (846869).
 11.05 The South Bank Show. Profile of African singing sensation Baaba Maal, following him from the Albert Hall back to his birthplace in the village of Podor, northern Senegal (S) (238111).
 12.05 Theatreland (4475319).
 12.35 Sledge Hammer. Spoof cop show. (9609086).
 1.05 The New or Never (Christel Buchmann 1995 W Ger). A young woman returns to her ex-lover after learning that she is dying from a brain tumour. Any songs? (666796).
 2.50 The Chart Show (R) (S) (6320241).
 3.50 Murder, She Wrote (R) (9566777).
 4.35 Shift (R) (1086883).
 5.30 News (13203). To 6.00am.

Channel 4

6.15 Trans World Sport (R) (5191482).
 7.10 Take 5. The Magic Roundabout, Bush Tails, Mafiosi and the Engine (4257937).
 7.35 The Magic School Bus (S) (1463208).
 8.05 Sonic the Hedgehog (6341656).
 8.30 The Trap Door (7751260).
 8.35 Blast Off (S) (6549444).
 8.45 The Bird (S) (7205079).
 9.00 Biker Mice from Mars (65375).
 9.30 Saved by the Bell (R) (1670024).
 9.55 Dumb and Dumber (S) (2785024).
 10.15 Sister Sister (S) (1507043).
 10.40 Radio's Modern Life (S) (8839753).
 11.05 Insektors (9705173).
 11.20 NBA Raw. Basketball (9450024).
 12.15 The Waltons. Fledgling writer John-Boy secretly bonows a typewriter (R) (771885).
 1.15 Saddle the Wind (Robert Parrish 1958 US). Reformed gunfighter Robert Taylor packs his Colt 45 again as no-good brother John Cassavetes rides into town in a decent western penned by Rod "Twilight Zone" Serling (7043173).
 2.50 Voice-Over Queen. Short about an aspiring actress reduced to voicing ads (9534759).
 3.00 D-Day the Sixth of June (Henry Koster 1956 US). Not to be confused with The Longest Day, this is, in effect, a romance set at the time of the D-Day landings. Stars Robert Taylor as a married American officer who finds love with English nurse Dana Wynter, herself engaged to British officer Richard Todd (55689005).
 5.05 Zig and Zag's Dirty Deeds. The Big Breakfast stars help Reg Hovisworth get the swimsuits off the Baywatch crew. Don't ask why (S) (3402024).
 5.35 Holyoaks. Monday's episode (R) (S) (601753).
 6.05 Babylon 5 (S) (437192).
 7.00 Hidden Kingdoms. A fully-grown crocodile can exist on just two wild beasts a year. Time in as some Serengeti-dwelling crocs look into their annual fest of wildebeest, and marvel at what dotting parents they make (S) (1173).
 8.00 Encounters. Seven Go Mad in Peru. See Preview, p28 (S) (1591).
 9.00 Cold Lazarus 2/4. Continuing Dennis Potter's futuristic drama as Albert Finney's head is destroyed and more memories retrieved (S) (8575647).
 10.05 Goodfellas (Martin Scorsese 1990 US). See The Big Picture, p28 (S) (10657208).
 12.40 The Gaby Roslin Show (R) (S) (4515203).
 1.45 The Homecoming (Elia Suleste (Eliseo Subiela 1986 Argentina). Political satire in which a doctor at a mental home finds himself strangely affected when he treats a patient claiming to be from outer space (932628). To 3.45am.

ITV/Regions

As London except: 12.30pm Ant & Dec's Newsnight (1987). 2.00 The Road to Nowhere (2.30pm) 2.50 The Road to Nowhere (2.50pm) 3.00 The Road to Nowhere (3.00pm) 3.10 The Road to Nowhere (3.10pm) 3.20 The Road to Nowhere (3.20pm) 3.30 The Road to Nowhere (3.30pm) 3.40 The Road to Nowhere (3.40pm) 3.50 The Road to Nowhere (3.50pm) 4.00 The Road to Nowhere (4.00pm) 4.10 The Road to Nowhere (4.10pm) 4.20 The Road to Nowhere (4.20pm) 4.30 The Road to Nowhere (4.30pm) 4.40 The Road to Nowhere (4.40pm) 4.50 The Road to Nowhere (4.50pm) 5.00 The Road to Nowhere (5.00pm) 5.10 The Road to Nowhere (5.10pm) 5.20 The Road to Nowhere (5.20pm) 5.30 The Road to Nowhere (5.30pm) 5.40 The Road to Nowhere (5.40pm) 5.50 The Road to Nowhere (5.50pm) 6.00 The Road to Nowhere (6.00pm) 6.10 The Road to Nowhere (6.10pm) 6.20 The Road to Nowhere (6.20pm) 6.30 The Road to Nowhere (6.30pm) 6.40 The Road to Nowhere (6.40pm) 6.50 The Road to Nowhere (6.50pm) 7.00 The Road to Nowhere (7.00pm) 7.10 The Road to Nowhere 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The big picture

GoodFellas
Sun 10.05pm C4

Martin Scorsese must be sitting somewhere quietly – or perhaps noisily – fuming. Over the past few years, he has collected zip, while actors such as Clint Eastwood, Kevin Costner and Mel Gibson – all late converts to filmmaking – have scooped the Best Director Oscar. Take *GoodFellas*. Joe Pesci won a well-merited Best Supporting Actor Oscar, but for all his dazzling camerawork, the director went away from the Academy Awards ceremony empty-handed. He must feel like whacking someone.

Some chappie on Channel 4's *Without Walls* last week was prophesying that the current boom in stand-up comedy would fizzle out in four years' time. Apart from the obvious fact that this will be four years later than *Without Walls* (decommissioned in the aftermath of Waldemar Januszczak's recent departure as arts commissar at Channel 4), two further thoughts spring to mind. Firstly – and this should bring succour to millennialists everywhere – comedy will come to a halt in the year 2000. And secondly, while we're waiting for the death of comedy, we might as well have a good laugh.

To this end, ITV has resurrected *Saturday Live* (Sat 1TV), the show that made a number of today's current comedy millionaires back in the mid-Eighties, with Lee Hurst in the Ben Elton role. Now, we've all seen Hurst being funnier than David Gower on *They Think It's All Over* – he's the bald one, a fact which Gary Lineker seems to think of as an inextinguishable seam of humour. But Hurst does seem rather unassuming, and whether or not he's competent material is something we'll know by this time tomorrow. Come

what may, his regular sidekicks are the surrealists Harry Hill (big specs; thin on top – this show should do wonders for the baldies) and a cove by the name of Alan Parker Urban Warrior.

For some guaranteed laughs, look no further than this week's *Encounters* film, *Seven Go Mad in Peru* (Sun C4). The septet in question are mostly self-confident ex-public school underachievers, so a large dollop of *schadenfreude* was always going to be waiting in the wings as they plumped their South American adventure. The idea is to make contact with a tribe of Amazonian Indians deep inside the rainforest, paddling up-river in hand-made canoes, and living off such local inhabitants as snake, monkey, tortoise and parrot. Since two of the party (the girls) are vegetarians, the ingredients for low comedy are in place long before our protagonists find themselves being nosed on in turn by the local insect population. Not a Conrad reader among the lot of them, obviously – nor a cineaste. A passing acquaintance with *Aguirre, Wrath of God*, or *Apocalypse Now* would have persuaded them to stay at their (not uncomfortable) homes.

Correspondent (Sat BBC2) has an intriguing report on how, following unification, the spies who used to pass information from West to East Germany are now being prosecuted (any thriller writers searching for a plot, look no further), but it's a poor weekend for drama. How this week's *Screen Two*, *Bad Boy Blues* (Sat BBC2), stayed out of the commissioning editor's waste-paper basket is one of those great mysteries, like what happens at the end of the universe, or how salmon migrate across the Atlantic. The plot concerns two lads, friends since their Bronx childhood, one of whom is now a professional hitman, the other an undercover policeman. You don't need any GCSEs to see that this might be the cause of some complications in their relationship.

Dennis Potter's *Cold Lazarus* (Sun C4) continues. The best aspect of Potter's last drama is the dystopian view of the future as a super-corporation super-state under the dictatorship of the accountants – an obvious quasi-illusion to the Dialects at the BBC. Nothing like biting the hand that is burying you.



The big race

Athletics: European Cup Final
Sat 3.55pm BBC1, Sat 5.10pm BBC2

This Olympic athletics season is only young, but already it has thrown up some good stories. None more so than the comeback of Tessa Sanderson who returned to the sport at the age of 40 and immediately threw the Olympic qualifying distance. She is just one of several athletes looking to impress the Olympic selectors in the European Cup Final in Madrid. Unlucky Christine (above) leads a men's team that traditionally does well in this competition. As for whether he'll be at the Olympics – well, that's between him and his sponsors.

Saturday television and radio

BBC1

- 7.25 News, Weather (5777401).
- 7.30 Children's BBC: The Busy World of Richard Scarry. 7.55 Robinson Crusoe. 8.15 The Raccoons. 8.45 Marvel Action Hour. 9.45 Grange Hill. 10.15 Sweet Valley High.
- 10.40 The Zone. Ice-T and Freak Power keep your kids amused (R) (S) (8070771).
- 11.00 Harry and the Hendersons (R) (4859371).
- 11.20 Cartoon (4273555).
- 11.30 Camp Wilder (R) (8623).
- 11.57 Weather (9399222).
- 12.00 Grandstand. 12.05 Spanish Grand Prix: live coverage of the qualifying session. 1.05 News. 1.10 Football: news of England and Scotland's preparations for Euro 96. Plus the announcement of the venue for the 2002 World Cup. Will it be Japan or South Korea? 1.15 Cricket Focus. 1.35 Touring Cars: coverage of rounds nine and 10 of the AutoTrader RAC British Touring Car Championship from Oulton Park. 1.50 Racing from Lingfield. 2.00 Set with the Tote States (Handicap). 2.10 Touring Cars. 2.25 Racing from Lingfield. 2.30 Tote Bookmakers Conditions. 2.40 Showjumping: action from the Enza Royal Gala Grand Prix at Hickstead. 2.55 Racing from Lingfield. 3.00 Tote Credit Leisure Stakes. 3.10 Showjumping. 3.55 International Athletics: Opening day action from the European Cup Final in Madrid. 5.00 News Round-Up (S) (91418739).
- 5.10 News, Weather (7955915).
- 5.20 Regional News and Weather (6825913).
- 5.25 Dad's Army (R) (1326081).
- 5.55 The Full Swing. What Big Break did with snooker, this new Jimmy Tarbuck-hosted game show hopes to do with golf. Norman Pace, Anna Walker and Trevor Brookings (S) (409468).
- 6.25 The New Adventures of Superman (S) (367420).
- 7.10 Confessions (S) (401623).
- 7.50 The National Lottery Live (S) (745913).
- 8.05 Bugs (S) (730468).
- 8.55 News and Sport, Weather (501826).
- 9.15 Through the Eyes of a Killer (Peter Marlowe 1993 US). Hoary old made-for-TV thriller in which chic designer Marg Heidenberger splits up with her boyfriend, moves into a new apartment, and starts an affair with the bloke doing the renovations. And then, as they say, the killing starts. Tippli Hedren co-stars (S) (443710).
- 10.45 Soft Top, Hard Shoulder (Stefan Schwartz 1992 UK). Comedy road movie about a man who has to get to Glasgow to receive a generous handout from his uncle. Stars Peter Capaldi, Elaine Collins and Richard Wilson. Frances Barber, Simon Callow (S) (433333).
- 12.15 The Projected Man (Ian Curteis 1967 UK). Home-grown sci-fi finds Bryant Haldy messing up his teleoperation experiment (685735).
- 1.45 Weather (1270463). To 1.50am.
- REGIONS. Wales: 5.20pm Wales Today. NI: 5.20pm Newsline.

BBC2

- 6.00 Open University: Relational Concepts (6954623).
- 6.25 Volumes of Revolution (6933130). 6.50 Organic Chemistry (3437284). 7.15 Citizens of the World (4294468). 7.40 Organic Molecules in Action (1487888). 8.05 The Great Exhibition (6389826). 8.30 The Politics of Great Opportunity (5487130). 9.20 Race and Education: Empires of the Mind (1494826). 9.45 Exams: A Curious Kind of Ritual (1613735).
- 10.10 A Portable Computer Industry (1513604).
- 10.35 Water Is for Fighting Over (8847772).
- 11.00 Flight Simulators and Robots (9520994).
- 11.25 Brazilian Immigrants: In Search of Identity (4832604). 11.50 The Education Superhighway (2731401).
- 12.15 Watch Out. Bluebell woods and badger watching. Simon King has the details (S) (1022913).
- 12.25 Wartime Weddings (R) (7641757).
- 12.35 Seance on a Wet Afternoon (Bryan Forbes 1964 UK). Darkly compelling drama about a crooked, semi-insane medium (Kim Stanley) who plans to kidnap a child so she can "miraculously" reveal the child's whereabouts while in a trance. Richard Attenborough, Nanette Newman and Patrick Magee co-star (85148604).
- 2.25 The Angry Silence (Guy Green 1960 US). Richard Attenborough again (and Bryan Forbes, whose hand was on the script), as a factory worker who upsets the apple cart when he refuses to join a strike. Pier Angeli, Bernard Lee and Oliver Reed give solid support (935772).
- 4.00 Young Musicians 96 Workshops (9765826).
- 5.10 International Athletics: Further coverage of today's European Cup Final in Madrid (9715826).
- 6.25 Wildlife on Two. David Attenborough meets some puffins (S) (750562).
- 6.55 What the Papers Say (S) (422130).
- 7.10 News and Sport, Weather (497307).
- 7.25 Correspondent. Report from Germany on the hundreds of alleged former spies now facing trial for passing secrets to the East before reunification. See *Preview*, above (S) (148642).
- 8.10 Young Musicians 96 Workshops. The 12 finalists in this year's Young Composers Workshop gathered in Manchester in February. Each would have the chance to have their music performed by the BBC Philharmonic (S) (728623).
- 9.00 Steptoe and Son (R) (5772).
- 9.30 Have I Got News for You. From last night, with Rupert Allason MP and Alan Davies (S) (39449).
- 10.00 Screen Two: Bad Boy Blues. Underworld hit man Clive Owen recruits a childhood friend for his next job. See *Preview*, above (S) (8258913).
- 11.05 Later with Jools Holland. With Everything But the Girl and Burning Spear (S) (172772).
- 12.10 Bird (Clint Eastwood 1988 US). Clint's surprisingly believable and purist biopic of bebop saxophonist Charlie Parker, played by the excellent Forest Whitaker (Followed by *Weather*) (37319821). To 2.55am.

ITV/London

- 6.00 GMTV. 6.00 News, Weather. 6.10 Re-Wind. 6.30 Bananas in Pyjamas. 6.40 Eat Your Words. 7.10 Barney and Friends. 7.40 Osney's Wake Up in the Wild West. 8.55 Mighty Morphin Power Rangers (7203081).
- 9.25 Scratchy & Co. With Rhino the gladiator and Rod Hull and Ernu. In other words: go back to bed (S) (81328420).
- 11.30 The Chart Show (S) (68604).
- 12.30 The Basement. Richard Fairbrass from pop group Right Said Fred and a guest psychotherapist discuss what it's like to be gay in the 1990s. Plus, live music from indie outfit Honeycrack (S) (46739).
- 1.00 News, Weather (69845028).
- 1.05 Local News, Weather (60295569).
- 1.10 Movies, Games and Videos (7895246).
- 1.45 The London Programme. Road rage – it's all the rage (588505).
- 2.15 Time Trax. Time-travel yarn (S) (4052772).
- 3.00 Allworld (R) (4355975).
- 3.55 RoboCop (S) (503655).
- 4.50 News, Weather (951420).
- 5.00 London Tonight (1555579).
- 5.10 International Gladiators. Heavily-developed men and women from Britain, Australia, the USA and Russia hit each other with cushions (S) (701018).
- 6.05 You Bet! That nice, fresh-faced Darren Day returns with the undermanning game show in which showbiz guests place wagers on whether or not outrageous tasks can be successfully performed. The first celebs are Joe Pasquale, Sonia and weathergirl Sally Meen (S) (489081).
- 7.05 Man O' War. Talent contest. Chris Tarrant and 300 viewers decide which of 10 boys get pushed into a swimming pool (Including Lottery Result) (S) (769159).
- 8.05 Police Academy 5 – Assignment Miami Beach (Alan Myerson 1988 US). Steve Guttenberg wouldn't appear in the fourth sequel of this diminishing series of comedies (89638371).
- 9.45 News, Weather (717028).
- 10.00 Saturday Live. Lee Hurst hosts the first in a new live comedy series. With Harry Hill, Alan Parker Urban Warrior. See *Preview*, above (3284).
- 11.00 Loose Cannons (Bob Clark 1990 US). Spectacularly unfunny comedy. Gene Hackman is the time-traveler who transfers from the vice squad to homicide to join forensics expert Dan Aykroyd, who, when faced with danger, assumes the personality of his favourite cartoon characters. That's all folks (S) (105081).
- 12.40 Funny Stories. A chat with Emmy Award-winning comedian, Rich Hall (S) (9631685).
- 1.10 Pyjama Party (S) (148720).
- 2.30 The News Heat (R) (S) (8439734).
- 3.25 Tropical Heat (R) (943163).
- 4.10 God's Gift (R) (943163).
- 5.05 Coach (S) (1902111). To 5.30am.

Channel 4

- 6.05 Sesame Street (R) (8135826).
- 7.00 Little Dracula (R) (9917888).
- 7.35 World League Football (R) (S) (1408371).
- 8.00 Gaelic Games. Hurling from Ireland as Cork, Tipperary and Kilkenny shake sticks at each other (48081).
- 9.00 The Morning Line. Today's fancied nags (S) (40352).
- 10.00 The Greatest. A second chance to see the final verdict of exactly who is "The Greatest British sports star of the 20th century" (R) (S) (33848).
- 10.30 NBA 24/7. James Belushi talks us through the Chicago basketball scene (R) (93159).
- 11.00 Trans World Sport (47178).
- 12.00 Sign On. How Chernobyl affected the deaf population of Belarus (S) (17739).
- 12.30 The Great Maratona (432081).
- 12.55 Phantom of the Opera (Arthur Lubin 1943 US). Kitschy, strangely popular (and Oscar-strewn) musical version of the Gaston Leroux novel with Claude Rains as the mysterious bloke being driven mad by the bells. Nelson Eddy, of all people, co-stars (78056130).
- 2.40 Exam. Short film about a nervous examinee. Followed by *Macanudo* (9891246).
- 3.05 Channel 4 Racing from Newmarket and Stratford-Upon-Avon. John Francome introduces the 3.10 Fortune Centre Maiden Stakes, the 3.40 Coral Sprint Handicap, the 4.15 Williams De Broe Charlotte Filly Stakes, the 4.25 37th Year Of The Horse And Hound Cup, and the 4.45 Nkg Spark Plugs Handicap Stakes (S) (5643456).
- 5.05 Brookside Omnibus (R) (S) (5643456).
- 6.30 Right to Reply (S) (4).
- 7.00 News, Weather (592771).
- 7.15 Frontline. As Northern Ireland prepares for all-party talks, writer and commentator Eoghan Harris argues that the unification of Ireland is neither realistic nor achievable (S) (144826).
- 8.00 Cutting Edge: Casino. The first time cameras have been allowed into a British casino – the Clifton Casino in Lytham St Annes (R) (S) (8975).
- 9.00 The Gaby Roslin Show (S) (8739).
- 10.00 Drop the Dead Donkey (R) (S) (18468).
- 10.30 Community (Philippe More 1989 US). Home version of Whitely Stieber's best-selling account of how he was apparently abducted by aliens. Christopher Walken is just the man to play the traumatised author, backed up by other-worldly Lindsay Croux as his wife. On the whole, a medical check-up from a little green man would be more fun (S) (2750333).
- 12.35 HomeMade – Life on the Street. Bayliss and Pemberton are given 12 hours to get a confession in the Adena Watson case (R) (S) (9589260).
- 1.35 Kanga (John Lemon 1961 UK). Wonderfully cheap and cheerful monster movie, filmed on location in Croydon. Michael Gough is the scientist who ill-advisedly injects a chimp with a growth serum (488666). To 3.15am.

ITV/Regions

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Netanyahu: the incubator of political violence

A win is a win: it would be churlish not to congratulate Benjamin Netanyahu on his photo-finish victory in the Israeli elections. Even if Mr Netanyahu ends up Prime Minister of Israel by a margin of only a dozen votes he will have an unimpeachable democratic right to govern.

However, there are good reasons to be disappointed, alarmed even, by the result. In the most important election in the short history of the Jewish state, the Israeli people have made a potentially disastrous choice. Despite the new premier's urbanity and experience of international affairs, his election represents a victory for obdurate political and religious forces - both Jewish and Arab - which he will be hard pressed to control. Worst of all, the result is a victory for political violence. It is a victory for the Israeli ultra-rightist, Yigal Amir, who assassinated Yitzhak Rabin, a leader who probably would have succeeded this week where Shimon Peres failed. It is a victory for the fanatical Palestinian extremists who have bus-bombed the moderate Israeli voter into fearing the future.

But first, let us try to look on the bright side. Mr Netanyahu has a more workable mandate than if the vote had swung marginally to Mr Peres. The Likud leader won a clear victory among the Jewish population of Israel. If Mr Peres had shaded victory, he would have been accused by the right of being a minority Jew-

ish premier, who needed Israeli-Arab votes to win. It would have been difficult for him to pursue the peace agenda of the 1993 Oslo accords.

Mr Netanyahu has never praised the Oslo deal but he has promised not to bury it. He is an experienced politician. He sees his country carved down the middle by Wednesday's election. His wiser supporters claim that he will seek to heal that divide, not to deepen it. There is an argument, deployed even by some Arab commentators, which says: "Nixon went to China; Begin went to Camp David. It is sometimes easier for hawks to make peace than doves."

We are not convinced. Mr Netanyahu is likely to be hemmed in, by politicians even less compromising than himself. The next phase of the peace process would be horribly difficult for any Israeli government: the exact security arrangements on the West Bank, the future of the Jewish settlements, the future of Jerusalem, the final status of the Palestinian state. Mr Netanyahu seems intent there should be no progress in any of these areas. He plans, if anything, to move backwards.

He has ruled out Palestinian statehood. He will not discuss Jerusalem. He will tear up the commitment not to create more Jewish settlements in the West Bank and eastern Jerusalem. He refuses even to meet Yasser Arafat. He is ready to send Israeli troops back



into the areas ceded wholly to the control of Palestinian security forces. He will delay the hand-over over of Hebron, the West Bank's largest town. He will cut off any serious possibility of peace with Syria by refusing to discuss the return of the Golan Heights.

The Oslo deal has already fallen short of many Arab expectations. But it opens up the possibility of a gradual Arab assumption of economic and political power, culminating in a patchwork Palestinian state. This in turn opens up the possibility that two peoples whose destinies have intertwined for thousands of years could learn to live together as something like equals.

Mr Netanyahu explicitly rejects this. The more extreme reaches of his coalition regard all Arabs with undisguised contempt. Judging by even his most positive statements, Mr Netanyahu foresees the future of Gaza and the West Bank as a form of apartheid: the Palestinian areas would become hantustans, whose economy, security and relations with the outside world would be permanently controlled by Israel.

Life in Gaza and the West Bank remains irredeemably grim for most people. Mr Arafat retains control by a mixture of autocracy and hope. Stripped of any assurance that the process of peace and nation-building is moving forward Mr Arafat's position could become untenable. The logic of the

Netanyahu position is to incubate the extremist violence he has pledged to fight. If there is another bus bombing in Israel, Mr Netanyahu is committed to re-invading the fledgling Arafat state to punish the wrongdoers. Mr Arafat would have to choose between fighting the Israeli invaders or losing all credibility. This is a standing invitation to Hamas to do its worst.

European governments should do what they can to persuade Mr Netanyahu to give peace a chance. But in reality only the United States can hope to make a difference and, by miserable mischance, the US is also in an election year. President Clinton has been happy to claim credit-by-association for Middle East peace. He did little of the heavy lifting to make it possible. Credit for that must go to the Bush administration, which was the first to use US financial support for the Jewish to push Israel towards a less confrontational approach.

A rapid disintegration of the Middle East peace could also be electorally damaging for Mr Clinton. He must use the weight of the US - including the financial weapon if needs be - to prevent direct assaults by the new Israeli government on the immense but fragile achievements of the Oslo accords. There must, at a minimum, be no new Israeli settlements on the West Bank and no armed Israeli incursions into Arafat-controlled territory.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Need should not be the sole criterion for gun ownership

Sir: Does Bryan Appleyard ("Staring down the barrel of an American lion", 30 May) seriously believe that the dedication, commitment and sheer hard work involved in, say, top level target shooting is motivated by some kind of warped sense of power? He clearly cannot comprehend the drive which pushes sportsmen and women to give their absolute best in their chosen sport. The motives of those who strive to achieve the standard necessary to spot for their clubs, their county or their country are no different from those of cricketers, hockey players or showjumpers.

I accept that I would be joining the ranks of the imbalanced if I were to claim that every club shooter spends his or her time focusing on competing successfully in ever higher levels of competition. There are weekend cricketers and sometime cricketers, just as there are weekend shooters and sometime shooters. However the bottom line is that Mr Appleyard clearly believes that need should be the sole criterion on which gun ownership is based, and that target shooting at any level does not represent such a need. If Lord Cullen takes that view, the fact - corrupt or otherwise - is that the armed crime statistics will

remain unchanged (you report that there are 500,000 to 1 million illegal guns in circulation) and the possibility of another Dunblane will be reduced slightly but will still remain. PHILIP NOWAK, *Savers Common, West Sussex*

Sir: The argument about the use of guns always starts with the assumption that there is a right by some people to own and use guns; members of gun clubs, landowners, and people who enjoy shooting animals and birds. It would surely be more logical if the argument started by discussing who actually needs to use a gun.

It is now possible for people who shoot for sport to use non-firing weapons. Computer programmes can be devised to link a "gun" to a target to record where the shot would have hit, and to ensure realism for outdoor use. There is no need for landowners, many of whom have never been trained to use guns safely, to slaughter birds or animals in the name of vermin control or sport. Professional teams could be employed to cull animals when necessary. It would be easy to control and safeguard these weapons. Collectors could be required to have the barrels

of weapons filled in and sealed. There could be an annual inspection by the police, before issuing an annual license.

All guns that can kill could then be outlawed with very severe automatic penalties for transgressors. I feel quite sure that the vast majority of people would, if given the option, prefer to have a totally gun-free society. M ABRAHAM, *Hove, East Sussex*

Sir: The failure of the government to take any steps towards tightening gun laws in the wake of the Dunblane slaughter is yet another example of the amnesia and fatal complacency which is undermining British democracy. The Australian government at least reacted promptly and decisively following the devastating events at Port Arthur.

Since when is it the business of responsible government to safeguard the interests of a sporting minority at the expense of the lives of the majority? I am sure there are sensible shooters out there but hand guns are always and only lethal weapons; the law should not offer absolute sanction to those few who use

them and so create opportunities for their violent misuse. Gun laws should never be based on the notion of individual rights; they remain an issue of collective responsibility. RUTH LITTLE, *London SW11*

Sir: The firearm in British life cannot simply be dismissed as an unwelcome icon imported from America. Between 1689 and the 1930s, the people of this country had a more unfettered legal right to possess arms for their personal defence (including machine guns) than did the people of the USA.

However, it was the Volunteer movement of Victorian times, and the ideal of providing an effective base for the defence of the realm, which geared the civilian ownership of arms to target shooting for the next century.

Traditionally, the UK had no gun lobby. Civilian target shooting was well integrated with society and was as respectable as archery and fencing. Ironically, traditional civilian firearms training successfully "de-licensed" firearms in the minds of the vast majority of participants. D EADSFORTH, *Winchester, Hampshire*



Captive tiger: ambassador for the species Philip Meech

Tiger Week: a role for zoos to play

Sir: The objective of Tiger Week is to protect and maintain the wild tiger populations and Peter Lawton ("Tiger Tiger, dying out", 29 May) appears to be missing the point; that without the support of society his work in the wild will not succeed. Zoos in India and throughout the world have a role to play in educating society on the need for conservation and the tigers in zoos are an important part of that process, acting as ambassadors for their species. Add to this the acknowledged plight of the tiger in the wild, with some species below what is

considered to be the minimum number required to maintain a genetically viable population and the need for captive breeding becomes obvious. With numbers so low I consider we are past the 11th hour and approaching one minute to midnight; the tiger needs all the help it can get, including captive breeding. Let us not be diverted from the best means for success by the personal likes and dislikes of individuals. Extinction is forever and such mistakes cannot be rectified. P M STEVENS, *Executive Director, Pugin Zoo*

Government must be greener

Sir: David Walker ("Whitehall's machinery needs an overhaul", 28 May) is right to highlight the inadequacies imposed by the structure of Government when it comes to addressing new challenges. This is nowhere more apparent than in the field of environmental protection where efforts to "green" the policy-making machinery have been frustrated by the failure of most Government departments to take environmental issues on board.

A recent Council for the Protection of Rural England survey of ministers' answers to Parliamentary Questions indicated that no government

department was able to provide evidence of having looked at the environmental impact of their policies in a systematic way. This is despite an Environment White Paper commitment to do so.

Until the Government puts in place strong and enforceable mechanisms to ensure that the environment is placed at the heart of future decision making, its commitments will remain empty words, at odds with the reality of how the machinery of Government is working. PAUL HAMBLIN, *Environmental Assessment Officer, Council for the Protection of Rural England, London SW1*

Rage on

Sir: A yet earlier example of "road rage" (Letters, 29 and 31 May) must be that of Balaam venting rage on a dumb animal whose transportation facility badly let him down - Numbers Chapter 22, and dated roughly 13th century BC. The Rev BARRY EITHERINGTON, *Luton, Bedfordshire*

Battle dirge

Sir: Call me unpatriotic if you will, but I think that "Flower of Scotland" is a dismal dirge, growled mainly in a lower register which does little to raise morale ("An anthem for our times", 30 May). I must point out that while it seems to have helped us against the Welsh, the Irish and the French, none of them much involved in the Battle of Bannockburn, it has seldom done so against the English. Bishop P C RODGER, *Edinburgh*

LETTER from THE EDITOR

As a writer muttering into an editor, I've been grappling with the power of images all week. I was baffled, for instance, to find that using a picture by Degas on the front page aroused the fury of two readers. More to the point, following the first day of the Dunblane inquiry, we used a large picture of a revolver on the front page to illustrate Bryan Appleyard's polemic on gun control. Quite a few readers were offended, thinking we were too hard on legitimate owners of guns. I don't apologise for that; the spread of handguns through Britain's clubs is a terrifying phenomenon and more important than the rights of gun enthusiasts.

But I was intrigued and concerned by the reaction of various male colleagues to the picture of the revolver itself. They found it attractive, even beautiful. A couple of times I noticed people reaching towards the picture as if to grasp the revolver. There is a sort of pornography of violence that can be mesmerising. I thought the gun picture was a grim one; but how many people found it a turn-on?

And there has also been, this week, the more straightforward argument about the anorexic-looking models in *Vogue*, featured with studios attention on the front pages of other newspapers. There was undoubtedly a real story there, since an advertiser had withdrawn in protest at the waif-like and semi-naked images. But newspapers are engaged in a strange game here, hobnobbing "shocking" pictures in front of readers while vigorously tut-tutting about the magazine that used them in the first place. You get the same sort of thing when what Alan Watkins calls the "prig press" sternly investigates the tabloids' coverage of some sex story, including every dirty detail - all in the interests of social science, you understand.

Like politicians, newspaper editors are supposed never to admit to self-doubt. It seems a silly convention and one that I hope to breach from time to time in this column. Certainly, two weeks into the job, I spend a lot of time wondering about which images to use, and what their effect might be.

The majority of letters that

arrive each day are serious, questioning, thoughtful and generous-natured. But like every newspaper we get some nutty ones. To be accused of Zionism conspiracy on the same day was a bit of a surprise. So was the firm assertion that one is a "perverted and a friend of perverts". Other people who shouldn't bother to write again are all those who believe we should be providing regular front-page coverage of UFO sightings and the retired gentleman who begins his missives: "Sir, I NEVER read your BLOODY awful newspaper, but..." (Though, come to

think of it, if that's true, he won't be reading this instruction anyway.) One of the more depressing pieces of information this week comes from the *Spectator*. PJ Kavanagh - who seems to be a poet - says that no more poetry is to be published there. We have also gone many weeks without the poetry page in the *New Statesman*, though its hyperactive editor, my former boss Ian Hargreaves, assures me his poets are only resting and will return. I hope so; though we are a miserably self-critical lot in this country, the energy and oaked talent in British poetry is something worth getting excited about. Recent volumes from Adrian Mitchell, Seamus Heaney and Christopher Logue contain some of the best stuff I've read for years. Perhaps we should react by slapping poetry across the front page. Or would you all complain?

Andrew Marr

QUOTE UNQUOTE

I'm a kind of restless soul. My mother says I suffer from divine discontent - *National Heritage Secretary Virginia Bottomley*.

What we have won in feminine power and equality, we have forfeited in terms of gentlemanly conduct. We miss it more than we care to admit - *Ewa Lewis, social editor of 'Tatler'*.

It is scandalous. I cannot understand how they give the right to vote to this thing - and he is a thing... he is sub-human - *Leah Rabin, the widow of the former Israeli premier, Yitzhak Rabin, on the right-wing Jew Yigal Amir, who was allowed to vote while in prison facing trial for her husband's assassination*.

The idea of the Prime Minister standing on a soap box and saying that Tony Blair is not being tough enough on bull semen seems to me a little far-fetched - *Tory MP George Walden, who believes Mr Major would be "extremely silly" to have an election on the beef issue*.

Why do we have such a shallow view of women that we assume they cannot be seduced by such things as intelligence, wit and joie de vivre, not to mention power? - *Tory MP David Mellor*.

Find new site for Tribal Gathering

Sir: The unequivocal protests of seven parish councils that the Tribal Gathering '96 should not be held at Lower Woods Farm (Osmor Park), Oxfordshire, were reflected in the Oxford District Council's refusal of a licence ("Can they save the rave?", 30 May).

However, it is untrue to say that those opposed to the event are trying to thwart dance culture in general and the Tribal Gathering in particular. Why take the Tribal Gathering from the redundant Munich Airport and site it at a farm, next to the Domesday villages of Nork, Beckley, Woodcote and Islip, in the designated "Environmentally Sensitive Area" of Osmor, reached only by a network of minor roads?

Why carve up more ancient hedgerows for extra access points, and subject wildlife in surrounding fields and nearby woods to an influx of 25,000 people? A long hard campaign was waged to prevent the M40 disrupting Osmor. Protesters against the Newbury bypass should understand our concern. We are a few hundred oaks, challenging a highly organised group of promoters, including Mean Fiddler and Universe, who are manipulating dance fans to believing the establishment is out to deprive them of fun. Stop the whingeing, ask the organisers to find an appropriate venue and then, have a great time. JULIE ROSS, *Beckley, Oxfordshire*

Clinical trials: establish what works for patients

Sir: Polly Toynbee ("No one really wins in this life-and-death lottery", 29 May) makes the point that randomised clinical trials are necessary if medicine is to continue to introduce new and effective treatments.

However, to suggest that clinicians involved in the Medical Research Council or other trials withhold advice to patients or coerce them into trials simply for "scientific ends" misrepresents the reason for most clinical trials. This fundamental purpose is to establish what works for patients. Your readers should not be left with the impression that clinical trials pose an inherent conflict between the interests of science and those of patient treatment.

Trials are only undertaken where there is genuine uncertainty about the best treatment, and where there is a clear prospect that the trial will help resolve that uncertainty. We will not approve any trial where we consider that the potential risks of the treatment outweigh the potential benefits. For this reason we did not sponsor the trial of the preventative use of tamoxifen in healthy women at risk of breast cancer to which Polly Toynbee refers.

The MRC puts considerable effort into making sure that patients are able to make an informed decision before entering one of our trials. At the end of the day the decision always rests with the patient, as it should. But if refusal to participate on any scale were to develop - and happily this is not the case at present - we would be very concerned that our main tool for improving treatments and practice would be jeopardised. LIAM O'TOOLE, *Clinical Trials Manager, Medical Research Council, London W1*

Sir: I am not surprised that Polly Toynbee's article implies that randomised double blind trials are necessary to make trials properly scientific when this is the view of leading statisticians. Yet I hope the article will also encourage us to question this assumption. For it is simply not true that a randomised double blind trial is the only scientific way of testing a hypothesis.

It is true that where they can be carried out, double blind trials are usually the most effective way of performing a clinical trial. But it is wrong to think that such a test is foolproof or that

it is the only effective scientific test. One cannot eliminate every possible effect and it is misleading of statisticians to follow Sir Ronald Fisher in suggesting that randomisation will do no better than, and will often do worse than, an informed attempt to eliminate or take account of conceivable distortions.

Nor should we think that double blind testing is all that is available. There are techniques used throughout science which show that this is not the case. The problem Ms Toynbee raises is that of patients who want to know what treatment they are receiving, typically demanding that they receive the treatment under test. In many cases it is perfectly possible to carry out a trial in which they do so and the results are compared to historical data; where necessary a scientific estimate of the placebo effect can be taken into account. This may not be statistically convenient, but it should be remembered that statistics is not the ruler of science but its servant. Dr ALEXANDER BIRD, *Department of Philosophy, University of Edinburgh*

The ancient catholic church of this land

Sir: It is not Andreas Whitam Smith but Francis White (Letters, 30 May) who is wrong if he thinks the Church of England is not as old as St Bartholomew's Hospital. The Church of England

took its present form at the Synod of Whitby in 664 and has had a continuous existence since then. As the Revised Catechism says, "The Church of England is the ancient church of this land, Catholic

and Reformed. It proclaims and holds fast the doctrine and ministry of the one holy catholic and apostolic church". Canon J G GRIMWADE, *Cirencester, Gloucestershire*

the saturday story

Do we really want to go back to this?

Progressive education has deep roots. It will take decades for schools to change their ways, argues Peter Wilby

The declaration last week by David Blunkett, Labour's education spokesman, that schools should go back to basics is just the latest blow for what is loosely called "progressive education". The "trendies", so often excoriated by Tory politicians, have been in steady retreat for at least 20 years and it is also that long since any prominent Labour politician attempted seriously to defend them. Indeed, just as many people date the end of the post-war love affair with "big government" to the IMF crisis of 1976 and Denis Healey's subsequent measures, so the same year may be pinpointed as the beginning of the end for the school progressives.

That was when the pupils of William Tyndale Primary School in north London were famously found to be in a condition of primeval wildness and ignorance, to the embarrassment of the Labour-run Inner London Education Authority. That, too, was the year when James Callaghan made a much-quoted speech at Ruskin College, Oxford, saying, well, more or less exactly what Mr Blunkett said last week. And therein lies another analogy. The right may have held the intellectual and political high ground for two decades; in practice, however, it has proved as difficult to rein in progressive education as it was to rein in public spending.

The arguments over progressive education (which are, in practice, chiefly about primary education) are not likely to be settled by a few politicians' speeches. They go back more than two centuries. On the surface, they are about the way we organise our schools and the way teachers organise their lessons. The progressive primary schools that developed in the 1960s threw out mental arithmetic, spelling tests, exercise books and old-fashioned desks. Instead of teachers telling them what to do, children embarked on "dis-

covery learning" - finding out things for themselves. Instead of being taught as whole classes, sitting at rows of desks facing the front, they worked in small groups at tables, with the teacher circulating between them. Instead of being streamed by ability, children were placed in classes where dunces rubbed shoulders with the brightest. Traditional school subjects - history, geography and so on - were replaced by "topics" or "projects" on such subjects as transport, farming, the sea or (a particular favourite) "our neighbourhood".

These ideas caught the spirit of the 1960s. But they had deep roots and their intellectual lineage went back to the mid-18th century, when the great French philosopher of the Enlighten-

ment, Jean Jacques Rousseau, published *Emile*. It was the story of a young boy allowed by his tutor to roam the countryside absorbing beauty. Rousseau's idea was that children should learn through first-hand experience, not through a pre-determined curriculum. He believed that children were naturally good - that, as Wordsworth put it, they came from God "trailing clouds of glory".

"Never command him to do anything, not the least thing in the world," summed up Rousseau's educational philosophy. To this day, people's views about education rest on whether they agree with these simple principles. Are children naturally virtuous or vicious? Should teachers guide or instruct? Is education supposed to liberate the human spirit or to discipline it? The great names of educational philosophy - Rousseau, Froebel, Dewey - take the side of virtue, guidance and liberation.

Froebel, in the 1820s, emphasised the importance of play in the development of learning - hence the ubiquitous nursery school sandpits and Wendy houses. Dewey, the great American philosopher, was the intellectual father of the "integrated day"; he argued, at the beginning of this century, against the artificial boundaries between school subjects. He also argued that schools do not exist to prepare children for the labour market. "The educational process has no end beyond itself," he wrote. "It is its own end."

Contrast all this with what we know about British education in the late 19th century. How children learnt was well illustrated by *The Child's Guide to Knowledge*, published in 1884. "How high is the Asiatic elephant?" it demanded. "Usually from nine to 10 feet, with ears of a moderate size," was the required answer. While more modern ideas about education took stronger root in North America, British schools in the 1930s had barely changed from those portrayed in Dickens's novels.

"Progressive" often meant little more than giving up the cane, allowing boys and girls to mix and introducing alternatives to team games. Even AS Neill's innovative Summerhill school, although it allowed children the option of missing lessons, was conservative in the curriculum it offered.

There were brief and limited experiments. The Dalton Plan - named after the town in Massachusetts where it began - enjoyed a brief vogue in the 1920s. It allowed pupils to design their timetables after making a monthly "contract" with their teachers as to what they would



A 1950s classroom: 'progressive' often meant little more than giving up the cane and introducing alternatives to team games

Hulton Get

learn; classrooms were abolished and turned into "subject laboratories".

But these experiments apart, the situation in the vast majority of schools was well described by Aldous Huxley, writing in 1927: "Passively, the child sits at his desk while the teacher pumps and mechanically re-pumps information into his mental receptacle."

The first official imprimatur for progressive methods came not, as commonly thought, from the Plowden Report in 1967 but from the Hadow Report 36 years earlier. It declared that "the curriculum is to be thought of in terms of activity and experience rather than of knowledge to be acquired and facts to be stored".

But just as successive education ministers since 1979 have found it hard to alter a profession's ingrained habits, so Hadow was slow to percolate into the schools. It was not until the 1960s that a generation of teachers, trained in the new methods, had passed through the schools to become heads and education officers.

Several other developments gave a new impetus to the progressive movement - for example, the post-war birth bulge led to a boom in new school building, which then gave many teachers surroundings that were more suited to the new ideas. But two

developments were crucial.

First, Rousseau's belief that children should learn from first-hand experience received what looked like scientific backing from Jean Piaget, a Swiss psychologist. He said that mental development went through four stages. It was impossible to skip any of them and it was only in the last stage, usually reached in the teens, that children were capable of what he called "formal operations" or abstract learning. Further, Piaget insisted that "freedom from severe emotional disturbance is a necessary condition of learning". It followed that schools had a role in "pastoral care", that they should worry as much about children's psychological and social development as about their ability to recite the alphabet.

The second development was the decline of the 11-plus, itself based on evidence that, failing the exam and attending a secondary modern depressed children's IQs. The demise of the 11-plus released primary schools from the need to drill children and enabled them to move away from streaming. In 1962, only one junior school in 25 had abolished streaming by the mid-1970s, there was scarcely a streamed junior school in the country.

This was the high point of the Plowden revolution, so called because the official committee

chaired by Lady Plowden had, albeit with numerous caveats, given official approval to changes that were already under way. The movement reached the secondary schools, which also started to give up streaming, and, for the younger children at least, began to blur the subject boundaries, conflating literature, history and geography, for example, into "humanities".

It dribbled into higher education, and Froebel's belief in learning through play even reached the management schools, where role-playing games still flourish. Some educationists - the so-called "deschoolers" - suggested that children did not need schools in the conventional sense at all. They could learn everything they needed from streets, fields, libraries, visits to offices and factories, miles with grandparents, and so on.

But the clouds were already gathering. The first Black Paper - a collection of essays by prominent public figures such as Kingsley Amis and Rhodes Boyson, then a headmaster, later an education minister - was published in 1969, challenging the growing progressive consensus. Edward Short, probably the last education minister who thought it his business to speak up for teachers, described it as education's "blackest day for a hundred years". Slowly, civi-

dence against "progressive" or "informal" methods began to emerge.

In 1976, Neville Bennett, a Lancaster University lecturer, announced that he had tested the results of "progressive" and "traditional" teachers. The latter were superior. He later disclosed that he had reassessed his results and changed his mind, but nobody took much notice of that. The political and press bandwagon was by then heading in a different direction.

By 1991, the National Foundation for Educational Research announced that tests of seven-year-old children's reading showed a decline in their scores since 1987. Modern methods were blamed. Nobody stopped to ask why, if the progressives had been advancing since the 1960s, the decline had not showed itself earlier.

In the end, though, it was not research that undermined progressive education. Results can always be found to support both sides of the argument, for the simple reason that most teachers use a mixture of methods and it is hard to categorise them. What really counted was that hard work, firm direction, competition and lots of testing fitted the spirit of the 1980s and 1990s as surely as the progressive ideas fitted the 1960s. But even with the parties united on the need to return to the old methods, it will

take time to change the schools. The ideals of Rousseau, Froebel, Dewey and Piaget were taught to a whole generation of teachers almost as articles of faith, and that generation now occupies the senior positions in school and education authorities, as well as many classrooms. Politicians can abuse the "trendies" as much as they like, but asking them now to raise standards through chalk-and-talk is like asking an American baseball player to excel at cricket.

In primary schools now, you will see a curious thing. The older teachers have the children in groups at tables; the under-30s, fresh out of college, have them in rows, facing the blackboard (if one can be found). Learning much as their grand parents might have done 40 years ago, Mr Blunkett, and all the Tory politicians he is echoing, will have to wait for this generation to get their headship - roughly 2006 - before the counter-revolution is complete and the "basics" triumphant. Then, no doubt, the wheel will be turning again, and somebody will want to go back to the basics of Rousseau.

Peter Wilby is editor of the *Independent on Sunday*. He was education correspondent of the *Sunday Times* from 1977 to 1986 and education editor of the *Independent* from 1986 to 1989.



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Jo Brand's week

I read with rising anxiety the story of the French student Fanny Paltor, who disappeared in Cardiff last week, and then breathed a sigh of relief when she turned up in London a few days later. Maybe I'm more grown up than I used to be because I was incredulous at the stupidity of a foreign, female 17-year-old bagging down a car containing five young hobsos at two in the morning. I should confess that as a teenager I was an infamous hitchhiker myself. For some reason, I once found myself in a lorry cab squeezed in the middle of four blokes who looked decidedly unsavoury and I started to panic as they took a turning off the road. Funny what you think of in these situations to get yourself out of them. I told them I was a trainee nun. (I don't think there is such a thing ... well, certainly none who dress like hippies and smoke Number Six.) Amazingly, it did the trick and I was deposited safely at my destination. I don't want to sound like a nostalgic old lady by saying it was safe in those days ... it wasn't, but it's worse now. Anyone who still thinks that hitchhiking is a safe bet in these days of opportunist attackers on the lookout for anyone vulnerable should be locked in a cupboard by their mums and dad until they've grown up.

It seems as though errant dictators all over the world may be shown in a rather more attractive light if a recent book about General Franco is anything to go by. According to an expert on dictatorship, poor old Franco had a rotten time with all things mouthy. He had ulcers, abscesses and fungus in his mouth and this turned him into "the crotchety conservative" that he was. He also had a lifelong fear of losing all his teeth, which is believed to have contributed to his all round propensity for dictatorship. My



General Franco: teething troubles

grandma had all her teeth removed in one go in her thirties, without anaesthetic, and I am not aware that she ever felt the need to take over a country. I hope that this book won't open the door for revelations about Saddam Hussein's piles or Mussolini's backache. The author of this learned tome is one Julio Iglesias ... not the housewife's choice. I hasten to add, although no doubt the name itself will be sufficient to sell a few copies.

Dear, oh dear, England team ... how tedious that high jinks in the air resulted in damage to television screens by the lads on their way back from Hong Kong, but vandalism of this sort surely belongs on the terraces rather than on the field. This sort of behaviour normally occurs when bevvies have been poured down necks. Drowning their sorrows, as opposed to celebrating, I assume, judging by the way they played against the Hong Kong team who seemed to be clobbered together from a few ex-England players and anyone else who was free that day. This behaviour is all sending a very clear message to the yob element among supporters, not to mention those other yobhos who are currently doing their bit of



xenophobic troublemaking ... the Tury party.

Nice to see *Mastermind* moving into a new early slot and into the 20th century with one contestant answering questions on punk and the Sex Pistols. And what a joy to hear Magnus asking which member of the Sex Pistols came up with the title for the album *Never Mind the Bollocks*. Of course we were not allowed to hear the "B" word at 7.30pm, but just to see Magnus getting stuck into punk was enough. Also, good to see that the contestant answering questions on punk actually won the beat. It makes you proud to have jumped up and down and avoided all those gobblets of spit.



Magnusson: never mind the ...

Well, maybe it's time for those among us who have won the lottery to consider putting in an offer for Lord Brocket's gaff in Hertfordshire ... a snip at 15 million smackers. This is the culmination of a very bad few years for Lord Brocket, who, with debts of £10m, attempted to hoodwink insurers by pretending his classic car collection had been robbed. Obviously, faced with such a potentially huge pay out, insurers investigated with the zeal of the Spanish Inquisition. Why Lord B didn't just sell his home to pay his debts, leaving him £5m to play with, I can't imagine ... it's more than most of us will ever see in our lifetime. OK, so he might have had to suffer the humiliation of a slightly smaller mansion, but sometimes one just has to make cuts in expenditure.

The poor old British Library seems to be dogged by disaster. Not only has it gone millions over budget and suffered a small fire recently, but perhaps the worst problem it has suffered is that it looks like one of those Tescos that is always situated outside provincial towns in the Home Counties. I hadn't really looked at it before, but I drove past the other day and took a long hard stare and I was faced with what looks more like Legoland than the hallowed seat of learning whose previous incarnation housed such brainboxes as Karl Marx. The British Library is sandwiched between St Pancras and Euston, the former a Gothic marvel, the latter a nondescript lump of concrete. It seems that in future we are destined to gaze upon buildings of banal uniformity, not able to tell the difference between a shopping centre and one of the country's great institutions. All right, so I'm starting to sound like Prince Charles, but I'm worried I'm going to keep going into the British Library for £5 of potatoes.

The fisherman

Europe's ...
mission ...
to tell ...
Sarah Helen



How to end the fashion famine

Super-thin models worry us all. Rebecca Fowler says that advertising power could succeed where parents and doctors have failed

"The hip's where it's at," proclaims *Vogue* in the latest edition, beside a smiling woman in pants with no hips. "Summer's here," it says next to a photo of a woman so thin, even Lycra fails to cling to her. I laugh out loud, as I imagine myself prancing over a beach in the absurd Adidas catsuit, although 10 years ago such a thought would have driven my schoolfriends to me in private despair.

These are the images made notable by Omega, the watch company, which temporarily withdrew its advertising with *Vogue* earlier this week in protest against the painfully thin women in its pages. As a result, *Vogue* is now also on the front page of every newspaper.

It is an unholy alliance - anxious parents and a posh watch company as co-conspirators against the tyranny of the thinness cult. While Omega's protest was seen as a victory for the women's groups, doctors and psychologists, it was also a striking front page for newspaper editors, and a publicity coup for Omega, which last night resumed the contract with *Vogue*.

Claudia Marten, fashion director at Lynne Franks PR, sees Omega's action as part of a movement in which companies - beginning with Benetton, the founder of the shock ad - have increasingly found that newspaper headlines give them the wider coverage than any hoarding or magazine. "They've probably got more advertising out of this than advertising in *Vogue*, and much cheaper," she says.

Omega denies any cunning. The incident started simply enough when Giles Rees, the marketing director of Omega UK, was prompted to withdraw the advertising because he was "appalled" by the models. "I thought it was irresponsible for a leading magazine which should be setting an example to pick models of anorexic proportions," he said.

Although Mr Rees, whose letter to *Vogue* was released to the press, has no direct experience of anorexia, he says that a girl in his wife's class at school died of the disorder. However, the company last night announced its U-turn based on "a belief it was not in anybody's interest to manipulate the

editorial position of any given media". Whatever the causes that have propelled the issue to the front pages, there is no doubting the shockiness of the images. On the pages of *Vogue*, the emaciated figures of Annie Morton and Trish Goff are made appealing by the glamour of fashion photography. But blown up, in less flattering newspaper, they are a horrible testimony to the unrealistic ideals being pressed on women.

Surely anyone staring at the pathetically thin image of Trish Goff in shorts would feel uncomfortable. But for the campaigners who have been condemning the imagery for decades, the question is why has it taken the rest of us so long to wake up? And how far are we prepared to go in redrawing our ideals of beauty?

There is something a little hollow in Omega's own proclamation that it uses only healthy looking women such as Cindy Crawford and Elle MacPherson. A colleague who recently saw Crawford in the flesh at a handbag launch said despondently that she was "tiny" with "not an ounce of flesh on her".

The cult of thinness has become so pervasive a force in advertising, Cindy Crawford is seen as a concession to normality. In the Fifties, Marilyn Monroe, size 16, was still an ideal. Then, in the Sixties, Twiggy's arrival coincided with women's lib, when thinness was a sign of independence and freedom from reproduction. And while some Arabian husbands still like to show off fat wives as a sign of their affluence, the rise of cheap junk food has had the opposite effect in the west. Thin is also classy.

Models have remained thin since the Sixties, but not with such vengeance as the supermodels who rose to the head of the catwalk in the Nineties led by Kate Moss. Despite the fashion commentators having repeatedly announced that the waifs' day is up, they have endured. When the first images of Moss appeared in *Times* Square in New York, irate protesters scrawled "Feed me! I'm hungry" on the over posters.

The response of the fashion industry has been petulant. Moss signed her recent books of photographs with the mantra of the waifs: "PS I'm just on my way out to dinner to eat a massive steak and loads of fattening potatoes with loads of butter." David Bonnouvier, of the New York agency which represents Annie Morton, said: "She drinks beer, she eats McDonald's. She's gone to a weight problem." So what. Maybe Morton has not got an



The "ideal" thin women, propelled to this week's front pages

eating problem, but she is extraordinarily thin and being promoted for it. Dr Glen Waller, a specialist in eating disorders, wrote to *Vogue* four years ago to protest against this type of imagery, following research into the negative impact thin models had

position that this gives Omega a very good profile. On the other hand it does bring attention to these images that many people will be shocked by. It shows it has become a political story. Already Clarins, the skin-care and make-up company, which advertises

It was an unholy alliance of anxious parents and a posh watch company

on women. But a lone medical voice has little impact in the world of fashion. "Unless other companies are prepared to take similar action to Omega's, the culture for ultra-thinness will remain," he says.

It is a view shared by Susie Orbach, the psycho-therapist who wrote a commentary beneath a picture of Goff on the front page of yesterday's *Guardian*. She says: "You could take the cynical

its products in the June edition of *Vogue*, has said it would consider a similar move. "If it becomes an issue with the general public of course we will consider it," a spokeswoman said. The powers at *Vogue* issued a hurt statement yesterday: "What seems ironic to us is that this emotive issue should be raised in a month when we have gone to such trouble to celebrate women's bodies... it is full of posi-

tive images of female forms," says Alexandra Shulman, the editor. Perhaps the most jarring headline in this month's *Vogue* is: "Don't hate me because I'm thin." Susan Irvine, the author, who is 5ft 10in tall and weighs just over eight and a half stone, writes: "Writing about the persecution of the thin is difficult. It's a bit like insisting how awful it is to be rich, or saying life's hell because you're beautiful."

But it misses the point to assert that thinness is perceived as an evil. It is the pursuit of it in the extreme that has produced a generation of women obsessed with weight. The painfully uncomfortable relationship we have with food may well be passed on to the next generation if the gloss is not wiped off those half-starved images. One can only hope that in future the companies who hold the purse strings will be the ones to lead us out of the fashion famine.

DAVID AARONOVITCH Male monkeys



I'm thinking of going up to the Bell Hotel in Driffield next week to attend the Bishop of Hull's all-male evening. Traditionalists should not worry, this is not an exercise in converting claps to gay Anglicanism, the Right Reverend James Jones simply wants to talk to us about the crisis of masculinity. The vicar of Driffield has said of the bishop that he "thinks men should be men, so he wants to inspire them".

Good. I for one could do with some inspiration. Whole weeks sometimes pass when I completely forget what sex I am. Instead of being masterful, ruling my life (and my family) with a rugged confidence, and making careful preparations for Euro 96, I find myself looking at the aftershaves in Boots, or softly crying in my study over man's inhumanity to animals.

But why am I like this? Who is to blame? The bishop has been careful not to condemn anybody in particular but has wondered aloud whether rather more men see themselves in the hen-pecked wimps of *Coronation Street* than in the mainly ideal portrayed by Rudyard Kipling in his poem *If*. *Coronation Street*, the bishop says, suggests that it is "the women who run the show". The implication is clear. Had Kipling scripted the *Street*, things would have been very different.

The American chronicler of the masculine crisis, Robert Bly (he of *Iron John* fame), has a similar analysis to that of the Rt Rev Jones, though he can afford to lay blame where it ought to lie. Men are suffering because they are portrayed as useless, weak, pathetic and posturing, and (b) feminism (or women), which has thrown out the intuitive male baby with the bathwater of machismo.

Bly's famous corrective to these influences was for men to get together in wigwams in the countryside, beat drums, howl away their pain and rediscover their fathers. I am rather hoping that something similar (though adapted for less extreme British sensibilities) will take place at The Bell. I have always wanted to give a bishop a bear-hug. And instead of howling, we can just have a little shout.

But once we've finished our embrace, what I really want to say to the bishop is that men do not get their notions of masculinity from soap operas. Most of us don't watch 'em. Nor can the crisis really be pinned on other sections of the media.

Today I bought the launch edition of *GQ* (*Health, fitness & sport for men*) because it advertised a feature entitled "Male Insecurity: Conquer Your Fears Now". Inside, these fears were ranked in order of importance. Were they: "The agonising dilemmas of fatherhood", or "how can one be sensitive and decisive"? Nope. At number nine was "baldness", and number one was... yes, you've got it, penis size. So if *GQ* is any guide, Driffield's night air will be filled with the noise of zippers being untensed and men requesting episcopal reassurance on their dimensions. Will the bishop tell each one that, in the eyes of God, all members are equal?

Will the bishop tell each one that, in the eyes of God, all members are equal?

culture recur constantly throughout the ages. The romanticism of the mid-19th century created one, when marriage as a contract (often entered into without prior inspection) was replaced with the love match. All of a sudden men found themselves open to scrutiny as objects of affection, rather than as random prizes in life's tomboles. A period of adjustment was required, as claps opted for pale and interesting over rich and high bolted.

So we men are always in trouble. But should we be so concerned? If we judge by our counterparts in the animal kingdom, the answer is probably not. Zeldin cites the case of baboons which, generations of naturalists believed, lived in patriarchal societies. The males were loud, aggressive and had wonderful blue-and-red bottoms. Closer attention to the baboon tribes, however, showed that the females actually took all the important decisions about where they were to live, what they ate and whom they fought. In return, all the gals demanded was a terrific, many-hued hum. So relax, your reverence. All we need is a pot of paint. We'd look the part - and that's what counts.

The fishermen's unlikely friend?

Europe's fisheries commissioner is not afraid to tell it like it is. By Sarah Helm

On a Sunday morning in March, a sparrow-like Italian woman ventured into the fish market at Newlyn, where Cornish fishermen were waiting to harp her and her "European friends". The European Union flag had already been burnt on the quays to mark Emma Bonino's arrival. And Europe's commissioner for fisheries, humanitarian aid and consumer affairs was nervous, say colleagues. "We knew we were really entering the lions' den." But the commissioner had been in tough spots before - Bosnia, Somalia and Rwanda, to name but three. As a militant civil rights activist in Italy for many years, she has long understood the dynamics of public protest.

She tackled the fishermen in the only way she knew how - by telling it to them straight. "I can't do miracles. I can't multiply the fishes," she said. "But it is not Brussels which is to blame. You have been sold down the river by your own government."

After she spoke, many people went quiet. I think a lot of them knew what she was talking about. And she listened to us, which no British minister had every done," says Nick Howell, of the Newlyn Fish Merchants Association. Emma Bonino is rare phenomenon - she is a European Commissioner who can communicate. She is an accomplished linguist, who can present a case through force of personality and deft argument. This week, after announcing new cuts in the fishing fleet, she has been arguing with calm poise on British television in a manner that may not have convinced but must surely have impressed. One cannot help wondering whether, had Bonino been agriculture com-



Emma Bonino: she prefers the street fight to the backroom deal

missioner instead of Franz Fischler, the dour Austrian, the European beef ban might not have been better understood in Britain.

Since taking up the poisoned chalice of fisheries commissioner in January 1995, she has defied all the conventional wisdom about Brussels commissioners. A smart, alluring 48-year-old, she prefers the street fight to the backroom deal. She is single, and driven, apparently, solely by work. "She has energy and balls, which is more than you can say for some commissioners," said a senior official. Born into a poor farming family in Bra, near Turin, Emma Bonino was drawn into political activism at the age of 24 when she started campaigning for legal abortion in Italy. As a student, she had become pregnant, and as a student, very publicly, to have an illegal abortion. She joined the Radical Party, an influential movement of peace, human rights activists and green campaigners operating on the fringe of Italian politics. Bonino was elected to the Italian parlia-

ment in 1976 and led a series of successful campaigns, including the liberalisation of Italian divorce laws, which provoked the Pope to call her a witch. Her style was "up front" and she has always been on for a stunt. She once appeared in a TV debate on capital punishment with a noose round her neck. She entered the European Parliament in 1979, and she swiftly developed a reputation of being a "firebrand" in pursuit of her favourite causes. Bonino has been appropriately compared to Petra Kelly, the now legendary Green leader, murdered in 1987.

When Silvio Berlusconi, then Italian prime minister, tried to call Bonino in January 1995 to ask her to be one of Italy's two commissioners, she was outside the United Nations headquarters in New York, wearing a sandwich board and protesting about Third World aid. Italian politics was in its usual chaos and Bonino was chosen at the last minute, because Berlusconi's government needed the Radical Party's support in a vote of confidence. She

was told she could have the portfolios for consumer affairs and humanitarian aid. She said that was not enough. "So they gave her fisheries, too," said a colleague. "She gulped and swallowed and has been attacking it with energy ever since."

Consumer affairs and humanitarian aid were clearly going to enthuse Bonino. She was in Tuzla, in Bosnia, 24 hours after the fall of Srebrenica last July, and after interviewing refugees, she voiced early fears that there had been a massacre. In April this year, she was in Kismayo, in south-east Somalia, where she was caught in militia cross-fire as she drove out to inspect EU aid projects. It was the fish dossier, however, which proved to be Bonino's biggest challenge, and gave her an opportunity to prove her political maturity. Her most difficult task is to oversee the cuts in European fishing fleets to save dwindling stocks. A rolling programme to cut back on fleets was already agreed when Bonino took office. The cuts she announced this week - calling for Britain to reduce its fleet by 40 per cent - are the latest phase.

Bonino knows she can win no friends with fishermen anywhere in Europe, but she is determined at least to tell them what she believes to be the truth. If fishing is not reduced, there will be no fish left, she says simply - over and over again.

As she declared bluntly in Newlyn, if British fishermen fear they are being singled out for the hardest cuts, they should examine the policies of their own government - and the behaviour of some of their own fishermen - to see why. Bonino points out that the large number of Spaniards now licensed to fish British quotas has come about, in part, because the British government allowed a system to develop whereby British licenses could be sold for large sums of money. British fishermen, fearful of their future, have therefore often sold their own livelihood to competing foreigners. The industry's plight has deepened, she argues, because of the failure of the Government to pay its share of compensation schemes set up by the European Commission.

If the commission wants to promote the cause of the EU in Britain, it should field more commissioners like Emma Bonino. The Italian sparrow could yet become the acceptable, understandable and likeable voice of Brussels.

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Facia crisis deepens as Sears serves petition

NIGEL COPE

The crisis surrounding Facia, Stephen Hinchliffe's retail empire, deepened yesterday when Sears served a petition seeking to put his footwear businesses into administration.

Sears said it had decided to take the action after it concluded that Facia, which also includes Salisbury's, Sock Shop and Oakland Menswear, could not adequately renege and discharge its outstanding debts to the

company. The move follows Sears' sale to Facia of a string of high street footwear companies including Freeman Hardy Willis, Saxone, Manfield, Trueform and Currys.

The move is a potentially devastating blow to Mr Hinchliffe, the colourful Sheffield entrepreneur who has rapidly built Facia up to an 850-store group.

The administration petition will be heard in the High Court next week and involves three companies. They are Wisebird,

one of Facia's subsidiary companies which includes the Saxone and Currys businesses; Freeman Hardy Willis, Manfield and Trueform; and Citycann, the property company which holds the store leases. Facia declined to comment yesterday.

Mr Hinchliffe is already facing action from the DTT that could lead to his disqualification as a director. He and his fellow-directors will face a DTT fine if they do not file Facia's accounts

by 1 July. Mr Hinchliffe is also in the midst of negotiations which could see him sell Facia to a US group Texas American Group.

Sears said it had been monitoring closely its exposure to and its relationship with Facia. It added that recent information received from the company following the announcement of the DTT's investigation had been insufficient to satisfy the it that Facia could fulfil its obligations. Also yesterday, Sears said

that it would no longer be selling Saxeone Limited to Facia as originally agreed in February and would be taking an additional £25m exceptional charge to cover the cost of disposing of the unwanted properties and to cover debts owed to it by Facia.

This action has been necessary as the shoe deals struck with Mr Hinchliffe were split into two parts. The first involved the sale of the assets and trading names of the companies. The second stage would see the expensive

leases of the stores revert from Sears to Facia had not yet been completed. Those leases revert to Sears.

The collapse of the second part of the deal is certain to anger the City and place additional pressure on Liam Strong, Sears' chief executive. His position has come under threat as the company has continued to underperform.

Sears had said it would complete the deal by the time of its interim results in July.

The consequences for Mr Hinchliffe could be even worse as his personal and corporate problems continue to mount. In addition to the DTT investigation, which also includes the Facia finance director Christopher Harrison and the late filing of accounts, he is also seeking fresh funds.

The deal with Texas American Group, a small US quoted company originally looked certain though Facia said that it was in talks with other parties.

Director scheme backed at HSBC

NIGEL COPE

Shareholders in banking giant HSBC voted through a controversial share scheme for directors yesterday through company's annual meeting disrupted by student protests and other demonstrators called the directors "liars" on the floor.

However, it was disclosed the meeting that HSBC adopted more stringent guidelines for its share scheme as intense pressure from City institutions such as Pirc, the Pension and Investment Research Consultancy.

Under the terms of the original scheme, directors stood to receive shares up to four times the value of their salaries achieving certain performance criteria. It is now likely that the company will award a low number of shares.

Pirc complained that shareholders had been given insufficient information about the scheme, though in a vote proxies 17 per cent of shareholders voted against it.

Pirc's Stuart Bell said: "The relatively high number of shareholders voting against the resolution demonstrates the growing level of director incentive plans."

Pirc is expected to mount concerted attack on similar schemes that will be put before the shareholders of several of the privatised water and electricity companies due to be privatised in July.

During a typically boisterous meeting which lasted for three hours, HSBC chairman Sir William Purves faced allegations regarding the funding of arms deals and environmental destruction.

Some of the protesters also demanded to know why the majority of the board members were "male and white". Four demonstrators were removed by security staff. One shouted and kicked the guards as he was carried out.

Lamb, the Lloyds and Midland boycott scheme which is protesting about the bank's treatment of third world debt also made a protest which HSBC described as "very unstructured".

Other shareholders became impatient during the lengthy disruption and began to boo and jeer. They clapped when Sir William ordered the protesters to be removed.

The protest, which focused on Midland Bank's alleged financing of arms sales to Iraq, was organised by 20 universities. Outside the meeting they handed out leaflets with the slogans "Midland - Banking on Bombs" and "During question time they complained that they were being ignored. Sir William retorted: "I am not ignoring you. But if you continue like this I will."

"Later he said that perhaps 'one day, before I retire, I can chair a meeting in London in a civilised atmosphere'."

Lucas and Varity in world top 10 as £3bn deal is sealed

MICHAEL HARRISON

Lucas and the US group Varity yesterday clinched a £3.2bn merger to create one of the world's top 10 automotive component suppliers and the second biggest manufacturer of brakes.

The merged company, LucasVarity, will have sales of £4.4bn and 55,000 employees and will have headquarters in the UK. Under the terms of the all-paper deal, Lucas shareholders will emerge with 62 per cent of the shares in the enlarged group, which will be listed on the London Stock Exchange and rank number 64 among Britain's 100 biggest companies, qualifying it for entry to the FT-SE 100 index.

In order to make a rival bid for Lucas less attractive, there is a "poison pill" clause in the agreement whereby either side must pay the other a "break-up fee" of \$25m if they pull out of the merger. Varity insisted this was common practice in US merger agreements.

The chief executive of LucasVarity will be Victor Rice, chairman and chief executive of Varity, and the bulk of the capacity and job reductions following the merger are likely to be in the UK. A total of £50m is being set aside for restructuring charges.

Sir Brian Pearse, who will move from the chairmanship of Lucas to non-executive chairman of LucasVarity, conceded there would be job losses but he said these would run to only a "few hundred" out of a combined workforce of 55,000.

Half of Lucas's 45,000-strong workforce is based in the UK at factories in the Midlands, Wales and the West Country.

The merger will produce annual savings of £65m by next year and LucasVarity estimates it will cut its tax bill by a further £65m in the first three years through the use of Lucas's tax losses in the US and setting Varity's UK profits against Lucas's unrelieved advance corporation tax.

But Mr Rice conceded that the biggest challenge would be to merge the two cultures of Lucas and Varity. "I have seen many mergers fail because nobody set about addressing the cultural issue," he said. "There can only be one culture and it has to be established very quickly. I am the chief executive and in the end it will be my culture."

Varity is the world's biggest manufacturer of ABS or anti-lock brakes. It also owns the world's leading diesel engine manufacturer, Perkins, and has a dominant position in the US with General Motors, Ford and

Chrysler its highest customers. Lucas's main presence is in Europe where it is the leading supplier of foundation brakes and diesel fuel injection systems and counts Volkswagen, BMW, Rover and Japanese transplant car factories among its biggest customers.

Lucas will also put its aerospace division, which has sales of £600m, into the merged company after deciding not to sell the business separately.

In addition to cost and tax savings, the two companies said LucasVarity would benefit from pooled research and development, their complementary strengths in product range and geographic coverage plus the increasing demand from car manufacturers for single, integrated component suppliers.

As a first step, Varity's diesel engine business, Perkins, will increase its purchase of Lucas diesel injection systems.

It is expected to take until September to complete the merger because of the various regulatory approvals required in the UK and US.

John Allen of the engineering union AEEU said: "This can only be good news for jobs. We are going to have a major company, genuinely a world-wide player, UK-based and with all the decisions made in the UK."



Team talk: Lucas executives (from left) Victor Rice, Sir Brian Pearse and John Grant

Photograph: Peter Macdiarmid



Local authority financing at risk, says panel

PETER RODGERS

A senior City body, the Financial Law Review Panel, warned yesterday that future private financing of local authority projects was at risk because of serious legal uncertainties.

The panel urged ministers to set up a new tribunal to vet bank deals with local authorities in advance, which would remove the risk that the deals would later be declared illegal.

If the Government failed to do anything, an extension of the Treasury's private finance initiative to local authorities was unlikely to succeed, said the panel.

The PFI uses private money to fund what would otherwise count as public spending and is a key part of the Chancellor's strategy to reduce his borrowing requirement. Other new types of financing for councils were also at risk, the panel said.

The problem arises from a series of legal cases going back to the Hammonds and Fulham swaps deals a decade ago, which the courts found to be outside the council's powers.

But the panel, which has been pressing the Government

to act for a year, believes court of appeals judgments this month involving Credit Suisse, have increased the urgency.

The judgments confirmed earlier decisions in the lower court that a much wider range of off-balance sheet financing by councils was potentially illegal. These include leasing deals for capital equipment and other direct expenditure, rather than the speculation involved in the swaps deals.

Estimates of the value of existing finance at risk are as high as £3bn, though the panel's chief executive, Colin Bamford, said the highest figure he had heard was £1bn.

But he made it clear the priority was to set up a system to allow City firms that any new deal a bank does with a local authority could similarly be declared ultra vires.

Mr Bamford said: "It is pie in the sky to think the private finance initiative will attract banks when they are unable to get legal opinions saying the deal is not going to be void."

The proposed tribunal, would be run by the Audit Commission and would certify that specific deals would not be ultra vires.

BT tariff rise adds £36 to phone bills

NIGEL COPE

BT is to increase the line rental charges for both residential and business users in a move that will put an extra £36 on domestic phone bills a year.

The price increases will fuel concerns that higher line rental charges discriminate against customers who make few calls. However, BT said the new tariff was part of its agreement with Ofcom, the telecoms regulator, under which revenue from rental increases is used to cut the cost of calls.

The decision comes ahead of

an announcement by Ofcom on Monday which will outline its proposals for the new price structure that will come into force in July 1997.

The stock market reacted warmly to the news, marking BT shares 9.5p higher at 355.5p yesterday as some analysts suggested that the Ofcom review was not expected to be too draconian.

The new line rental charges will come into force this July and will be £25.69 per quarter for residential customers and £41.13 for businesses.

BT said the changes were the

first increase to line rentals for 17 months and amounted to just a penny extra a day.

It also announced a programme to provide free conversion to modern plug and socket connections for customers who still rent phones with direct wiring. This normally costs £20 but the fee will be waived during a special offer period of six months. Around 1.8 million customer still have direct wired phones.

Don Cruickshank, director general of Ofcom, welcomed the changes. "BT has met its commitment to ensure that the in-

creases in exchange line rental are such that no customer will suffer a real increase in his or her quarterly bill (for the same usage). He said the price changes followed reductions in call charges which were announced on Tuesday.

BT also drew attention to its low user scheme for people who make relatively few calls but need a phone as a lifeline. The maximum number of calls participating customer can make will be increased to £15.67 per quarter from July. Customers within this receive up to 60 per cent off their rental charge.

BT said that main prices were coming down by more than £300m this year. It also said the rental charges represent an increase of 3.7 per cent for residential customers and 2.4 per cent for businesses - below the 3.9 per cent increase in the retail price index since the last charge review in February 1995.

BT stressed that no customer's bill would increase by more than the current rate of inflation, 2.4 per cent. Under existing regulations BT can only increase its prices by 7.5 percentage points less than the prevailing rate of inflation.

Era ends as Hill Samuel loses its deal-makers



Sir Robert Clark: Last chief of the bank as independent

PETER RODGERS
Financial Editor

A City era ended yesterday when Close Brothers took over the corporate finance business of Hill Samuel, which once did some of the biggest takeover deals in the London markets.

The purchase from Lloyds TSB for an undisclosed price brings a team of 60 people and 50 quoted clients to Close Brothers, a rising City star taking over one that has been fading since it was bought by TSB in 1987.

Lloyds TSB group continues to own Hill Samuel's corporate and private banking and fund

management sides, which are far larger than the corporate finance team.

But the departure of the team ends a key link with Hill Samuel's glory days from the 1960s to the mid-1980s, when it was home of some of the City's best-known corporate finance superstars who at the time vied with Warburg at the top of the big league of takeovers and privatisations.

It has been an open secret that the LloydsTSB group is uninterested in expanding its work in bids and deals, while Close Brothers has declared it wants to grow rapidly in the area.

Among Hill Samuel's best known 1980s deals were the privatisation of British Airways and the 1984 onslaught on Allied Lyons by Elders of Australia, the first £1bn plus leveraged bid in the UK. Hill Samuel acted for Elders.

But by the time of Big Bang in 1986, traditional merchant banks were coming under heavy pressure to find new capital backing to compete with US investment banks and the clearing banks.

In 1987, Hill Samuel thought it had agreed a takeover by Union Bank of Switzerland. UBS pulled out at the last

minute, leaving the London bank, then under Sir Robert Clark - its last chairman as an independent bank - floundering around looking for a partner.

On the rebound, it sold out to TSB in October 1987, at a price of £77m which proved an extraordinarily good deal for shareholders because it was agreed just before the stock market crash.

However, under TSB's leadership, Hill Samuel went on a leading spree to large companies that in 1991 sent it £440m into the red, and the bank and its corporate finance department never regained their former stature. The corporate finance de-

partment then led the rescue of the Brent Walker group, one of Hill Samuel's ill-starred borrowers, but it failed to regain its high City profile. The team's best known recent work has included the National Lottery and the Channel Tunnel Rail Link.

Close Brothers, which is capitalised at £450m, already has a small corporate finance team with 30 clients and about 20 staff.

John Llewellyn-Lloyd, head of Hill Samuel corporate finance, said the merged team would be comparable with those at other medium size merchant banks such as Lazard, Hambros and Charterhouse.

STOCK MARKETS					
FT-SE 100	Dow Jones	Nikkei	Hang Seng	Shanghai	Hong Kong
3650	8500	22000	10000	10000	10000
3600	8400	21500	9500	9500	9500
3550	8300	21000	9000	9000	9000
3500	8200	20500	8500	8500	8500
3450	8100	20000	8000	8000	8000
3400	8000	19500	7500	7500	7500
3350	7900	19000	7000	7000	7000
3300	7800	18500	6500	6500	6500
3250	7700	18000	6000	6000	6000
3200	7600	17500	5500	5500	5500
3150	7500	17000	5000	5000	5000
3100	7400	16500	4500	4500	4500
3050	7300	16000	4000	4000	4000
3000	7200	15500	3500	3500	3500
2950	7100	15000	3000	3000	3000
2900	7000	14500	2500	2500	2500
2850	6900	14000	2000	2000	2000
2800	6800	13500	1500	1500	1500
2750	6700	13000	1000	1000	1000
2700	6600	12500	500	500	500
2650	6500	12000	0	0	0
2600	6400	11500	0	0	0
2550	6300	11000	0	0	0
2500	6200	10500	0	0	0
2450	6100	10000	0	0	0
2400	6000	9500	0	0	0
2350	5900	9000	0	0	0
2300	5800	8500	0	0	0
2250	5700	8000	0	0	0
2200	5600	7500	0	0	0
2150	5500	7000	0	0	0
2100	5400	6500	0	0	0
2050	5300	6000	0	0	0
2000	5200	5500	0	0	0
1950	5100	5000	0	0	0
1900	5000	4500	0	0	0
1850	4900	4000	0	0	0
1800	4800	3500	0	0	0
1750	4700	3000	0	0	0
1700	4600	2500	0	0	0
1650	4500	2000	0	0	0
1600	4400	1500	0	0	0
1550	4300	1000	0	0	0
1500	4200	500	0	0	0
1450	4100	0	0	0	0
1400	4000	0	0	0	0
1350	3900	0	0	0	0
1300	3800	0	0	0	0
1250	3700	0	0	0	0
1200	3600	0	0	0	0
1150	3500	0	0	0	0
1100	3400	0	0	0	0
1050	3300	0	0	0	0
1000	3200	0	0	0	0
950	3100	0	0	0	0
900	3000	0	0	0	0
850	2900	0	0	0	0
800	2800	0	0	0	0
750	2700	0	0	0	0
700	2600	0	0	0	0
650	2500	0	0	0	0
600	2400	0	0	0	0
550	2300	0	0	0	0
500	2200	0	0	0	0
450	2100	0	0	0	0
400	2000	0	0	0	0
350	1900	0	0	0	0
300	1800	0	0	0	0
250	1700	0	0	0	0
200	1600	0	0	0	0
150	1500	0	0	0	0
100	1400	0	0	0	0
50	1300	0	0	0	0
0	1200	0	0	0	0

INTEREST RATES						
Short sterling*		UK medium gilt*		US long bond		
*90 day rates						
Money Market Rates						
	1 Month	3 Month	Bond Yields *		Long Bond	30 Year Aps
UK	6.00	6.38	8.15	7.71	8.28	7.78
US	5.28	5.66	6.86	6.09	6.99	6.53
Japan	0.50	0.75	1.16	2.90	-	-
Germany	3.41	4.00	6.53	6.55	7.13	-
*Benchmark indices						
MAIN PRICE CHANGES						
Offices	Price	% Change	% Change	Falls	Price	% Change
Lycene Industries	245	14	6.1	Yorkshire Water	730	22
Close Bros Group	379	17	4.7	Creda Ind	322	8
122	5	4.3	Cobham	607.5	11.5	

Bet on blood on the carpet at Lucas Varsity

COMMENT

There is a rather nasty little poison pill tucked away in the merger agreement to the effect that if one side pulls out of the deal they will be liable to pay the other \$25m

Lucas may be throwing in the bulk of the sales and employees, its shareholders may emerge with 62 per cent of the equity, the main exchange listing may be in London and the same, nobody should be under any illusion that the merger with Varsity of the US is anything other than a reverse takeover of one of great names in British engineering.

The shots at Lucas Varsity will be called from Buffalo, New York, not Birmingham, England. The chief executive, Victor Rice, though British in origin and accent, is American in style and philosophy, having spent 26 years with Varsity and its predecessor Massey Ferguson.

The business logic of fusing Lucas and Varsity together looks compelling. Lucas is strong in Europe in foundation brakes and diesel injection systems but weak in the North American market. Varsity is strong in anti-lock braking and diesel engines and has a major US presence. Moreover the recent merger of Bendix and Bosch is an example of the way the automotive components market is hurtling into consolidation.

The more interesting question, however, is whether the two cultures of Lucas and Varsity can be knitted together quite so neatly. You could almost hear the sucking of teeth yesterday as Mr Rice explained his no-nonsense approach which runs along the lines of Henry Ford's famous exhortation: any culture you like as long as it's mine.

The Anglo-American cultural clash is

already apparent, even in the formal merger announcement. For a start, the board of the merged company will sport only two executive directors – the other one being Lucas's finance director, John Grant – but nine non-execs. This is explained as a compromise between Anglo-Saxon and New World corporate governance practices.

For another, there is a rather nasty little poison pill tucked away in the merger agreement to the effect that if one side pulls out of the deal they will be liable to pay the other \$25m. Mr Rice assures us that this type of "break-up fee" is the norm in any US merger. Not in the UK, dear boy, but perhaps you have been away too long to remember. Putting in place a deterrent of this sort to rival bidders is thought over here as pretty close to a breach of fiduciary duties.

The history of Anglo-American takeovers is littered with the corpses of deals that turned sour – Crocker, Brooks Brothers and, more recently, Mindscape being but a small sample. To be fair these were takeovers driven from this side of the Atlantic. There are also others that have worked such as Smith-Kline Beecham. But meshing together two quite distinct philosophies, however complementary the business activities, is always a huge challenge. In the world of the motor industry Leyland and Daf tried and failed. Ford and Fiat called it off before they got to the altar.

Stripping away the management school mumbo-jumbo, Mr Rice shows few signs of

On your marks for the next corporate collapse

The next round of international corporate collapses may not be far away, according to some of the most experienced participants at a conference on corporate rescues which took place at the Bank of England this week. It was under Chatham House rules, so no names, no pack drill – but some of the most senior practitioners of the art of keeping companies on life-support machines were there.

The idea of the conference was to explore how something similar to the informal rules that govern debt work-outs in Britain – called the London approach – could be adapted to the international scene. The intention is to keep multinational rescues out of the courts and formal insolvency procedures, which are expensive, time-consuming and different in every country. If there was a favourite solution among the experts, it was – curiously enough – a legacy of the Maxwell collapse, which involved many jurisdictions.

Lawyers devised a protocol under which the key creditors agreed among themselves not to fall back on national court procedures but to negotiate informally as a group. In a

number of instances when the courts were asked to act, judges made clear they would prefer the creditors to carry on under the protocol rather than fight in court. One way forward would be to combine this with an international code of practice for work-outs.

There is a potential drawback to this approach, however. Putting the highest bank lenders in charge of any work-out is bound to raise suspicions that they will sort things out in their own best interests, especially now so many companies finance themselves with bonds rather than bank debt. Who will hold the ring?

Eurotunnel provides a possible blueprint. Curiously enough, bankers who originally thought the appointment of independent mediators by the French courts was an outrage are now coming round to the idea that it might be quite a good thing. Mediators and arbitrators are one way forward. A closely related idea which might work better is to put an independent chairman on the steering groups that organise rescues. Many a businessman has the bank-led work-out in thank for corporate survival, including no less a figure than Rupert Murdoch.

Here comes Sketchley, cap in hand

John Jackson may have bitten off more than he can chew at Sketchley. It is nearly two years since Tony Bloom and John Richard-

son, the men credited with saving the dry-cleaning, photo-processing and workwear rental group from near collapse, bowed out saying their job was done. Almost simultaneously, up popped Mr Jackson full of marketing speak and promises to rebuild the business around the original Sketchley brand and SupaSnaps, a photo-processing operation bought from Dixons.

Just 15 months into the job, and he's back, cap in hand, asking shareholders to cough up £22m. Profits have gone and borrowings soared. Mr Jackson was desperately attempting to paint the cash call as a positive move yesterday to support new business, and, to be fair, he does seem to have the support of large shareholders.

All the same, this is very definitely last-chance saloon. Sketchley is always promising better times ahead but somehow they never seem to arrive.

It was meant to have defeated its problems this time last year after closing 70 loss-making shops. But the stream of loss-making among the Sketchley and SupaSnaps chains shows no signs of abating, with another 160 uncovered in March.

The problem is that most of Sketchley is in highly competitive businesses, where brand name counts for little. New management's struggle against this unpalatable fact has been largely in vain, as the share price performance shows. The latest cash call at 105p is pitched at a price just 5 per cent higher than the rescue rights launched six years ago.

Sketchley seeking £22m for clean-up

MAGNUS GRIMOND

Sketchley, the dry-cleaning, photo-processing and workwear group, yesterday denied that soaring debts and a plunge into the red had forced it into a £22m rescue rights issue.

The shares slid 8p to 118p on news of the one-for-three share offer at 105p.

John Jackson, the chief executive appointed in October 1994 with a brief to rebuild the business, said the group's retail chain had a profitable future, despite the virtual disappearance of profits last year.

"This is the first time for several years Sketchley is ready to grow. The reason for the rights issue is that there are a number of investment projects with good short-term pay-backs."

Mr Jackson said the higher gearing was consistent with what the new management had

said before. "Our view is that we can get better returns going to shareholders than the banks."

The stock market was braced for bad news from Sketchley after it issued a detailed profits warning in March as well as plans to sell 160 loss-making branches in its dry-cleaning and SupaSnaps photo chains.

In the event, pre-tax losses came in at £3.5m for the year to March. Stripping out the £7.5m cost of the closures, the underlying figure slumped from £6.4m to £4m, while gearing soared from 35 to 86 per cent during the period, partly as a result of stocks taken on to support new workwear and textile rental contracts.

Mr Jackson promised an end to the one-off exceptional items which have been a feature of the group's recent profit and loss accounts, saying the latest figure of £7.5m "will be more than suf-

ficient to refocus the retail side".

Sketchley has already spent £2m of the £6.5m cash cost of the closures, of which 130 have been completed to date, with the rest of the money going out over the next three years. The latest cuts will bring the total number of outlets to 350, which will eventually include 35 within Sketchley's supermarkets.

Losses in the 160 under-performing branches came to around £3m last year, dragging retail profits down from £2.83m to just £98,000. Mr Jackson said like-for-like dry cleaning sales in the remaining shops were up 5 per cent in the first three months of the current year, although the comparable period had been depressed by last year's hot summer.

August's decision to slash photo-processing charges by 25 per cent had resulted in a 30 per



Coming to rights: John Jackson believes the time has come to grow the business

cent sales increase at SupaSnaps. Mr Jackson said, which has made up for the loss of margin on price.

The rights money will initially reduce pro forma gearing to 10 per cent, but that is expected to

rise to between 30 and 40 per cent as the money is invested. Big new contracts on the workwear side like those for Jaguar and Salisbury won last year involved investment of up to £4m in stock, Sketchley said. The

rental division saw profits rise from £6.2m to £6.89m last year and the aim is for it to contribute three-quarters of revenues within three years, up from 43 per cent now.

Comment, above

IN BRIEF

- Mercury Asset Management will handle the transfer of £5m-£10m funds from Lloyd's of London to the insurance market's proposed reinsurer, Equitas. However, an Equitas spokesman declined to say how much the contract was worth. "They are the leading transition manager in the UK," he said when asked why MAM had been chosen.
- Musie conglomerate Thorn EMI has appointed Hugh Jenkins, currently a non-executive director, as non-executive deputy chairman in preparation for its merger in August this year. Mr Jenkins will become non-executive chairman after the 1997 annual meeting as Thorn chairman Sir Colin Sproughtle has already indicated he plans to step down after the demerger.
- Southern Electric, the utility locked in a bid battle with ScottishPower for Southern Water, has appointed Ian Merchant as its new finance director with effect from today. He replaces John Deane, who retired due to ill-health.
- Troubled German engineering group Klockner-Humboldt-Deutz has drafted a rescue plan that will be put before creditor banks next week. The company has been locked in intensive negotiations with its main creditor and 48 per cent shareholder Deutsche Bank since last Friday, when losses of up to DM650m in a subsidiary were first discovered.
- Panther Securities has increased its offer for Elys (Wimbledon), the department store owner, topping a 670p rival white knight bid from privately-owned Morley's Stores. The new Panther offer, of 590p in cash, plus a 95p special dividend, could be worth up to 716.25p to non-taxpayers, including charitable trusts who with family and staff own 39 per cent of the company and have so far blocked Panther's approaches. Elys said yesterday it would advise shareholders after speaking to both bidders to ascertain their final offers.
- The French economy grew strongly in the first quarter of 1996, rebounding from a decline late last year caused by a paralysing public sector strike. Growth in the first three months rose 1.2 per cent after slipping 0.4 per cent in the final quarter of 1995.
- Danka Business Systems is paying \$83.5m (£53.9m) for Leslie Supply, a US group supplying photocopiers in the New York area. Danka is funding the deal with the issue of 6.8 million ordinary shares.
- Knight Williams Holdings, successors to the financial advisers Knight Williams and Co which went into liquidation last year, yesterday sent out offers of *ex gratia* payments to solicitors representing some 220 clients who lost money when the original business invested its clients' money in its own unit trusts. The offer is subject to the recipients assigning all rights to KW Holdings and at least the tacit approval of the relevant regulators. KWH claims that the offers are on the same basis as those KWAC had planned to offer in March last year, until it was requested not to communicate with them by the Securities and Investments Board.

Surge in consumer credit dims rate cut hopes

TOM STEVENSON
City Editor

Stronger-than-expected consumer credit figures yesterday appeared to rule out an early cut in interest rates despite a continued surge in the value of the pound against both the dollar and the mark.

A £1bn rise in consumer credit, driven by a surge in credit card spending during April, was well in excess of

expectations. Most analysts had pencilled in growth of about £700m. They said the rise pointed to much faster economic growth in the second half of the year.

"Overall this is a pretty unambiguous signal that consumers are feeling more confident about the future," said Jonathan Loynes, economist at HSBC Markets. He thought the figures showed Budget tax cuts, which took effect in April,

had quickly made themselves felt in people's pockets.

In the currency markets, dealers said a well-covered gilt auction on Wednesday, and yesterday's strong credit numbers, had fuelled buying interest in sterling. The pound reached \$1.55 and DM2.36 in London, continuing its recent surge against the dollar (up more than 3 cents over the past two days) and the mark (up 2 pence in the same period).

Analysts agreed that the credit data more or less guaranteed there would be no cut in interest rates at next Wednesday's monthly monetary meeting between the Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, and Eddie George, Governor of the Bank of England.

HSBC's Adam Cole added: "The April consumer credit data are further evidence that we are on the verge of a veritable boom in consumer spending."

"Against a background of falling taxes and rising income, one might have expected consumers to borrow less. Quite the opposite is happening, suggesting the acceleration in consumer spending goes beyond supply the arithmetic of recent tax cuts and windfall gains."

HSBC believes that the Chancellor's forecast of 3.5 per cent consumer spending growth this year, which was slated as hopelessly optimistic last

November, looks increasingly plausible.

Spending would be underpinned by continuing recovery in the housing market, which was confirmed yesterday by a 1.4 per cent year-on-year rise in Nationwide Building Society's house price index and another rise in mortgage commitments in April. Figures from Halifax on Monday are expected to show a rise of up to 4 per cent in its own, larger index.

Guru of 'downsizing' admits he got it all wrong



John Corley, author of 'Downsizing: How to Survive the New Reality of Work', admits he got it all wrong. He says that the idea of downsizing is a myth and that companies should instead focus on creating new jobs and opportunities for their employees.

Sunday 12 May 1996

Exclusive: Accountants' secret report reveals donations 'are the proceeds of fraud'

Tories took stolen cash from Nadir

By Mark Wells

The Tories took stolen cash from Nadir, a report reveals. The report, which was obtained by the Independent, shows that the Tories received a large sum of money from Nadir, which was used to fund their campaign.

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Sunday 19 May 1996

Sex-change chemicals in baby milk

By Geoffrey Lean

Sunday 26 May 1996

Getting the stories. Setting the agenda



INDEPENDENT

ON SUNDAY

Buy it tomorrow. You might be missing something

market report/shares

Investors recall BT's number as regulatory fears fade

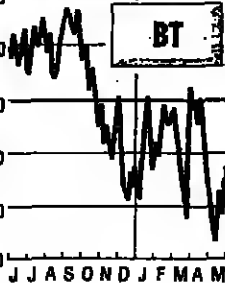
TAKING STOCK

DATA BANK

FT-SE 100
3747.8 +1.1
FT-SE 250
4510.0 +10.0
FT-SE 350
1900.3 +1.4
SEAQ VOLUME
714m shares,
33,716 bargains
Gifts Index
n/a

SHARE SPOTLIGHT

share price, pence



Less than three weeks ago BT was the stock market's number one darling. The shares hit a 326.5p low as the regulatory climate grew more tense and the merger with Cable and Wireless collapsed.

The market is now looking at BT in an entirely different light. The failure to merge with Cable, a deal seen at the time as BT's salvation, is no longer creating anxiety and suddenly there are signs that even the regulatory cold front could be thawing.

The shares gained 9.5p, the best blue chip performance, to 355.5p with the market taking the view that on Monday Ofcom, the industry regulator which has squashed BT with seemingly unrelenting pressure, will offer a fairly kind price cap for the 1997/2001 period.

Some believe there could be pressure on Ofcom to tread cautiously after the havoc cre-

ated by the Ofcom regulator over British Gas.

Just to add to the more relaxed atmosphere, BT has met Ofcom price targets and is increasing business and residential line charges. It was enough for stories to circulate that SBC Warburg and Merrill Lynch had lifted their target price for BT shares which earlier this year hit 414p.

The rest of the market was in grand old Duke of York mode. Thursday's 29 points FT-SE 100 index fall was followed by a morning run which took Footsie up 19.8. Then doubts set in. Renewed fears of higher US interest rates, the Israeli election result and continuing political unease on the home front combined to undermine the early strength and the index went into negative territory before closing with a 1.1 point gain at 3,747.8.

Lucas Industries, as its long awaited merger with Vario-



MARKET REPORT

DEREK PAIN

Stock market reporter of the year

appeared, was the day's most heavily traded share, with Seaq putting volume at more than 30 million.

The shares rose 14p to 245p with the market divided about whether the tie up with the US car parts group will flush out a bidder. There is talk of a clutch of overseas groups, plus TI Group, eyeing the aerospace and car components business. The US link should make Lucas a firm candidate to rejoin Footsie.

Argyll, the Safeway supermarkets chain, added 8p to 354.5p on the talk of a merger with Asda, off 0.75p at 118.25p. MFI, the flat pack furniture chain, put on 5p to 184p as

ABN Amro Hoare Govett made confident noises and Inceps, up 10p to 306p, continued to feel the benefit of NatWest Securities support. With consumer spending increasing other retailers were firm with Marks & Spencer (up 4p to 462.5p) on Société Générale Strauss Turnbull and Merrill recommendations.

Imperial Chemical Industries rose 4p to 835p; stories it planned to sell its 15.8 per cent stake in EVC, Europe's biggest pig group, are wide of the mark.

Independent Energy started market life at 115p, against a 100p placing, but Stordata Solutions lost 1p to 15p on the

abrupt departure of Stephen Sowerby. He became chief executive of the computer databank and car alarms group in October when, in a reverse takeover, Stordata merged with the quoted Millgate operation. The shares touched 30p early this year; their performance was not helped by a profit warning in April.

Incepta, the advertising group which used to be called WMGO, slipped 1.5p to 18.5p despite a return to profits, £1.4m against a £2.3m loss. Select Appointments, a recruitment chain, gained 1.5p to 26.5p; it has acquired for £680,000 a French staffing company with branches in Paris and Alsace. It now has 280 offices in 18 countries.

Real Time Control, the computer group, slumped 55p to 259p following the sudden resignation of its chief executive, Brian Emerson. Kelsey Industries, a roofing and insula-

tion contractor, slumped 137p to 453p after announcing interim profits had fallen £302,000 to £1.5m.

Cantab Pharmaceuticals rose 13p to 683p following encouraging trials on its cervical cancer treatment. Said medical director John Roberts: "The signs aren't conclusive but are encouraging". It would, however, be years before any product could be put on the market. Cortec International gained 3p to 372p on US approval for a peptic ulcer treatment. British Biotech continued to feel the impact of profit taking, falling 45p to 2,750p. Zeneca was also weak, down 21p to 1,371p.

Away from the construction group, had another good run, gaining 20p to 313p, a peak. The group, expected to score from a British Rail maintenance contract, this week gained Schroders investment arm as a 9.5 per cent shareholder.

Viewinn, placed at 100p in January, is bidding to become the flotation of the year. The shares rose 30p to 425p with talk of pent up demand remaining unsatisfied. The company supplies keypads which allow hotel guests to get a wide range of computerised data. The placing raised £1.5m for the company. Executives at Shaw & Co, the stockbroker which handled the new issue, are following the shares with more than usual interest. They took the flotation fee in shares and options and are locked in until November.

Stentor, where Shaw & Co is also involved, rose 17p to a 128p peak. It was floated at 72p in April. The company plans to take advantage of the deregulation of the Irish telephone service, offering a rival system.

Share Price Data

Prices are in sterling except where stated. The yield is last year's dividend, grossed up by 20 per cent, as a percentage of the share price. The price/earnings (P/E) ratio is the share price divided by last year's earnings per share, excluding exceptional items. Dividend is last year's dividend. Ex-dividend is a share in United Securities Market's suspended top Parity Fund on 14th Feb 1991. Source: FT Information

The Independent Index

The Index shows you to access real-time share prices by phone from Seaq. Simply dial 0991 123 123, followed by the 4-digit code printed next to each share. To access the latest financial reports dial 0991 123 123 followed by one of the two-digit codes below.

FT-SE 100 - Real-time	00	Starting Rates	04	Privatisation Issues	36
UK Stock Market Report	01	Bullion Report	05	Water Shares	39
UK Company News	02	Wall St Report	20	Electricity Shares	40
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Market leaders: Top 20 volumes

Stock	Vol	Stock	Vol	Stock	Vol	Stock	Vol
Lucas	30,000	Unilever	70,000	Tesco	70,000	Sainsbury	60,000
BT	27,000	Renold	70,000	BT	60,000	Monks (P/N)	50,000
British Gas	15,000	Renold	70,000	ASDA Group	50,000	Carson	50,000
Harman	15,000	Renold	70,000	WAT	50,000	Land Securities	50,000
Harman	15,000	Renold	70,000	Plutonium	50,000	Shel Transport	50,000

FT-SE 100 index hour by hour

Open	3750.0	Up 12	11.00	3762.4	Up 12.7	14.00	3762.5	Up 12.8
High	3750.0	Up 12	12.00	3764.7	Up 15.0	15.00	3762.6	Up 15.1
Low	3750.0	Up 12	13.00	3765.3	Up 15.8	16.00	3762.7	Up 16.0

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Government Securities	Index-Linked	Shorts	Mediums	Longs

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1550

sport

EUROPEAN CUP: With the Olympic Games looming, British athletes have an added motivation in Madrid this weekend

All-rounder ready to join the elite

Mike Rowbottom meets Denise Lewis, a British record-breaking multi-eventer who is on the threshold of greatness

When Denise Lewis surprised even herself by winning the 1994 Commonwealth Games heptathlon, the impact upon the gathered sporting press was enormous. "It was as though I had landed on the face of the earth that morning," she recalled. Two years on, she is establishing herself as one of Britain's highest-profile women athletes.

Lewis goes into this weekend's European Cup in Madrid on a high after breaking Judy Simpson's 10-year-old British heptathlon record. Her performance in Götzis, Austria, last weekend, where she finished second behind Syria's world champion Ghada Shouaa with 6,645 points – 23 more than Simpson – has lifted her into a new category as a competitor.

Among those Lewis defeated was Germany's European Champion, Sabine Braun. When she competes in her next heptathlon, at this summer's Olympics, she will be a real medal contender.

Comparisons with that other British multi-eventer, Daley Thompson, are hardly appropriate. But at 23, Lewis has the time and potential for achievements which will make her part of Britain's athletics establishment.

And as one of the most striking pin-ups in the Olympic fund-raising calendar put together by Sharon Davies last year, Lewis, who will also feature in a forthcoming Adidas poster campaign, has the looks to maximise the commercial possibilities of greater projection.

The best performance by a British multi-eventer since Thompson was winning world and Olympic titles, saw this Birchfield Harrier break personal best in four of the seven designated events in Austria and match her best in another. Ironically, her worst discipline was the javelin, which had effectively secured her Commonwealth gold in Auckland when she threw it five metres further than she ever had before to record 53.68 metres.

Lewis has worked harder on the weights than ever before this winter but, above all, she and her coach, Darrell Bunn, have worked on improving her basic speed. "We felt it was the key to the whole range of events," she said.

The most dramatic evidence of her improvement came when she reduced her 300m best from 24.80sec to 25.06, rounding off a first day in which she had reduced her 100m hurdles best to 13.18 despite a head wind and equalled her high jump best of 1.84m, and improved in the shot from 13.58m to 14.36.

Amassing points in multi events is like stacking plates – one false move and the whole thing comes crashing down. Thus Lewis went into the second day in Götzis with masses to lose and, when the weather turned against her in the long jump – the event in which she will compete here tomorrow – she was full of trepidation. But a leap of 6.60m kept her on course and she went into the last event, the 800m, knowing the record was within reach.

Just as in Auckland, Lewis spent the 50-minute gap between events preparing with her personal trainer and physiotherapist, Kevin Lidlow, whose travel had been assisted from the fund of £7,000 which Lewis has received this year from seven Birmingham businessmen.

"I was lying there saying: 'Kevin, I'm really scared. I've got the same scared feeling I had at the Commonwealth Games,'" she said. "At times like that you go on an inward journey when you really do search your soul, asking yourself whether you can do it. You have to answer your own question. But Kevin was taking the tension out of my brain, massaging confidence into me. He said he was talking to the next British record holder."

Another personal best of 2min 16.84sec confirmed his faith. "I don't usually show the depth of my emotions," Lewis said, "but, when I finished, it was beautiful. It really was. The crowd knew what I was feeling, and so did my competitors."

"It has sunk in now. I'm very proud and a bit shocked. At first I kept very calm about it but I find myself chuckling now and again when I realise what I have actually done." Lewis, who has never known her father and was brought up by her mother in Wolverhampton, hopes her achievements will encourage other local youngsters to follow her path. "I am basically a very ordinary person," she said.

But with extraordinary abilities.



Focused: Denise Lewis, Britain's heptathlon Olympic medal prospect

Photograph: Emphas

Christie has sights set on sprint double

MIKE ROWBOTTOM
reports from Madrid

Events here this weekend offer Britain a welcome chance to make a good impression in Europe. While their cattle remain banned by the European Union, their athletes have travelled for the two-day European Cup more in expectation than hope.

"It'll be the biggest export of British beef this month," predicted the national director of coaching, Malcolm Arnold. He can afford to be bullish about Britain's prospects given the strength of the men's team, which looks on a par with the one which won the Cup seven years ago in Gateshead.

The British men's hopes of repeating their Gateshead victory will be challenged by the holders, Germany, and a strong Russian team. The women will do well to repeat their third place in France last year.

The 1995 Cup at Villeneuve d'Ascq, where Britain's men finished second to Germany and their women were third behind Russia and Germany, was dominated by the prodigious triple jumping of Jonathan Edwards.

Edwards will be there again this weekend, as will Britain's other world record holder, Colin Jackson, in the 110m hurdles.

Lindford Christie, seeking a third sprint double in this competition, will lead a men's team which he said last week could win the competition. Christie, as much as anyone, has responded over the years to the all-for-one, one-for-all attitude which this competition encourages. But with the Olympics looming next month, there is an extra edge to the occasion.

Jonathan Ridgeon, earning his first international vest in four years after a third comeback from injury, is aiming to get Britain off to an encouraging start in the opening track event, the 400m hurdles. But he will also be seeking a time of around

49.50sec to set him up for Olympic trials two weeks later.

Sally Gunnell, beaten 400m hurdles comeback Jena last Saturday, is expected to make more of an impression on the winner that day, Rieger, who runs for Germany. "I expect to get a lot closer," Gunnell said. "I have two very good training sessions this week, but I need another two, three or four races to back in the right direction."

Tessa Sanderson, achieved the Olympic javelin qualifying distance two weeks ago after a four-year absence from the sport, will throw again in a competition which she first appeared in 1977.

Kelly Holmes, who races 800m today, will do a 1500m in the Rome grand prix Wednesday before deciding whether to do one or two events at the Olympics.

The British men's success could turn upon the performance of their middle distance runners. David Strang, recovered after having his arm broken by an elephant in South Africa, has great potential in the 800m, as does Keith Cullen in the 5,000m. Anthony Whitman, the European indoor silver medalist at 1500m, and Gary Lough (3,000m) may also be able to excel themselves.

TODAY'S NUMBER

8

The price, in dollars (£5.30), of the cheapest black-market ticket for tomorrow's friendly between Juventus and Vietnam in Hanoi. The price represents the equivalent of five days' pay for the average Vietnamese office worker.

2 FOR 1 ODEON CINEMA TICKET OFFER WITH THE INDEPENDENT



From Dusk Till Dawn



Muppet Treasure Island



Spy Hard



Toy Story



Primal Fear

To celebrate 100 years of British cinema we have linked up with Odeon Cinemas to offer all readers two tickets for the price of one at participating Odeon Cinemas throughout the UK. Among the films showing next week are *Primal Fear*, *From Dusk Till Dawn*, *Mr Holland's Opus*, *Muppet Treasure Island*, *Spy Hard*, *The Birdcage*, *Copcat*, *Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead*, *Toy Story*, *Executive Decision* and more.

How to Qualify

The offer is valid from Monday 3 June – Thursday 13 June 1996. Simply collect three differently numbered tokens from the twelve we will be printing in *The Independent* and the *Independent on Sunday*. Token 1 is printed today. Token 2 will be printed in the *Independent* on Sunday tomorrow. Attach them to the voucher which will be printed on Monday 3, Thursday 6, Sunday 9 and Wednesday 12 June. Then take the voucher to a participating Odeon Cinema to qualify for your free cinema ticket when you purchase another. To find out where your local Odeon Cinema is simply call Talking Pages on 0800 600900.

Copcat (certificate 18), starring Signourney Weaver and Holly Hunter, is a classic suspense thriller about a race against time to find and stop an obsessed serial killer on the loose in San Francisco.

From Dusk Till Dawn (certificate 18), tells the story of the notorious Gecko Brothers (George Clooney & Quentin Tarantino), two of America's most dangerous criminals, who are on the run from the Texas police and the FBI after a crime spree through the Southwest. Also starring are Harvey Keitel and Juliette Lewis.

In *Muppet Treasure Island* (certificate U), the Muppets are back and ready to cast off and set sail on their zaniest adventure ever, as they encounter pirates, buried treasure and some angry warthogs. In *Walt Disney Pictures'* all-new, live-action, musical feature.



Signourney Weaver, Holly Hunter and Dermot Mulroney on the hunt for a serial killer in *Copcat*

Spy Hard (certificate PG), stars Leslie Nielsen as Agent WD-40, a.k.a. Steele – Dick Steele in a comedy of high-voltage adventure, high-tech gadgetry and lowbrow humour.

In *Toy Story* (certificate PG), six year old Andy's toys have a life of their own when left alone. Led by Andy's favourite toy Woody, the fearless pull-string cowboy doll, the toys live a quiet life of

dedication to their master. All this is thrown into jeopardy on Andy's birthday, the most dreaded day in the life of a toy, when the fear of being replaced by another toy can become a reality.

Primal Fear (certificate 18), stars Richard Gere as the arrogant and successful criminal defence attorney Martin Vail. He loves a good fight and the media spotlight, both of which he knowingly invites when he volunteers to represent a young man accused of murder. The victim is one of Chicago's most prominent dignitaries, and the defendant's guilt seems as evident as the blood found splattered on his clothes. However Vail does not concern himself with questions of guilt or innocence, all he cares about is winning.

Terms and Conditions

1. The 'free' ticket may only have a value equal to, or less than, the purchased ticket (i.e. the purchase of a child's ticket will not entitle an adult to free admission).
2. The voucher is only valid for admission to any film showing at Odeon Cinemas between 3 June – 13 June 1996.
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4. This offer may not be used in conjunction with any other offer or discount.
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6. The voucher may not be used for telephone bookings and does not give the holder preference over other customers.
7. Odeon Cinemas reserve the right to refuse admission.
8. This offer does not apply to the Odeon Leicester Square and Mezzanine, and the Odeon West End.
9. Photocopies of tokens are not acceptable.



سكرا من الامم

Millington's without a fault

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE DERBY: A woman will ride for the first time in next Saturday's premier Classic, but the 2,000 Guineas winner misses out

Women's campaign reaches Lil' landmark

Esteem joins the Epsom defectors

When Portuguese Lil gallops to post before the Derby at Epsom a week today, she will be the hot favourite to finish last. Her qualifications to contest the greatest Classic of all begin and end with the fact that she is three years old. And yet, when the history books are updated after the 217th Derby, Portuguese Lil will merit at least a footnote or so in the footnotes for becoming the first horse in the history of the race to be ridden by a woman.

For some, the presence of Alex Greaves in the stalls will mark an important step forward for women jockeys. Almost a century after the Jockey Club first granted licences to female riders, one of their number has finally broken into the British season's most prestigious event.

More thoughtful observers, however, will wonder why it has taken so long, and why Greaves is forced to make his historic debut aboard such a laughable no-hoper.

That it is Greaves who is breaking new ground is no surprise. She is one of only two women currently making any serious attempt at a professional riding career - Emma O'Gorman is the other - and was the first ever to ride out her apprentice's allowance (partner 95 winners).

Greaves can also boast the most significant Flat victory by a woman in Britain, on Amen-

Greg Wood explains why a no-hoper will help Alex Greaves to make Epsom history

able in the Lincoln Handicap in 1991. Both Greaves and O'Gorman, however, must still rely on their kin for almost all their rides. Greaves is married to David Nicholls, Portuguese Lil's trainer, while Emma O'Gorman is the daughter of another trainer, Bill. Among both owners and trainers, a deep conviction remains that female jockeys are not and never will be a match for their male counterparts. As a result, the ambitions of many would-be women riders are frustrated before their careers can begin.

Even Greaves herself has few illusions about the largely symbolic nature of next week's ride. "It won't make any difference, though obviously it's great to have a ride in the race," she says. "I was brought up to racing and I've known the score for a long time. If you come in thinking that you're going to make a big difference you're going to be disillusioned."

The complaint which is levelled most frequently against women jockeys is that they lack strength in a finish. Strength, though, is little more than a euphemism for how hard and frequently a rider can hit their mount in the closing stages, and

thus an attribute which becomes less important with each new strengthening of the whip rules. "The way the rules are changing at the moment is all in our favour," Greaves says, "and the strength argument that was used by a lot of them has gone straight out of the window. It's a help too that the Jockey Club has a younger generation coming in with new ideas."

Yet it may be two generations or more before changing attitudes to the role of women percolate through from the wider population into racing's insular little world. Derek Thompson, one of Channel 4's racing presenters, recently introduced a 26-year-old female jockey to his viewers as a "girl", which does not augur well for Thompson's inevitable pre-race interview with Greaves.

This is the sort of mentality which, 20 years ago, objected to the idea of policewomen and female firefighters. For all the talk of strength and physical strength, successful race-riding has much more to do with a mental aptitude for judging pace and then producing a mount at the right moment, which even the most ardent chauvinist cannot claim as a male preserve.

To develop these skills, however, a young rider requires constant practice, and while the belief persists that a woman jockey will never make it to the top, female apprentices will

never enjoy equal opportunities. Sooner or later, most aspiring riders admit defeat, effectively ensuring that those who come after them will also be frustrated.

Against this background, Greaves's appearance at Epsom next week is, at best, a minor cause for celebration, and cer-

tainly not a major breakthrough. When Portuguese Lil eventually crosses the post, many dozens of lengths adrift of the winner, the real struggle to win a fair deal for women jockeys will continue in yards throughout Britain, a world away from the glamour and the television cameras.

Against this background, Greaves's appearance at Epsom next week is, at best, a minor cause for celebration, and cer-



Alex Greaves: Britain's top female jockey has already experienced big-race wins

Photograph: Tony Edenden

RICHARD EDMONDSON

Waste paper baskets across the nation were receiving tightly packed butting-slip bulls yesterday as three fancied runners were removed from Derby consideration. When the betting sweep kits come out next week, they will not contain the names of the Godolphin pairing of Mark Of Esteem and Mick's Love, or Peter Chapple-Hyam's Nash House.

Godolphin, who 12 months ago won the Blue Riband with Lamartina, will now be without a Derby runner as Kammar and Russian Revolt will not run either. Just a week ago, the Dubai team appeared to have a strong hand, but then Mark Of Esteem, the 2,000 Guineas winner, was found to be suffering from a temperature and Mick's Love damaged his off-fore leg during a gallop.

Mark Of Esteem has missed too much time in his preparation and Mick's Love has met with a training setback. Simon Crisford, the Godolphin racing manager, said yesterday:

"Nash House has been an occupant of racing's hottest chat, ante-post Derby favourite, and his world came tumbling down in the Dante Stakes at York last month. The colt almost collapsed in the unsavory enclosure and has not been at the peak of health since. There is nothing actually wrong with him, he's just a bit off-colour."

What sounds like a bastardisation of Newman and Epsom Downs will host perhaps the greatest racehorse in the world today when Cigar attempts to extend his winning sequence to 15 in the Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs, a race he has won last year. The track cannot be accused of under-selling this event, they have had too short-shorts manufactured, being the belief that this is "The Second Coming". It will, however, be more than a parade for Bill Mott's champion as he has to concede between 19lb and 22lb to his opponents.

The nearest we can get to Cigar today within these shores is Chewit, who contests the Tote Credit Leisure Stakes at Lingfield. The grey will not

win, though, as Fire Dome (3.10) is much better qualified. His trainer, Richard Hammon, should start the card healthily as MAJOR DUNDEE (nap 2.00) looks on a useful mark. This was the animal that erupted up on Willie Carson like an Apache to the cowboys' campfire at Lingfield recently and made the Scot a figure of fun. That undeserved victory over Kamari marked the fact that Major Dundee kept on well in the closing stages. His previous form in a maiden behind Russian Music, who was brutally unlucky not to win a Goodwood handicap next time out, is looking rather good as well.

The sandwiched televised event features Taffan's Melody, who went on the pommers' trail around France last year, winning at Lyons and Nantes. He will struggle here, though, to cope with Midnight Legend (2.30), who had a blow-out in the Jockey Club Stakes at the Guineas meeting.

Godolphin should be revived at Newmarket, where Wall Street (next best 5.10) can win his maiden. He was only second on his Kempton debut but that was behind a horse that is now Derby favourite, Dr. Massini.

Branston Abby (4.15) is another likely winner as is Deceit (3.40). This colt suffered a desperate run last time behind the well-handicapped Farhana.

The final day of the National Hunt campaign is marked not with a crescendo, rather a tap on the triangle with the 37th year of the Horse and Hound Cup (Final Champion Hunters Chase) (Class B) starting and finishing the action beamed into our rooms. Prond Sam (4.25), the Whitehead Gold Cup runner-up, should outclass these.

It is Richard Dunwoody's last chance to register a century for the season. The champion jockey (for a few hours more anyway) takes in Stratford and then moves on to the evening effort of Market Rasen in an effort to leave the 98-mark behind.

LINGFIELD

2.00 Forza Figlio
2.30 Midnight Legend
3.00 Kintal (nb)

GOING: Good to Firm, STALLS: Straight, centre, 1m 2f, middle, 1m 3f 100yd - outside. DRAW ADVANTAGE: High, 5/1 to 11/1. FAVOURITE: 5/1 to 11/1.

LEADERSHIP: Sharp, unshakable course.

USERS: 1st 2f, 1st 3f, 1st 4f, 1st 5f, 1st 6f, 1st 7f, 1st 8f, 1st 9f, 1st 10f, 1st 11f, 1st 12f, 1st 13f, 1st 14f, 1st 15f, 1st 16f, 1st 17f, 1st 18f, 1st 19f, 1st 20f, 1st 21f, 1st 22f, 1st 23f, 1st 24f, 1st 25f, 1st 26f, 1st 27f, 1st 28f, 1st 29f, 1st 30f, 1st 31f, 1st 32f, 1st 33f, 1st 34f, 1st 35f, 1st 36f, 1st 37f, 1st 38f, 1st 39f, 1st 40f, 1st 41f, 1st 42f, 1st 43f, 1st 44f, 1st 45f, 1st 46f, 1st 47f, 1st 48f, 1st 49f, 1st 50f, 1st 51f, 1st 52f, 1st 53f, 1st 54f, 1st 55f, 1st 56f, 1st 57f, 1st 58f, 1st 59f, 1st 60f, 1st 61f, 1st 62f, 1st 63f, 1st 64f, 1st 65f, 1st 66f, 1st 67f, 1st 68f, 1st 69f, 1st 70f, 1st 71f, 1st 72f, 1st 73f, 1st 74f, 1st 75f, 1st 76f, 1st 77f, 1st 78f, 1st 79f, 1st 80f, 1st 81f, 1st 82f, 1st 83f, 1st 84f, 1st 85f, 1st 86f, 1st 87f, 1st 88f, 1st 89f, 1st 90f, 1st 91f, 1st 92f, 1st 93f, 1st 94f, 1st 95f, 1st 96f, 1st 97f, 1st 98f, 1st 99f, 1st 100f, 1st 101f, 1st 102f, 1st 103f, 1st 104f, 1st 105f, 1st 106f, 1st 107f, 1st 108f, 1st 109f, 1st 110f, 1st 111f, 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sport



EURO 96

Do you remember the last time?



The last time England hosted a major football tournament, Harold Wilson ruled, the Beatles rolled and Roger Hunt was everywhere. So, in a way, was Phil Shaw, who takes a trip down Route 66

Kenneth Wolstenholme said it during a World Cup commentary 30 years ago, and the phrase has been jostling with Harold Wilson and the Beatles for space in the corner of my mind marked "1966 and all that" ever since. No, not "they think it's all over", but a remark which unwittingly revealed something of the functionalism of Alf Ramsey's champions. "Whatever you say about Roger Hunt," the voice of television football said in mitigation of the Liverpool workhorse, "he's always there."

Years later, a commentator of the social variety decreed that if you could remember the 60s then you could not have been there. True as that may have been of Swinging London and its psychedelic successor, this piece of acid wisdom does not apply to football.

Like some prototype Nick Hornby, my hormones seemed to be mysteriously hooked up to the exploits of my team, Leeds United, whose deeds I logged obsessively from the Staffordshire exile into which my dad's work had taken us. And my recollections of the last great tournament staged in England remain as vivid as David Seaman's "tube of Refreshers" strip.

Strange business, memory. For when I cast my mind back, the images flashing up are not those of the Swiss referee and "Russian" linesman (no one had heard of Azerbaijan then) conferring over whether Geoff Hurst's second goal had crossed the line. Nor do I picture the supposed communist automatons of North Korea letting their severely cut hair down after going 3-0 up on Portugal.

Instead I see the "sensible" grey coat that my mother bought against my wishes (I was 15 the week the tournament kicked off, an aspiring mod full of the "My Generation" mindset). Maybe it was no accident that I left it on the bus taking the dozen or so of us who had booked to travel by bus from Newcastle-under-Lyme to Villa Park for Spain v Argentina.

Alternatively I hear the brusque exchange between my mate Garry and his father, Paddy, when we met up outside Wembley for the semi-final between England and Portugal. Biggest game in the history of English football and Garry, with a nonchalance that probably stemmed from following Fulham, had left the tickets in Putney.

While he dashed home, I talked to Paddy's American colleague, Jim, who knew little about "soccer" but was caught up in the enthusiasm. More than likely I expounded my theory, which I realise now was equivalent to the flat earth argument, that southern bias kept Bobby Moore in the team ahead of Norman Hunter (the respective merits of Greaves and Hurst was a secondary issue to me).

We eventually squeezed in at the back of one of the ends. The repertoire of chants was limited by today's standards, but everyone joined in, which was something novel at England games. The League president, Joe Richards, had felt obliged to appeal for support before the finals, complaining that Wembley was "as cold as any away ground for our national team".

The fervour reached boiling point that night. But

it wasn't the ugly, intolerant nationalism that became associated with England in the 70s, more a good humoured partisanship.

There had also been a trip to Goodison Park with a school friend and his brother (who actually had a car), to see Brazil relinquish their title by losing to Portugal. Pelé was backed out of the game, yet the main flashbacks I have are those of men urinating on the packed terraces (a severe case of the World Cup willies) and the explosive red blur that was Eusebio (TV's Alan Weekes insisted on pronouncing it Esoobio).

The sights and smells apart, it is impossible to view the World Cup in England outside the context of the extraordinary era of which it was part. And that, to paraphrase the poet Philip Larkin, was between the start of the pirate-radio ban and the Beatles' best LP (Revolver hit the shops and the senses six days after the final. I had lavished my meagre funds on a soul compilation to impress the youth club goddess, Judy Waller.)

One of the myths about '66 is that Labour owed their victory in the general election to a feel-good factor generated by Ramsey's wingless wonders. In fact, the poll pre-dated the final by two months, although Harold Wilson would later say, removing

pipe from cheek to accommodate his tongue: "You'll notice we only win the World Cup when we wear red shirts."

The link was not as fanciful as hindsight makes it appear. It was a time of great optimism and

The main flashbacks I have are those of men urinating on the packed terraces (a severe case of the World Cup willies)

idealism. Post-war austerity was finally over. Anything was possible in the "modern" world, a feeling Wilson tapped in to by invoking the image of "white heat" of the technological revolution.

Red shirts, white heat; it was a paint-by-numbers brave new world. Wilson seized upon youth as a metaphor for progress. Hence the MBEs awarded

to John, Paul, George and Ringo, the OBE for Mary Quant and the Downing Street dinner parties to which actors and sportsmen, rather than captains of industry and the grouse-shooting set, were invited.

Wilson created the illusion of class barriers coming down. The World Cup was like the war: there was a sense that we were all in it together, intensified by the fact that West Germany, of all teams, faced us in the final. The middle-class now embraced the game, as they are doing again in the *Fever Pitch* era, making it fashionable beyond its traditional male, working-class constituency.

I never made it to the final, watching it instead on the BBC with Garry and his old man, a Scot who for years insisted (not entirely frivolously) that Hungary would have won the Jules Rimet Trophy but for abysmal goalkeeping. After it was all over we drove to Eastbourne for a break to recover from the stress of three weeks' indulgence in wall-to-wall football.

On the morning after the night before, the names of the England players were inscribed on a sea front pavement. The nation basked in a euphoric, disbelieving unity, but England's victory, like Wilson's in the class war, turned out to be an illusion.

In 1970, he called an election for 18 June. Everything pointed to a third successive Labour win. Then, with four days to go to polling, Gordon Banks' foot was nipped by the forces of reaction. England blew a 2-0 lead to the Germans and the World Cup was lost.

The feel-good factor was considerable. The blue meanies, led by Ted Heath, routed Wilson and I failed two out of three A-levels. My Peter Bonetti-like ineptitude may have been not unconnected with a habit of sitting up until 3am the night before an exam for the unmissable pleasures of Italy v Israel by satellite from Mexico.

Now Europe is returning to England for another orgy of football. When it comes to big occasions at Wembley, John Major is as omnipresent as Roger Hunt, a love of sport being one of his few saving graces. In his straw-clutching moments he may believe that a repeat of '66 could help turn the political tide, so no one should be surprised if a glorious swan-song for Terry Venables becomes the prelude to an autumn election.

England's strip may not, it's true, be in Conservative colours. But those who see omens in such details will have noted that they could well be kitted out in *Splitting Image* Major grey.

Player to watch



Rui Costa
(Fiorentina)

An inspirational figure in midfield with a record of a goal every three games at international level. Rui Costa won a Portuguese championship with Benfica in 1994 before being transferred to Italy's Fiorentina for £5m in 1994.

The rising force in Europe counting on their foreign legion

If and when a technical director is appointed by the Football Association, the first date in his diary ought to be a trip to Lisbon. Portugal's system of youth development is becoming the envy of Europe; the players it produces gloriously gifted.

Yet Portugal were indulging in much of the hand-wringing that followed here after another failure by English clubs in Europe in the 1970s and early 80s until Carlos Queiroz was appointed to reorganise the game at youth and national level.

Porto's triumph in the 1987 European Cup could not be laid at Queiroz's door but the brilliant

teenage sides that won the 1989 and 1991 World Youth Cups were, and so is the progress since by many of those players.

Rui Costa of Fiorentina, Luis Figo of Barcelona, Paulo Sousa of Juventus, Fernando Couto of Parma and Celtic's Jorge Cadete are all products of Queiroz's work and the fact that the Portuguese squad have three times as many players playing in Serie A than England is not just down to this country's greater financial clout.

Since Queiroz's resignation in 1994, his assistant Antonio Oliveira took over the national side and guided Portugal impressively through a European

qualifying group that also included the Republic of Ireland and Northern Ireland. Twenty-nine goals were scored in 10 games that climaxed with a 3-0 defeat of Jack Charlton's Irish team.

Rui Costa and Figo were devastating in a match that torrential rain in Lisbon should have tilted in the favour of the stronger, if less gifted, Irish. Instead they were given a lesson in modern movement and technique to an extent that Charlton described the Portuguese as "the rising force in Europe".

Rui Costa is the fulcrum of most Portuguese moves alongside João Pinto, who is the exception to the rule

in remaining in his homeland. The only player to win two World Youth Cups, he has remained loyal to Benfica despite overtures from many clubs including Liverpool.

Immediately behind them is Paulo Sousa, who was the Italian player of the year last year when Juventus won the championship. The ball-winner in front of the back four, he was described as "the best player in Serie A" by Napoli's coach, Vujadin Boskov, last season but has had injury problems this term and rumour has it he will be sold to Lazio in the summer. His form, or lack of it, will be crucial.

As it is, coach Oliveira's biggest

problem has been playing down expectation from a Portuguese public who can count the years from the triumphs of youth and believe that potential should reach fruition either in England or in the World Cup of 1998.

Indeed, Oliveira is probably slightly relieved that the build-up to Euro 96 has been muted with defeats by France and Germany and a lacklustre 1-0 win over Greece. "In England we must be humble and be ready to suffer," he said after the Greek match. Pertinently, none of his foreign players were available that night.

Guy Hodgson

CHAMPIONSHIP COUNTDOWN: No 9 Portugal

SQUAD

Goalkeepers	Porto
Vitor Baia	Braga
Rui Correia	Boavista
Alfredo	
Defenders	
Carlos Sacramento	Porto
Heitor	Benfica
Fernando Couto	Parma
Paulo Madeira	Belenenses
Paulinho Santos	Porto
Midfielders	
Costa	Spurs
João Pereira	Lisbon
Diogo	Boavista
Rui Costa	Benfica
Luis Figo	Florença
Paulo Sousa	Barcelona
Vitor Pereira	Juventus
Forwards	
Domagoj	Porto
João Pinto	Benfica
Antonio Fogaça	Porto
Pedro Barreiros	Spurs
Ricardo Sá Pinto	Lisbon
Hugo Porteiro	União
Jorge Cadete	Leiria

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SPORT

THE SPIRIT OF '66

Phil Shaw recalls England's footballing triumph

Page 26

Essex men in frame for England call-up

DEREK PRINGLE
Cricket Correspondent

There will be plenty for England's selectors to be upbeat about when they gather tonight to pick the squad for next week's first Test against India at Edgbaston. For one thing, the victorious side they picked for the Texaco Trophy showed imagination, and for that they deserve applause. However, with revelations of previous selection meetings surfacing in Ray Illingworth's ill-timed book, the remainder of the panel would be advised to check that all sharp cutlery is still on the table before accepting a hearty slap on the back from the chairman.

To win the one-dayers was important, mainly for galvanising the collective morale that had dropped so low in Pakistan. New faces can often help that process, which, along with the rehabilitation of faded regulars, is crucial if a team is to re-establish

itself quickly. Happily, both sets of players made important contributions and it is this mixture that the selectors must strive for again, though inevitably some of the one-day personnel will be sacrificed to the different demands and rhythms of the longer game. As is so often the case, a pleasing limited-over hors d'oeuvre is rarely an indicator to the quality of the main course.

It is a misapprehension England have often been duped by in the past, which essentially means there will not be a place for the likes of Alistair Brown, Mark Ealham or Matthew Maynard: each of them seen as gun-slingers hired for the shoot-out and not for the longer attritional battles ahead.

It will also mean Alec Stewart handing back the wicket-keeping gloves back to Jack Russell, and possibly his place as an opener to Nick Knight, although the Warwickshire man's cracked finger—bad enough for him to miss the current round

PERM TWO FROM THREE FOR THREE AND SIX

The mood may be for change but, apart from the opening spot, only the No 3 and 6 batting positions are open to debate. The following are three players who all



John Crawley (Lancs)
A cruel injury in the winter robbed him of his chance to try to re-assert himself in the last team. Has worked hard at both his game and his fitness. An intelligent cricketer, he needs to be more pugnacious about future and, if he wants the No 3 slot, tighten up outside his off-stump.



Nasser Hussain (Essex)
A taste of authority has been the making of him. Vice-captain at Essex and captain of England. His recent tour of Pakistan has helped channel the restless energy and aggression that has proved a stumbling block in the past. Some still feel his off-side strokes—played with an open face—are flawed; others that he deserves another chance.



Ronnie Irani (Essex)
A powerful start to the season from this hard hitting strokeplay, who also bowls more than useful seamers and swingers. His self-belief is his main strength. Something that many believe will help to establish him at the highest level sooner rather than later.

of Championship matches—might mean a reprieve for the Surrey captain. If not, then Tony McGrath, Yorkshire's 20-year-old batsman, may find himself testing the deep water.

That Stewart's place is under such threat may shock those who remember the two hundreds in the Barbados Test of 1994. If it does, it will not shock the player himself, who knows Illingworth has been gunning for him for some time. A situation ag-

gravated by personality clashes and not entirely connected to Stewart's run of poor form which has yielded only one half-century in his last 17 Test innings.

His chances of survival are not helped by a similar dip in Atherton's fortunes with the bat, and England would be unwise to risk two players in a slump against India's impressive new ball attack.

In a way, it is Atherton's highest personal test to date, for the England captain has started the season as hesitantly as he

finished the winter, with a lack of form and confidence betrayed by early foot movement that takes him too far across his stumps, leaving him to contemplate a spate of leg before.

Happily Graham Thorpe and Graeme Hick are both playing well, and both are expected to stamp the promise of their early Test careers on this series. Neither, though, will hat in the problematical No 3 spot, which

will go to either Nasser Hussain or John Crawley. Both are deserving of another chance to restart their careers and both will probably be preferred to Robin Smith, whose game has not really moved on during the last few years. It is a decision that will probably attract the lengthiest selection debate of the evening.

Should Hussain get the nod, he will probably be joined by his Essex team-mate Ronnie Irani, despite Adam Hoggie's fine

form for Surrey. In the past Illingworth has pushed for Craig White, but Irani deserves a chance to fill the all-rounder's role at six. That would leave Jack Russell to bat at seven, a more pivotal position from which to marshal the tail.

Last season the Test pitch against the West Indies at Edgbaston proved lethal, a combination of electrifying pace and uneven bounce ensuring a premature finish in under seven sessions. Already the original strip has been moved to one with a more even covering, suggesting spin is unlikely to play a part.

Mind you, quality spinners do not exactly jump at you from county ranks. Peter Such and Min Patel are the most consistent, while Glamorgan's Robert Croft has again begun to catch the eye. One of them will go to Edgbaston, but the likelihood of a spinner playing against India, a team who plays them better than any other—even when it turns—is highly unlikely.

Pierce jeered as Rittner advances

Tennis

JOHN ROBERTS
reports from Paris

Whistles of admiration turned to ones of derision here yesterday when Mary Pierce was jeered from the Centre Court at the French Open by spectators who on better days have embraced her as their own. Cute dress, pity about the tennis.

Pierce, the No 12 seed, had been eliminated in the third round by Barbara Rittner, 6-4, 6-2, beaten as much by her own error-strewn play as the efficiency of an unseeded German opponent. The crowd had looked forward to seeing the Montreal-born Pierce renew her rivalry with Arantxa Sanchez Vicario, who had ended her prospects of winning the title for France in the 1994 final. On reflection, they were probably relieved to be spared the possibility of further embarrassment in the fourth round.

This may not be an ideal time to play Sanchez Vicario, who scurried past Elena Likhovtseva, 6-0, 6-0, a result which made one wonder how the Spaniard had lost to the Rus-

ian in Berlin a couple of weeks ago. 6-0 in the third set. "I didn't play as good as today," was Sanchez Vicario's explanation.

Although Pierce had experienced a similar sour reaction from Parisian spectators after losing to Germany's Petra Begerow during an indoor event here in February, she was clearly shaken on this occasion.

Unfortunately, she did not allow time to regain her composure before entering the interview room, where the performance she gave was also less than distinguished. "You know, shit happens," Pierce said when questioned about the errors which had zoomed from her forehead. "Fine me," she added. "Sorry, that's the only thing I could think of."

Wisely, the 21-year-old Pierce exercised restraint when asked if she thought the spectators had been fair. "You can never say the crowd is fair or not here," she said. "It's not the first time it's happened to me. If they whistled when I walked off the court today, there's nothing I can do about it."

Pierce's progress at the Grand Slam championships has been a series of disappointments

since her triumph at the 1995 Australian Open. She was eliminated in the second round when defending that title in January.

She would be advised to consult her current coaching team about niddling her game of confusion before Wimbledon. Since parting company with the Nick Bollettieri Tennis Academy two months ago, Pierce has worked with Brad Gilbert and his assistant, Joe Giuliano. Gilbert, of course, also needs to revive Andre Agassi, a second-round loser. The 15-year-old Martina Hingis was another casualty. The No 15 seed lost to Karina Habudova of Slovakia 4-6, 7-5, 6-4.

Monica Seles, co-seeded No 1 with Steffi Graf, came close to dropping a set. Her serve was broken by the unseeded Belgian Sabine Appelmans in the opening set, and Seles then found herself 1-4 in arrears in the second set. She responded with characteristic determination, disputing one or two line calls between belting winning shots, and confidence gradually drained from Appelmans, who double-faulted on match point.

In the fourth round, Seles will play the number 13 seed Mag-



A despondent Mary Pierce on her way to defeat by Barbara Rittner in the French Open in Paris yesterday. Photograph: Jean-Paul Pelissier/Reuters

dlena Malceva of Bulgaria. They have met twice before, each credited with a win. Neither is likely to forget their last encounter, a quarter-final in Hamburg on 30 April, 1993. Statistically it counts as a win for Malceva, 6-4, 4-3 retired. What occurred, of course, is that Gunther Parche, a spectator, in-

tervened with a kitchen knife. Pete Sampras, No 1 seed in the men's singles, is happy to be able to take a day off, having advanced to the last 16. "This is the toughest first week I've ever had in a major," the Wimbledon champion said.

If battling through five sets against Sergi Bruguera in the

second round were not enough, Sampras was locked in another marathon yesterday, overcoming his compatriot Todd Martin 3-6, 6-4, 7-5, 4-6, 6-2. Sampras finished the job with his 20th ace. Martin delivered 29 of them, but the rest of his game was not as reliable as that of his opponent.

Cooler weather yesterday helped Sampras. "I actually felt pretty fresh, considering the long match with Sergi," he said. "I felt I competed well."

Sampras now plays Scott Draper, an Australian ranked No 99, who ended Jeff Tarango's participation in Grand Slam tennis—at least until after Wim-

bledon—by winning 6-1, 6-2, 6-3. Tarango, you may remember, is banned from the All-England Club next month following his outburst last year.

Jim Courier advanced at the expense of Karol Kucera of Slovakia who retired in the fourth set after injuring a foot. Results, Sporting Digest, page 28

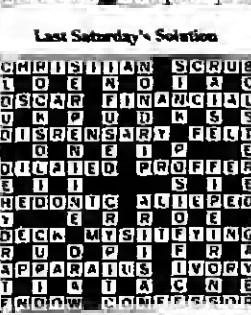
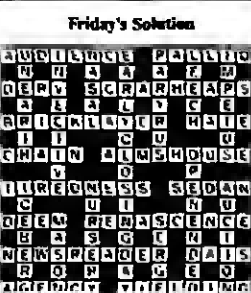
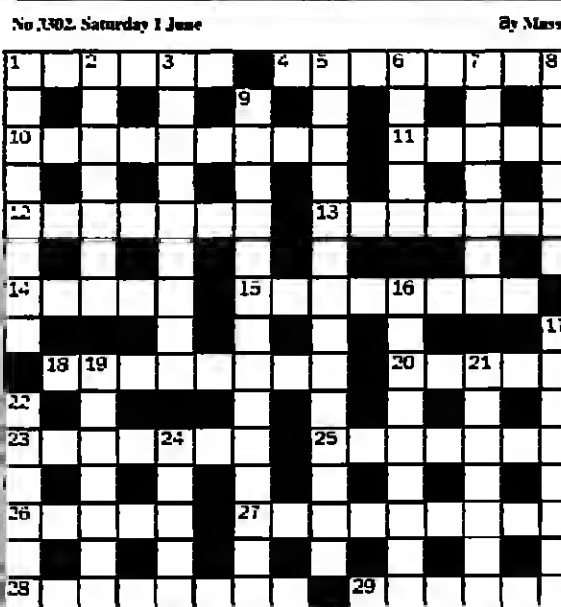
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- ACROSS**
- Spirit measure, in effect (6)
 - In error, prop. at sea (8)
 - Swearing it's positive (9)
 - Master a branch of study, in short (5)
 - Development on a large scale (5-21)
 - Note 11 changes for bureaucracy (3,4)
 - Old holder? (5)
 - Worship mystical Trio and Lady (8)
 - Show audible waterways, following incline (8)
 - Wood for handle with touch of silver inlaid (5)
 - Instrument of State—a crawler outwardly (7)
 - Raise English tax, in general (7)
 - Racecot Cross, synthetic product (5)
 - Elected pope's rigorous (9)
 - Additive, mainly salty, in small amount (8)
 - Motto, notable example (6)

- DOWN**
- Available green location? (2,6)
 - Members of a nucleus backing heavyweights? (7)
 - Rehuked about trick East fiddled (4)
 - Metaphor for a parliamentary subject? (6,2,6)
 - Case for bit of pottery (5)
 - Outdoor tournament broadcast (4-3)
 - Admire energy—and more, vocally (6)
 - I'm struggling with slip, one in novel's paraphrase (14)
 - Who the deuce is... (4-5)
 - ...overthrown by fiddle fate in exploit? (8)
 - Wrong letter's rare, perplexing corporation (7)
 - Treatment requiring pad: hoi's half disappeared (7)
 - Willful one wearing a rabbit's foot as charm (6)
 - Social type or troublemaker? (5)

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